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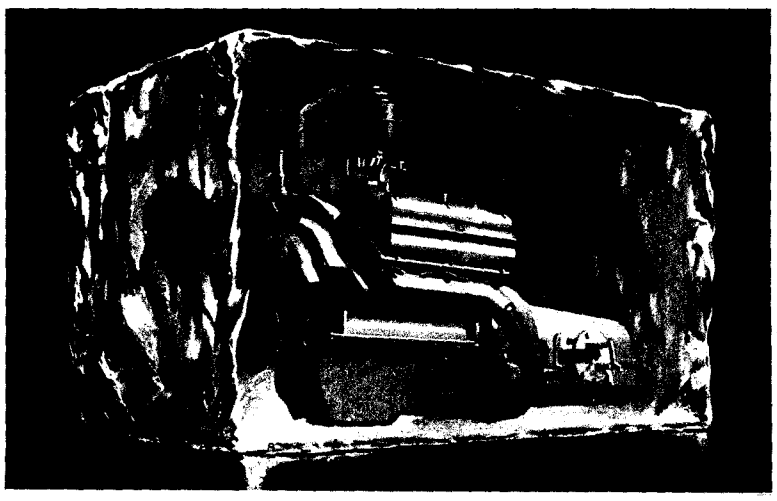

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Picture OF THE MONTH

There's one product that America surely makes better than any other country—and that's popular musical entertainment. Anyone who is lucky enough to see the new Technicolor film "The Band Wagon"

will underwrite the statement. Here is a great show on the Arthur Freed-Vincente Minnelli order. They made "An American in Paris", you remember, and though we would not go so far as to say "The Band Wagon" is better, it's certainly in that M-G-M class. It notches right up there in a story that was written by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, who also wrote the memorable "Singin' In The Rain".

This time the talented authors wrote in collaboration with a screen-shaking score by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. The score is not only the cream of the Dietz-Schwartz crop—which is thick cream—but has songs that make you sing, make you laugh, and even bring a nostalgic tear. When you hear Fred Astaire, Nanette Fabray and Jack Buchanan do "Triplets", you simply will fall out of your seat. We suggest bringing a net along to catch you when you fall.

As always, Fred Astaire is simply wonderful. But this time there is a plus in his dancing partner, Cyd Charisse. This beautiful and gifted young lady has shown her wares on occasion, but "The Band Wagon" is the plush exhibition. She is a star. A real star. Exciting physically and aesthetically. Everybody of any age will want Cyd Charisse as a pin-up.

Perhaps the *piece de resistance* of this always attractive show is "The Girl Hunt" ballet which is a masterpiece of beauty and parody. This creation by Vincente Minnelli and Michael Kidd is a take-off on those lurid sex mysteries done by Mickey Spillane and company. It is scenically and fabulously designed by Oliver Smith. It's the best job of its kind ever done in a movie—and we are usually known for understatement. The songs include "That's Entertainment", "Dancing In The Dark", "I Love Louisa", "New Sun In The Sky", "By Myself", "Louisiana Hayride", "I Guess I'll Have To Change My Plan", "Shine On Your Shoes".

Get aboard "The Band Wagon". You'll meet a lot of people who like good songs and good pictures.

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents "THE BAND WAGON" starring FRED ASTAIRE, CYD CHARISSE, OSCAR LEVANT, NANETTE FABRAY, JACK BUCHANAN with James Mitchell. Color by Technicolor. Story and Screen Play by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. Songs by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. Produced by Arthur Freed.

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July 25, 1953

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

"When a rained-out picnic happened to me years ago," artist Lee Burke tells us, "the girl was anything but co-operative, so I'm getting even now. This chick definitely will not be made desolate by soggy potato chips. No. She will melt naturally in the guy's arms, whether he earned his letter at Cornell, Columbia, Chicago, California, Colorado or even as far back as Choate."

Week's Mail

Industry's Aid to Education

EDITOR: I was most gratified to read your fine editorial concerning the Bethlehem Steel Company's program for financial assistance to privately endowed colleges and universities (A Plan for the Good of All, June 13th).

Your comment will help to achieve one important phase of the plan, namely that other employing companies may adopt similar programs. Obviously, a broad adoption of the idea is necessary if the full value is to be accomplished.

E. G. GRACE, Bethlehem, Pa.

What's Glamor?

EDITOR: So Collier's has found Chicago's Most Glamorous Women (June 13th). No less than 22 of them.

What about the millions of mothers who cook, clean, wash, shop and work in offices and factories? They may not have time for the beauty parlor, but to their own children these mothers are really the most glamorous.

MARTY WEINSTOCK,
Ridgefield Park, N. J.

. . . Don't think for one minute that we envy them—we don't! We are just as glamorous as they are, and we know it.

ALICE JANE CARPENTER,
Danville, Ill.

. . . Why don't you start looking at the working gal or the workingman's wife and see what you can find?

MRS. HAROLD HAWKSWORTH,
Pueblo, Col.

Collier's bows to beauty everywhere.

Soldiers' General

EDITOR: Thanks for a wonderful story about Major General James Gavin (Jumpin' Jim Is Ready, June 13th). As a buck sergeant in the 82d Airborne a few years back, I never met a trooper who wouldn't go to hell and back if "Slim Jim" asked him to.

ST. CLAIR SALVANT, JR.,
Hapeville, Ga.

Higher Than We Thought

EDITOR: In your article Is a Federal Sales Tax Coming? (May 30th), you make the statements that the federal tax on long-distance telephones is 15 per cent, and that the federal gasoline tax is 1½ cents per gallon.

The facts are that the tax rate on toll charges is 25 per cent, and the gasoline tax is 2 cents per gallon.

E. H. RECHBERGER,
Reading, Pa.

The tax figures referred to were checked and approved by an official of the Excise

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Western Electric

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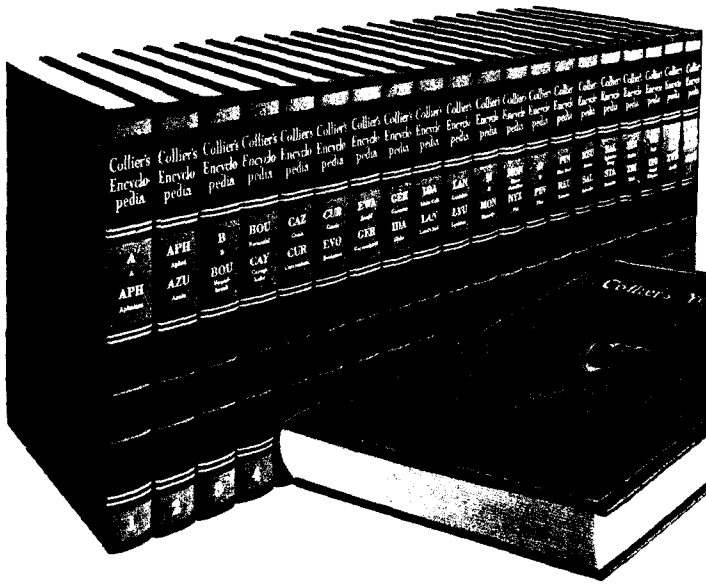

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Division of the United States Department of Internal Revenue in New York. A recheck with the division after our receipt of Mr. Rechberger's letter proved him to be right, and Collier's and the tax official in error.

"Free Riders"

EDITOR: In Week's Mail for June 13th, Wendell W. Young, Tulsa, Oklahoma, asks if the nonunion worker should have the "retirement plans, paid vacations, sick leaves, health insurance, seniority rights and so on" won by the unions, without joining the unions. It is the old "free rider" argument. But does the union pay the employer for those costly benefits? Not on your life.

The unions are "free riders" on the backs of the employers. They don't buy stock in the corporations in order to secure those benefits. Yet they demand that others join the union in order to share in the benefits they hijacked free from the employer. But the nonunion worker pays for those costly benefits in higher prices.

The late William Green told the Senate Banking Committee in 1945 that from 1923 to 1940 the prices of manufactured goods declined 18 per cent while wages went up by 22 per cent. What forced prices down? Competition. And if the unions hadn't forced wages up, prices would have declined that much more.

PAUL S. WHITCOMB, Gladstone, Ore.

The Saga of Ol' Satch

EDITOR: I don't know much about baseball and have never seen a big-league game, but I certainly did enjoy reading the Satchel Paige story and hated to see it end. MRS. E. M. PLONER, San Francisco, Cal.

Matter of Opinion

EDITOR: The article by Bill Davidson, They Know More About Russia Than Anybody (June 6th), contains two factual errors.

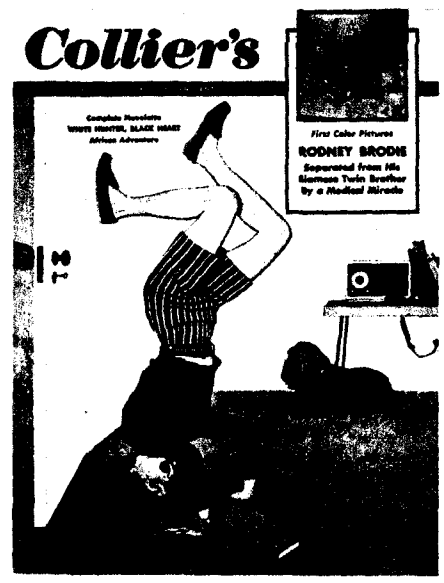
The "penal battalions" of the Red Army were not units of convicted criminals. The units were established pursuant to a Stalin order, dated July 28, 1942, which provided that each Army group was to set up one or two battalions of Red Army officers who had failed in their commands. Similarly, each army had to organize five to ten companies of unreliable noncommissioned officers and men.

Erroneous also is the statement that "the moment the Russians were freed of the Communist yoke (by the Germans) in the Ukraine . . . they promptly wiped out the collective farms." No such thing happened. The Ukrainian peasants *wanted* the collective farms to be broken up, but the Germans hesitated to reprivatize the land. At the end of the German occupation, only a few collaborators owned their own land.

RAUL HILBERG, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Bill Davidson's article was carefully checked and approved by the subjects of his story, who are close and continuous students of life behind the Iron Curtain. The information on the Ukraine which Mr. Hilberg cites was obtained by them from captured German documents.

Fitting Reward



EDITOR: Many years ago when I tried the type of exercises depicted on your June 13th cover, my Airedale rolled over on her back and kicked all fours vigorously as long as I stayed with the "Exercises for Beauty." Eventually, she developed a better figure than I did, so I gave *her* the book.

SARA S. ROYALL, Newport News, Va.

Anent the Professor

EDITOR: Congratulations for your editorial Mustache Artist (June 13th).

No one should be surprised at any statement made by Professor Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. His objectives the American voters repudiated in November, 1952; this with more than just "changing sides" convictions.

FRED G. HANEY, San Diego, Cal.

. . . In your attempt to smear and discredit a brilliant and honest thinker, in Mustache Artist, you have reverted to the lowest level of recent campaign journalism. Fortunately all the unjust and untrue interpretations which you gave to Mr. Schlesinger's simple and straightforward words are recognized as being unjust and untrue by any of your readers who think above fourth-grade level.

ETHEL B. ZEIGLER, Boulder, Col.

. . . Our gratitude to you for your editorial anent Professor Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., whose overstrained intellect is being wasted at Harvard.

CARL L. MITTELL, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

. . . I am highly amused at your suggestion that Mr. Schlesinger should "feel some obligation to weigh facts and words more carefully before committing them to print . . ." Very good advice, but one wonders why Collier's does not practice it. Or perhaps you mean that Mr. Schlesinger should do as you and most of the press: select only those facts which bolster your own bias. Your gripe at the gentleman boils down to the fact that he is not recognizing the Silken Curtain the press has drawn between us, *the people*, and Washington, does it not?

Instead of attacking a rather obscure professor (even though a Pulitzer prize winner), why don't you pick on someone your size?

JANE F. SCHLAEGEL, Mooresville, Ind.

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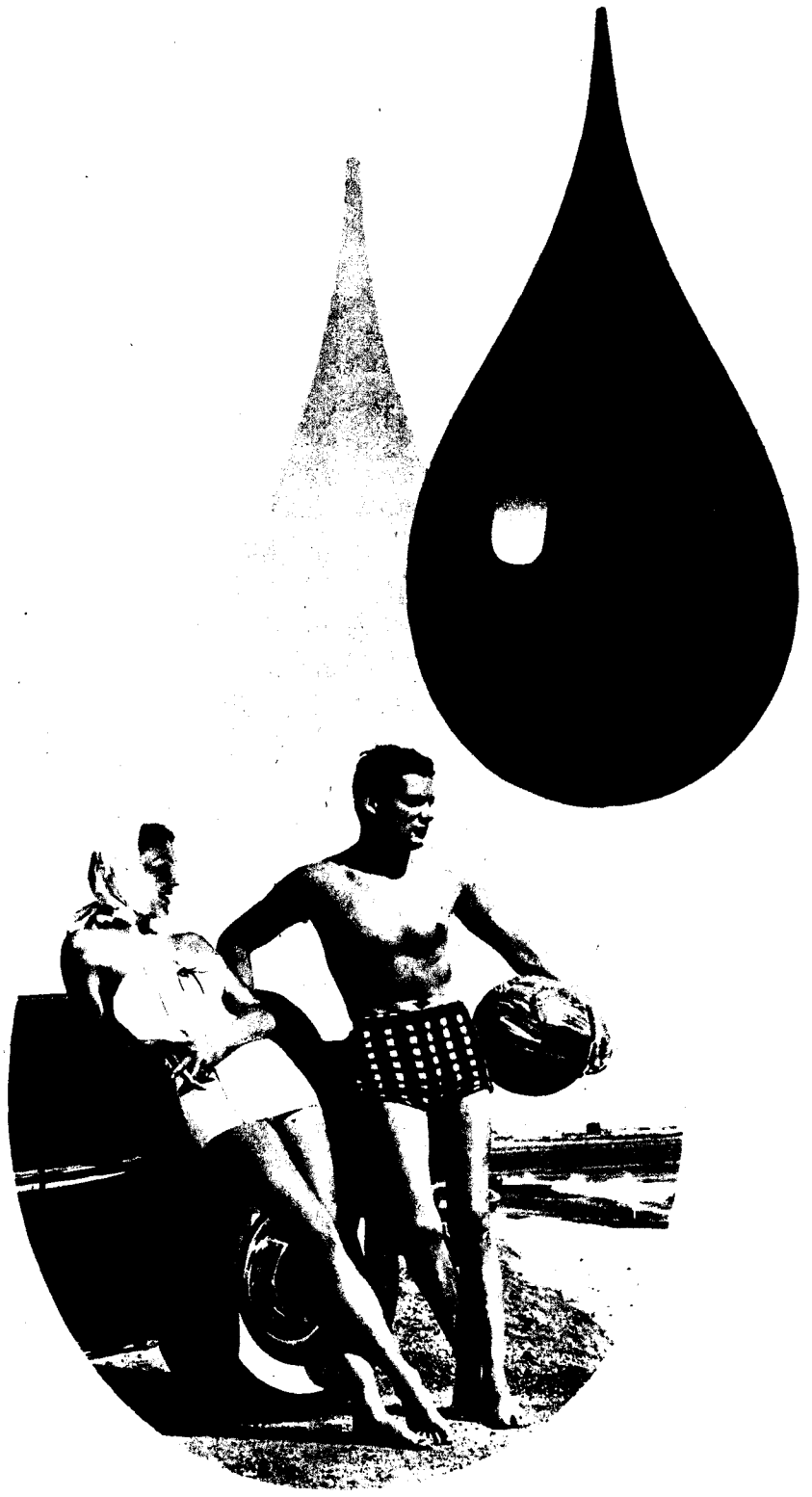

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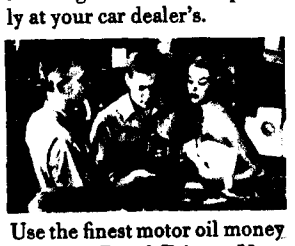

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Look for this sign

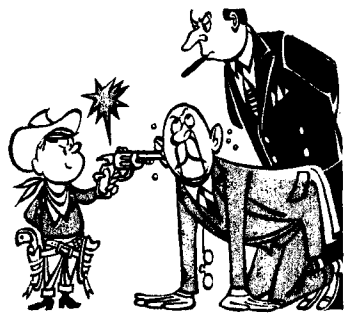
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Just forwarded to Senator Joe McCarthy the name of a Jackson, Michigan, lady who advocates putting prune halves in chicken salad. If that isn't subversion, nothing is.

★ ★ ★

And while you and John Foster Dulles are knocking yourselves out trying to figure out some solution to our problems in the East—Near and Far—



Wisconsin, where all fireworks are taboo, has an even tougher one on her hands. She has to decide whether cap pistols are fireworks. Lower House of the legislature says no. Senate can't make up its mind.

★ ★ ★

Of course, you don't tell the lady what you're up to. Merely hand her a piece of paper and a pencil. Walk away, smiling as loftily as possible. Tell her to jot down the number of the month she was born in—say, seven for July. Tell her to double it, add five and multiply by 50. Then tell her to add her age and subtract 250. Ask for her answer and astonish her by telling her how old she is—the two right-hand figures. Then astonish her more by telling her the month she was born in—the left-hand number or numbers. If you want to save time, you merely ask her how old she is. She may tell you.

★ ★ ★

From overseas, a sector we've been neglecting lately, comes word the Communists have decreed that children in Czechoslovakia shall address their parents as Comrade Mommy and Comrade Daddy. This will make it much more homey when the kids turn in dear old Comrade Daddy and gentle, loving Comrade Mommy to the secret police for having said, for example, that the government smells.

★ ★ ★

It's not our fault that there's a cocktail bar in Los Angeles, California, flaunting the following sign: "Ladies: If You Insist on Driving Your Husband to Drink, Bring Him Here."

★ ★ ★

Soon as we have a bit of spare time we're going to ask the government to send us a few books to read on our vacation. They're offered in a catalogue issued by the Department of Agriculture. For example: Crotalaria Culture and Utilization; Production and Preparation of Horseradish; Child's Self-Help Overall; and Citrus Preferences Among Household Consumers in Louisville and in Nelson City, Kentucky. Then there's one that sounds right romantic—Emmer and Spelt. Understand Hollywood has eyes on Emmer and Spelt as a starring vehicle for Jimmy Stewart and Marilyn Monroe.

★ ★ ★

This kid from one of the darkest and narrowest streets in St. Louis was not exactly scared, just badly startled. After his first night in summer camp he had been awakened by the crowing of a rooster. "What's that?" he quavered. "That, son," replied his counselor, "is the voice of America—the real one."

★ ★ ★

Early this summer, we read a beautiful brochure urging one and all to spend vacations in New Hampshire. The book had a nice piece about New Hampshire's sturdy fight for liberty and freedom. Mentioned her Toleration Act of 1819—the religious toleration act. Now we read that New Hampshire's House of Representatives has overwhelmingly voted down a bill which would have outlawed discrimination by hotels and other public places against Jews, Negroes and other Americans who happen to derive from Greek, French and certain other national origins. Until we read this informative news, the brochure almost had us on our way to New Hampshire.

★ ★ ★

Chicago cops arrested a man for giving away money. Sent him to a hospital for mental observation. Maybe the poor guy was merely warming up to run for Congress. Trying out his hand.

★ ★ ★

In its survey of the literary scene for the week, the Greenup (Kentucky) News remarks that airplane skywriting began about 30 years ago but "so far it has produced no outstanding authors."

★ ★ ★

This Texan we heard about challenged a guy from Boston to name him one man in Massachusetts history who had done anything worth remember-

IRWIN CAPLAN

ing. The Boston man started out by naming Paul Revere. "Oh, him," scoffed the Texan. "You mean that guy who ran off hollering for help." ▲▲▲

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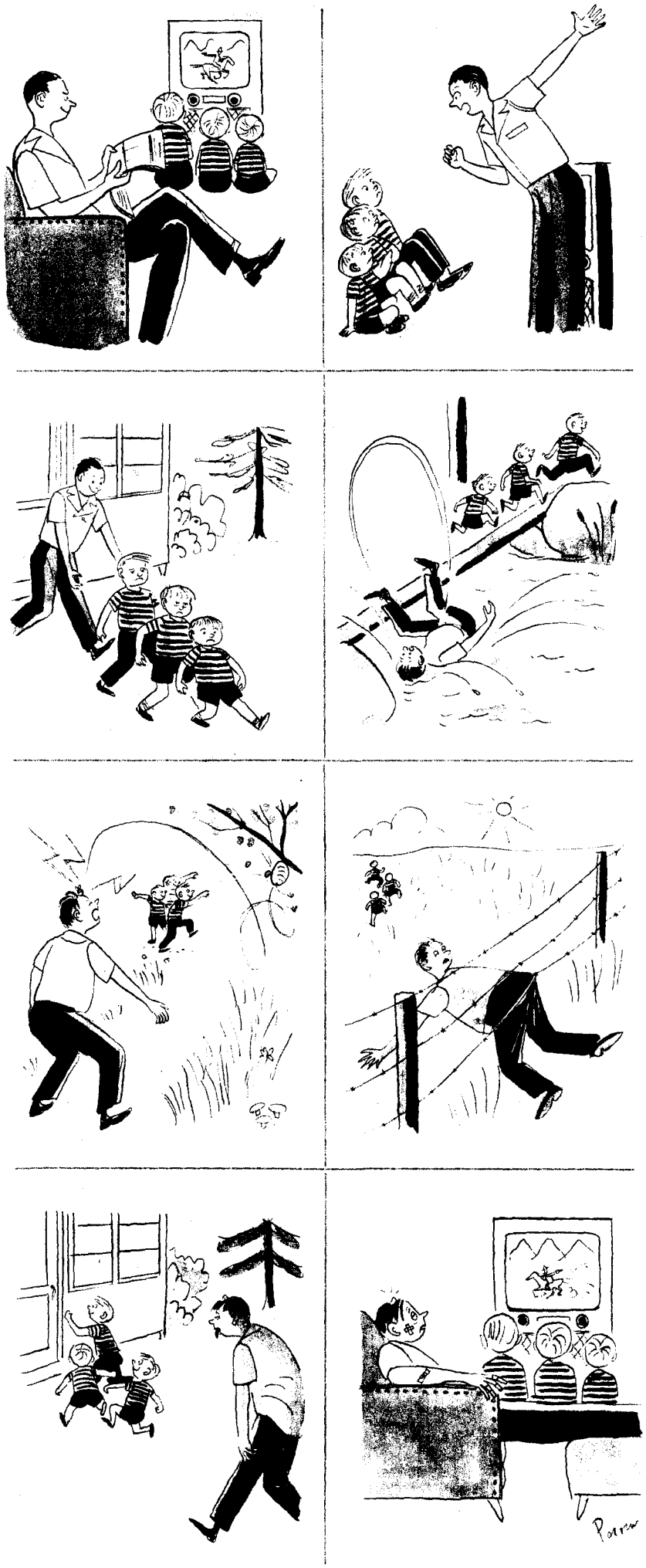
The Outdoor Type

By CHARLES PEARSON



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In this story of a defiant love that rocked two kingdoms, you'll thrill to a *new* kind of motion picture excitement. Here is an experience *new* in its intensity of suspense, *new* in its emotional impact, *new* in its spectacular sweep of mighty scenes and the mightier passions that make Adventure's Golden Age live again!

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The SWORD and the ROSE

from the famed adventure novel
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Mary Tudor and Charles Brandon, the princess and commoner, whose love set the Age of Chivalry aflame.

Starring a new romantic team
RICHARD GLYNIS
TODD AND JOHNS

AN ALL LIVE ACTION PICTURE
Produced by Perce Pearce Directed by Kenneth Annakin
Screenplay by Lawrence E. Watkin
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Here at last is a Power Steering unit your car dealer or service garage can install in just a few hours! Now, for the first time, owners can enjoy the benefits of power steering on cars not equipped with a unit by the factory. Monroe Direct Action Hydraulic "Power-Guide" is the surest, safest, simplest device yet developed for taking the work out of steering. You will drive in greater safety, you will enjoy effortless steering that makes day-long driving an untiring pleasure when your car is equipped with Monroe "Power-Guide." Tested, approved and specified by engineers of leading car manufacturers as optional factory equipment. Ask your car dealer or service garage for a free demonstration—today! Monroe Auto Equipment Company, Monroe, Michigan. *Makers of famous Monroe Shock Absorbers.*

***AVAILABLE NOW FOR** 1952 and 1953 Ford and Mercury. Units for other makes and models will be available soon.

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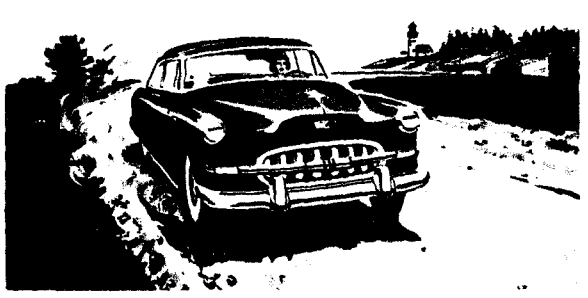
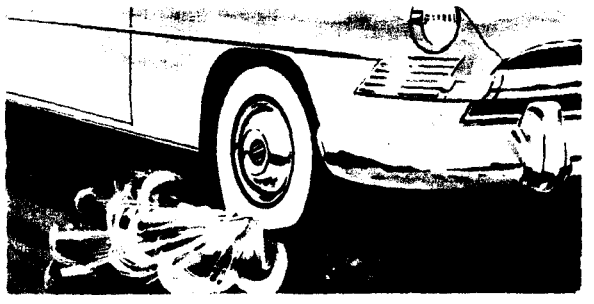
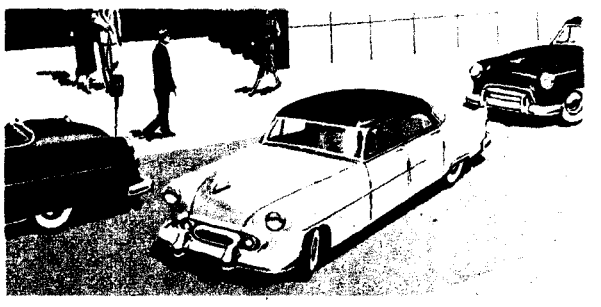


COMPLETE CONTROL—Monroe Power Steering gives you the "feel of the road" at all times, yet absorbs all road shock, eliminates wheel fight. This reduces nervous and muscular fatigue to absolute minimum—leaves you relaxed and rested after day-long trips.



NEW SAFETY—Monroe Power Steering power-guides your car on soft shoulders, through gravel or sand, mud or snow. Holds car's course true in heavy cross winds. Blowouts, too, are robbed of danger when your car is equipped with Monroe Power Steering.



EFFORTLESS PARKING—Monroe Power Steering takes the work out of parking. Three pounds pressure on steering wheel applies 750 pounds to front wheels. This permits turning wheels easily even when car is standing, gives you easy, effortless parking.

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"PAPPY" BYRNE

57 and Still Flying for the Navy

ULRIC MEISEL

If it has wings, Bosun Byrne can handle it. In 33 years, he has flown the equivalent of seven round trips to the moon. It's a dangerous life, but it's full of excitement—and Pappy has fun

By COLLIE SMALL

IT HAS now been 42 years since the United States Navy added wings to the fleet, and someday a roll of honor will be compiled from the names of those fliers who have helped make naval aviation history. Among them will be such famous names as Floyd Bennett, John Towers and Richard E. Byrd, and it is only proper, of course, that they should be there. But if the name of Chief Bosun Patrick Joseph Byrne is not there as well, history is going to have some explaining to do.

The fame of "Pappy" Byrne, an ancient aerial mariner of fifty-seven who is as perpetually youthful as spring and as durable as Ol' Man River, is elusive, but it is real enough. Several weeks ago, he dropped into the Naval Air Station at Pensacola, Florida, with a new patrol seaplane he was ferrying from Norfolk, Virginia, to San Diego, California, and, finding himself with some time on his hands before taking off on the next leg of the flight, he wandered down to one of the piers and strolled aboard an aircraft carrier, the Monterey.

Pappy was idly poking around the hangar deck of the Monterey when one of the ship's officers, a lieutenant, noticed him. The lieutenant tapped a fellow officer on the shoulder.

"Who's the old guy in the ragged uniform?" he asked, taking note of Pappy's flying clothes, which are indisputably the most tattered and frayed to be found in any branch of the armed forces.

"Why, that's Pappy Byrne," the other said.

"Who's Pappy Byrne?" the lieutenant asked.

His shipmate stared at him in astonishment.

"Are you a boot or something?" he demanded.

"Of course not," the lieutenant said. "I've been in the Navy eleven years."

The second officer shook his head unbelievingly.

"It must have been some other Navy if you've never heard of Pappy Byrne," he said.

It does seem remarkable that anyone could stay in the United States Navy for 11 years, particularly in naval aviation, without encountering the saga of Chief Bosun Byrne—if only because he

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Once, when his seaplane conked out, Byrne made a forced landing in a gale blowing so

has probably logged more hours in 33 years of Navy flying than any other pilot still on active flying status with the Navy, the Marines or the Air Force. A cheerfully ragged, crinkly-eyed, frequently impish Irishman who neither smokes, drinks nor swears and calls everyone "mate" from admirals on down, he has been flying for the Navy nearly as long as the Navy itself has been flying; and wherever Navy pilots are discussed, he comes perilously close to being a living legend simply because he can't help himself.

Breaking Pappy Up into Statistics

The Navy estimates that Pappy has flown the equivalent of seven and a half round trips to the moon. All told, he has spent some 22,000 hours, or approximately two and a half years of his life, in mid-air. In that time, moreover, he has flown more than 140 different kinds of fighters, bombers, seaplanes, trainers and transports, and he has flown them off the land, off the water, off the decks of carriers and even off the decks of cruisers—with the aid of catapults. Finally, while he can fly virtually anything with wings on it, Patrick Joseph Byrne is unquestionably one of the finest seaplane pilots who ever lived, and therein lies perhaps his principal distinction.

All of this experience has made Pappy somewhat irreverent. He often chuckles, for example, at the thought that many authorities assume a college education is required to fly an airplane. Pappy himself is a grammar-school graduate, and not long ago, while flying a very complicated plane called a P5M-1, which is the Navy's huge new flying boat, he started musing about his own lack of formal schooling and the attitude of the theorists on the necessity of college training. Suddenly, he turned to his copilot.

"Get ready to jump," he ordered.

"What's the matter?" the startled copilot asked.

"I just thought of something terrible, mate," was Pappy's answer. "I'm too dumb to fly this airplane!"

One of only three chief bosun-pilots in the Navy, the ubiquitous Byrne has been attached for some time now to VR31, a ferry squadron operating out of Norfolk. As a ferry pilot, his function is deceptively simple, being only to pick up various planes at various factories or Navy installations and deliver them in one piece to other Navy installations. This "buying" and "selling" of planes, as ferrying is called in Navy jargon, may seem somewhat less dramatic than cracking the sound barrier, but in reality it is a job calling for tremendous versatility in handling an infinite variety of aircraft, and it is no job for amateur pilots.

Pappy could fly a kitchen table, if need be, and be perfectly content doing it. When he puts his hand on the throttle of any airplane, a wondrous alliance is joined. But when Chief Bosun Byrne climbs into the cockpit of a seaplane, the marriage is pluperfect. He is the compleat flying-boat pilot, and although he calls them slow coaches to Birmingham, he loves them all the same.

Most other pilots will concede readily that he is probably the best boat pilot anywhere. Not long ago, another ferry pilot from VR31 flew from Norfolk to San Diego as copilot for Pappy in a flying boat. When he came back, he was shaking his head in unconcealed admiration, despite the fact that he is no mean flier himself.

"I learned more about seaplanes in one trip with Pappy than I had learned in two years of flying boats," he said. "It was the little fine points he knew. I was amazed."

Bringing one of the new P5M-1s or any other flying boat in for a landing and then maneuvering it into position for beaching is a procedure in aviation seamanship that calls for an extremely delicate touch. The trick generally is to come into the wind, pick out a swell, drop the hull just over the crest and then run with the sea. The next job is to taxi into position alongside a buoy so that the crew can secure the plane before starting the difficult job of attaching the wheels, which are floated out preparatory to the boat's being hauled up on dry land.

Flying boats were never meant to be sailed, and some measure of Pappy's skill on the water can be gleaned from the fact that most pilots "shoot" the buoy by taxiing up to it carefully with both engines running. In making the approach many of them also use sea anchors, which are canvas buckets thrown over the side to drag against the motion of the plane on the water. Pappy flatly refuses to use sea anchors because he doesn't like the way they smell when they are wet. As for using two engines, he hasn't done that in years, except in extremely rough water. Not only can he make a perfect buoy shot on one engine, but he frequently cuts both engines and, by deftly playing the sea against the wind, scores his customary bull's-eye.

As superb a pilot as he is, Pappy, of course, has had his share of mishaps. Through no fault of his own, he has had governors go out, cowlings fly off and magnetos go bad. He has ridden buoys in gales so strong his propellers were windmilling, and once in Newfoundland, with the winds too high for beaching, he rode a buoy for a solid week while shore-based Navy personnel floated food out to him on life rafts.

With One Good Engine and a Bucket

He also has made a forced landing at sea. While flying a fleet exercise off San Diego a number of years ago, he had to land on the open ocean in an old PM2 when a cylinder backed off and the intake manifold broke, killing one of his two engines. Pappy, characteristically, was undismayed. In order to keep the plane from being pulled around in circles by the one good engine, he calmly tied a bucket to a strut on the power side to act as a compensating drag and taxied 90 miles through 15-foot waves to San Clemente Island.

In 36 years in the Navy, a good many things were bound to happen to Pappy. A native of New Jersey, where his wife and seventeen-year-old daughter, Nancy, still maintain the official Byrne residence at Rumson, he went into the Navy in 1917, enlisting as an airman in the fledgling air service.

For the first two years, he flew as an ordinary radioman and flight mechanic, but in January, 1920, with his eye and heart firmly fixed on a pair of wings of his own, he transferred to Pensacola for formal flight training. Pappy was a member of the first class at Pensacola to graduate enlisted men as pilots.

They were the fabulous days. Pilots sat out in the open while the wind, as Pappy puts it, "blew up your pant leg." Usually, the only instruments were an ignition switch and an oil-pressure gauge. Pappy used to fly with a string tied to the bow to tell him whether he was slipping, skidding or flying straight ahead, and because an air-speed indicator was an almost unheard of luxury, he attuned his ears to the singing of the wires to judge his speed.

There were early indications that Patrick Joseph Byrne was destined to be something of a character.

HARVEY MESTON

Pappy Byrne and others of a plane-ferrying crew with Charles Moore, manager of El Paso (Texas) International Airport. Standing (left to right): Joseph A. Cote, Danielson, Conn.; Moore; Byrne; Eugene Kinney, Bayfield, Wisc.; J. B. Cunningham, Coalgate, Okla.; T. O. Potts, Spargursville, Ohio. Kneeling: W. F. Gentry, Jr., Norfolk, Va.; R. F. Taylor, East St. Louis, Ill.

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hard he couldn't get ashore. He rode a buoy for a week

ULRIC MEISEL

Byrne and Lt. Cmdr. J. F. Crotty, meteorology officer at the Dallas base, study a weather map

Flying featherweight planes, for example, he won many a bet that he could take off and then come back and land on exactly the same spot without making a turn.

It was a neat trick, but he could do it. Once the bets were made, he would take off into a strong wind, and by jockeying the throttles carefully and allowing the plane to settle slowly, like a helicopter, he would drop down on the spot from which he had taken off—blown back by the head wind.

Two Sailors and Their Flying Machine

Early in his career, Pappy became associated with a wondrous flying machine called the Suwanee. The Suwanee was a single-engine, pusher-type Curtis F-boat, which was owned by two young sailors who couldn't fly but were determined to learn. Pappy knew how to fly, but he had no plane. It was a natural alliance. In return for a share of the profits from a proposed barnstorming trip, to be made by George Oskey, one of the owners, and Pappy, he agreed to teach them the rudiments. In due time, the two sailors completed the Byrne Short Course in aviation. Having secured leave, the daredevil team of Oskey and Byrne then set out from Pensacola for New Orleans and a convention which promised to provide any number of thrill seekers willing to pay for a ride in the Suwanee.

To help defray expenses, Oskey and Pappy talked a Filipino mess steward into coming with them to New Orleans as a paying passenger for the equivalent of the fare by rail. Unfortunately, however, after landing at Biloxi, Mississippi, for refueling, they encountered a flat calm when they tried to take off again. No matter how much they urged the Suwanee, she refused to budge off the water with her heavy load. Obviously, something had to go, and it was the mess steward. Reluctantly refunding him the amount of the rail fare from Biloxi to New Orleans, Oskey and Pappy headed once more for the Crescent City, their total resources after buying fuel consisting of the plane, a quart of milk, a dozen buns and approximately 12 cents in change.

Fortunately, the angels were with them. Business was brisk.

By the time the convention was over, the Suwanee had brought in a profit of some $300, and George Oskey and Pappy Byrne were the richest they had ever been.

Over the ensuing years, Pappy did just about everything a Navy pilot could be expected to do. Much of the time he was instructing, but he also served with a number of squadrons at sea. He was chosen to fly President Franklin D. Roosevelt's mail to him at Campobello Island when the President was vacationing there. By 1939, his skill at overwater flying was such that American Export Airlines, when it badly needed someone to survey potential routes across the Atlantic, asked the Navy for the loan of Pappy Byrne, and he ran three survey flights between New York and Marseilles.

The plane was a twin-engine Consolidated flying boat, with a crew of five, and Pappy was chief pilot. The year 1939 doesn't seem very long ago, but the Atlantic had not yet been really conquered by the commercial airlines. Consequently, Pappy was received as a hero everywhere he landed.

When World War II came, Pappy was fully prepared. He photographed weather stations in Greenland, on one occasion flying alone across the icecap at 18,000 feet in a howling blizzard when he failed to receive a message recalling him, and he also flew the first night convoy patrols out of Newfoundland, in addition to patrolling the entry of the U.S. fleet into Iceland.

Pappy also saw duty in the Pacific, where he flew antisubmarine patrols—seaplanes are a vital part of our antisubmarine program—and in his spare time at Oahu he instructed other pilots in night landings, making landfalls and taking off with heavy bomb loads.

Finally, in 1944, the Navy formed a ferry squadron, and because of his vast experience in all kinds of planes, Pappy was tapped. For the most part, he has been ferrying airplanes ever since, and he has yet to lose his first one.

As a ferry pilot, Pappy's usual run is from Norfolk to San Diego, with occasional variations, and he is out from 25 to 28 days a month on the average, generally in flying boats. No matter where he flies, he flies without bothering to look at his maps, since it is inevitable that he will know the route and its landmarks as intimately as he knows the freckles on the back of his hand. Pappy is a flying Baedeker, and if someone asks him where the charts are, he usually points to the rear of the plane and says, "They're back there somewhere, mate. We don't want to wear 'em out."

On the basis of his formidable experience, Pappy has the right to be something of a character, and he exercises the right prodigiously. He is probably the slowest flier in the Navy. Moseying along at half power is irksome to many of the younger fly boys, but Pappy is still alive at fifty-seven with a lot of pilots dead at twenty, and he is in no rush. Moreover, he likes to keep some power in reserve in case it's needed in an emergency.

"It's the hambone in the locker, mate," he explained to a younger pilot not long ago. "You can always go in and get a little meat off it."

He Likes to Eat While in Flight

As is often the case when the subconscious is involved, there is a reason for Pappy's frequent references to something to eat. When he is in the air, he spends most of his time eating, and there is a strong suspicion that his great affection for seaplanes is based fundamentally on the fact that they come equipped with galleys.

Pappy is a devotee of mulligan stew, which he prefers to prepare himself once he is airborne, and it is not uncommon for him to consume three or four towering plates of it at a sitting.

Many younger pilots feel that Pappy is eccentric in other ways, particularly since he is addicted to doing his own laundry and getting up at five o'clock in the morning for a brisk walk. But eccentric or not, Pappy is entrusted with a good many million dollars' worth of equipment each trip, and the trip is not entirely a lark. The Navy, for example, will not permit any of its personnel, aside from actual plane crews, to ride in flying boats on the long overland trip from Corpus Christi, Texas, to San Diego. Pappy, however, has made the run so many times it never occurs to him there is anything risky about it.

Other pilots, nonetheless, confess to strange spells of uneasiness when they are flying seaplanes over mountains and over deserts, and the fact remains that there are only four bodies of water between Corpus Christi and San Diego where a flying boat can ordinarily land safely if anything goes wrong.

Despite the fact that he is now fifty-seven years old and can look back upon a thoroughly remarkable career, Pappy is blissfully convinced he will still be flying when he is one hundred fifty-seven, and as yet there is nothing to dispute him. The only thing that bothers him is that the Navy has succeeded in keeping him out of jets.

When the Navy Cramped His Style

Until about a year ago, Pappy was flying conventional fighters without thinking twice about it, although other pilots felt he was stretching things a bit far, but just about the time he began contemplating taking on a jet fighter the Navy suddenly announced a new system for classifying its pilots. Under the revised setup, all pilots over fifty automatically became "Group 3" pilots, which meant that Pappy could no longer fly single-engine aircraft but in the future would have to fly multiengined planes exclusively—and then only in the company of a copilot already checked out in that particular type of plane.

The Navy came very close to insulting Pappy Byrne. The implication was that Pappy had suddenly become decrepit. He was still ruminating over this ridiculous thought several weeks ago while sitting in the cockpit of a P5M-1, waiting to take off from the bay at Corpus Christi.

"Goshdurn it, mate," he snorted, employing the most violent expletive in his vocabulary, "they must think I'm a thousand years old!"

Turning his attention to the take-off, he squinted at the instrument panel. Easing the throttles forward while his feet adjusted themselves comfortably to the rudder pedals, he sent the huge flying boat pounding across the water. Spray flew past and the hull slapped against the waves. Then he was airborne, the plane responding smoothly, and Pappy relaxed. Aloft, he was happy again. With a contented nod in the direction of his copilot, Eugene Kinney, of Pequot Lakes, Minnesota, he relinquished the controls.

"It's all yours," Pappy said. He winked at Kinney and grinned as he got up out of his seat and headed unerringly for the galley.

"And save the engines, matey," he added, speaking over his shoulder. "You may have to patrol 'em someday."

He was back in a few minutes with his plate of mulligan stew. After several helpings, he closed his eyes for a little nap and was soon fast asleep. Out on the wings of the big plane, the engines were playing Chief Bosun Patrick Joseph Byrne's favorite symphony.

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COMMAND

A NOVELETTE

By PAUL HORGAN

The rivalry between

From the Private Notebooks of Brevet Major Hiram Hyde Prescott, United States Cavalry, Commanding Officer, Fort Delivery, Territory of Arizona, Month of September, 1887

Tuesday 13th

While I was inspecting our miserable string of horses this morning after reveille, Private Rainey, my trumpeter who acts also as my orderly, came up to me, trying to look like a man with an irresistible bargain to offer. "Sir," he said, "may Trumpeter Rainey speak to the major informally?"

"Go ahead, Rainey. I'll just keep on looking over these animals while you talk to me. We'll all be glad when the new stock arrives."

"Yes, sir," he said.

I was not giving him any special information, for on a one-troop post like Delivery, a hundred miles from everywhere, everyone knows everything right off, and Private Rainey knew that the first lieutenant, the first sergeant and many of our enlisted men were away in New Mexico to bring back seventy head of horses on an overland drive. They've been gone a fortnight and will be another month returning. And when they get back we will be in a position to conduct what the War Department is pleased to call extended nonaggressive reconnaissance among the Apache tribes.

"Look at this one," I said to Rainey, deliberately postponing his chance to speak, to find out whether he would persist—always a good thing to know about a soldier. The horse I indicated was poorly fleshed, and if it moved at all, it seemed to be in a state of somnambulism.

Rainey held his breath to fill himself with resolve, and then persisted, I was glad to see. "Sir, is it true that we're getting some recruits?"

"Why, yes, Rainey, we are. I put in for six. I expect they'll come with the next mail wagon from Driscoll, over on the railroad."

Rainey frowned like a man of affairs. He is about nineteen, not tall, but stoutly made, and gives a generally blunt effect. I always think his scowl is an effort to focus himself, to give point to his blurred face, with its freckles, and sharpness to his mind, with its young vapors. Otherwise he looks like a boy much younger, and he is afraid to seem too good-natured.

"Well, sir, I thought—you see, the first sergeant"—he pronounced it sard'n—"is gone, and I thought maybe you would let me take charge of the recruits." I looked at him, and he turned red and his eyes darkened. "I can do it, sir; don't think I can't, just because all I get to do is blow the bugle, and—"

"And run yourself ragged as my orderly?"

"Sir—"

"I see, Trumpeter. You want to be a *soldier,* is that it?"

"That's what I enlisted to be, sir."

It was the old headquarters troop trouble. At first they feel lucky. But when they see how other men measure them at their soft jobs, some of them, like Trumpeter Olin Rainey, want to earn equality with the men who are with troops and who handle troops and who—someday—might fight.

"You're a first-class trumpeter, Rainey," I said. It *is* true. I'd never heard the bugle played so truly, especially the calls of to the colors, retreat and taps. "Anybody who can play the bugle like you ought not to be ashamed of it."

"I'm not, sir. But I can do anything any other trooper can do, too."

"You're only a private," I told him.

He answered me with a sudden grin, putting his lower lip over the upper. What he meant was that there was nothing to prevent me from promoting him. His proposals, spoken and unspoken, gained more force the longer I failed to answer them. With the first sard'n gone, and the duty sard'n as well, it might dislocate routine the least if I let Rainey take the recruits when they arrived. He watched me closely in the silence. I took off my campaign hat and rubbed my head—Jessica says I always do this when she asks me a wifely question that calls for a decision that she's already made for us both—and Rainey looked up at my bald head, and he seemed to know he'd made his point.

"Very well, Trumpeter. As of now you are Acting Corporal Rainey. We'll see how you manage. When the recruits report in—a day or two from now—report to me with them at the first opportunity."

"Yes, sir."

He saluted and was about to go somewhere to expand with his news, but I stopped him, to listen to what I thought of the next horse, and the next, in the adobe corral. He listened sternly, though he was impatient to be gone. It was an encouraging sign. Command carries with it many sacrifices. Soon others would have *(Continued on page 63)*

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

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the two young troopers was a joke at first, but it ended in a skirmish with the Apaches

Clanahan pulled him roughly down beside him, and Rainey knew why when a bullet stung against the rock just behind where his head had been

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1. **Science says you think four times faster than a person usually talks to you. Do you use this excess time to turn your thoughts elsewhere while you are keeping general track of a conversation?**

2.

Do you listen primarily for facts, rather than ideas, when someone is speaking?

3. **Do certain words, phrases or ideas so prejudice you against the speaker that you cannot listen objectively to what is being said?**

4.

When you are puzzled or annoyed by what someone says, do you try to get the question straightened out immediately—either in your own mind or by interrupting the speaker?

5. **If you feel that it would take too much time and effort to understand something, do you go out of your way to avoid hearing about it?**

If you answer "no" to all these questions, then you are that rare individual—the perfect

You Don't Know How

Or do you? Good listening is an art, but anyone can acquire it with concentration and

THE farmer at the other end of the telephone line in Streetman, Texas, sounded excited. He told the operator that a car driven by two men had just run off the road near his home. He had gone for a team to pull the auto out of the ditch, but when he returned, the two men had disappeared. Looking around the area, he stumbled across a Missouri license plate and a couple of guns hidden in the brush nearby.

"What'll I do?" he demanded.

"Tell me what the men looked like," the operator said. After the farmer had described the two men, she rang the sheriff's office. Before going on duty, she told the law officer, she'd heard a news broadcast. Six Springfield, Missouri, police officers had been shot to death. The broadcast had described the killers, the operator said, and the descriptions fitted the two men who had ditched the car in Streetman.

Thanks to the telephone operator's tip, police caught up with the two fugitives in Houston, Texas, and surrounded them. Rather than submit to capture, the men killed themselves. And when police inspected the bodies, they found the telephone operator had been right; the two men were indeed the killers.

If the telephone operator had not been a good listener, the two killers might have escaped. Chances are that most of us wouldn't have remembered the descriptions even if we'd heard the radio broadcast. Why? Because our ability to comprehend and remember what is told us is far more limited than you probably suspect.

For the last several years, I have been testing the ability of people to understand and remember what they hear. At the University of Minnesota, we have examined the listening ability of several thousand students and, more recently, that of scores of business and professional people in adult-education courses. In each case, the person tested listened to short talks by various faculty members and was examined for his grasp of the content. Each listener was also given a carefully constructed standard test to find out how well he learned from what he heard.

Collier's for July 25, 1953

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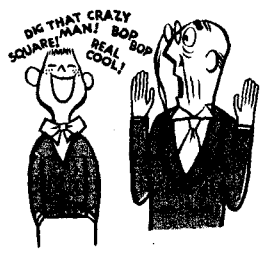
6. **Do you deliberately turn your thoughts to other subjects when you believe a speaker will have nothing particularly interesting to say?**

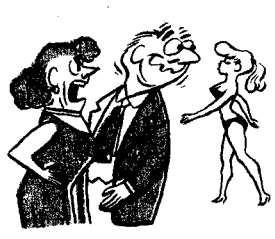
7.



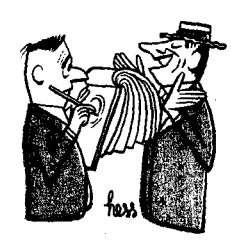
Can you tell by a person's appearance and delivery that he won't have anything worth while to say?

8. **When somebody is talking to you, do you try to make him think you're paying attention when you're not?**

9.



When you're listening to someone, are you easily distracted by outside sights and sounds?



10. **If you want to remember what someone is saying, do you think it a good idea to write it down as he goes along?**

listener. Every "yes" answer means that you are guilty of a specific bad listening habit

to Listen

By DR. RALPH NICHOLS
with LEONARD A. STEVENS

practice. Here's how to recognize your shortcomings—and what to do about them

These extensive tests have led me to this general conclusion:

Immediately after the average person has listened to someone talk, he remembers only about half of what he has heard—no matter how carefully he thought he listened.

What happens as time passes? My own testing shows—and it has been substantiated by reports of research at Florida State University, Michigan State College and elsewhere—that two months after listening to a person talk, the average listener will remember only about 25 per cent of what was said.

Well, is that bad? It is, and for a number of reasons. But fortunately there are ways in which you can markedly improve your listening ability. I say "fortunately" because the odds are that your thinking is influenced more through what you hear than what you learn through any other means of personal communication.

Whether you're a housewife or governor of your state, you probably depend on listening far more than you suspect.

A few years ago, a friend of mine decided to find out how much time he spent on his job just listening to other people. He is Ernest H. Ulm, sales manager for the electronics division of Sylvania Electric Products, Inc. At that time, his work required a lot of telephoning, so for one week he had his secretary log the time he spent on the telephone. The secretary found that Ulm spent between 70 and 80 per cent of his working day telephoning, and probably half that time listening. In other words, he received 35 to 40 per cent of his salary for just listening.

A survey completed in 1929—possibly the only survey of its kind—indicated that all of us do approximately the same amount of listening as Ulm. Paul T. Rankin, who was supervising director of research and adjustment for the Detroit Public Schools, studied the personal communications of 68 persons with different occupations to determine the percentage of time they spent talking, reading, writing and listening. For approximately two months, the 68 kept tabs on these

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LEONARD STEVENS

Dr. Ralph Nichols, coauthor of this article, is professor of speech at U. of Minnesota. He pioneered in the teaching of good listening and is a leading authority on the subject

Can good listening be taught?

activities every 15 minutes of their waking days. Rankin found they spent 9 per cent of their communicating time writing, 16 per cent reading, 30 per cent talking and 45 per cent listening.

Although the survey indicated we spend almost three times as much time listening as reading—the other important means by which we receive information—little attention is given to training people how to listen. In the Detroit schools, Rankin discovered that reading received 52 per cent of the emphasis in classroom instruction, and listening only 8 per cent.

An Important Quality in Executives

The need for better listening techniques is also recognized by people in industry. Dr. Earl Planty, executive counselor for the pharmaceutical firm of Johnson & Johnson at New Brunswick, New Jersey, says: "By far the most effective method by which executives can tap ideas of subordinates is sympathetic listening in the many day-to-day informal contacts within and outside the work place. There is no full-blown system that will do the job in an easier manner. . . Nothing can equal an executive's willingness to hear."

Sometimes big executives discover this truth the hard way. Not long ago, the managers of a large East Coast industrial firm came to work on a Monday morning to find the plant surrounded by pickets. It was almost a complete surprise. Labor negotiations had been under way, but the top management had no idea a strike was impending; in fact, it was the first strike in the plant's history. What had happened?

It developed that the firm's director of labor relations had warned a member of the top management that a strike was possible and had recommended action to prevent it. But nothing was done. The firm lost five days of valuable production before a settlement was reached.

Later, the management member who had been warned said his immediate reaction to the recommendations of the director of labor relations had been that "a strike couldn't happen here!" With that thought in mind, he ceased to listen and never really learned the seriousness of the warning.

Workers in industry need to be good listeners, too. Failure to pay attention to what is told them can be costly, even fatal. When a Long Island, New York, plant hired a number of new employees a couple of years ago to work over a forge used for heating tool steel, a meeting was held to instruct them verbally in the use of grappling irons. The men used the irons, with removable wooden handles, to hold the steel in the forge. When a man finished with a hot grappling iron, the instructor said, he was to hang it on the wall to the right of the forge. As the irons cooled, they were to be moved to the left wall. And when an employee needed a grappling iron, he of course would take it from the left wall.

Shortly after the meeting, an employee hung a hot grappling iron on the wrong wall. Another man walked into the room, reached up and grabbed the hot iron. The metal burned and stuck to the skin of his hand. Unable to let go, he fainted and fell, with the grappling iron still stuck to his hand. The burns impaired the man's ability to work for the remainder of his life.

He Was Present But He Didn't Hear

At a hearing after the accident, the man who had placed the iron on the wrong wall swore that he hadn't heard anybody say hot irons were to be hung to the right of the forge. However, other employees testified he was present when the instructions were given.

I'm sure the guilty man was telling the truth—that although he attended the meeting, his mind was somewhere else at the critical moment. He was not unlike the average man in this respect. And, like most of us, he probably never realized the real reason he didn't hear was that he was a poor listener.

The forge incident was sudden and tragic. But the results of bad listening habits show up most often in little incidents that accumulate day to day, like the one told me by a Minneapolis sales manager. He said: "I sent a man down to Chicago with explicit instructions as to what he was to do when he got there. I even asked him to repeat these instructions to make sure he understood them. Yet, as soon as he arrived in Chicago he telephoned me to ask, 'Now, let's see, chief, what was it I was to do first off?' That's the kind of business that costs plenty of time and money!"

At best, that salesman had sacrificed his prospects of promotion; at worst, he might be fired. And regrettably his case is not unusual, particularly among young people just starting out in business. "One big difficulty with new, inexperienced sales clerks is that they don't listen," John J. McGrath, manager of training for Macy's department stores in the New York area, told me.

Sales Clerk Ignores Sleeve Length

"Here's what an inexperienced clerk often does: a customer steps to the counter and says, 'I want that blouse on display there. I'd like size 14 with short sleeves.' The clerk hears only: 'Blouse on display. Size 14.' She rushes away and brings back a blouse, size 14, but with long sleeves. The customer again explains, 'Short sleeves.' Back goes the clerk, and again the customer waits.

"In a store the size of ours, such incidents can run into money. There's useless work for the clerk, unnecessary handling of merchandise and, more important, possibly an irritated customer. That's why in our training we stress, 'Listen before you act.' "

Maybe you're not a professional salesman, but at least from time to time you have to sell yourself—to your employer, your business associates, your neighbors. And essentially the problem boils down to: How can you sell yourself if you don't know what the prospective buyer wants? Good listening is an excellent way to find out.

Personally, I feel that good listening is also a compliment to the person speaking and can make for better relations all around. The very act of sympathetic, comprehensive listening will often help solve another person's problems, as social workers discovered long ago. Dr. Florence Hollis, professor of social work at the New York School of Social Work, Columbia University, puts it this way: "When a person knows that he has a good listener to talk to, he'll share his thoughts more fully, which, in turn, makes it easier for the caseworker to help him with his problems. And, moreover, as he talks, the person needing help often finds a good solution to his problems himself."

In the home, good listening can help a husband understand his wife better, a parent understand a child better. It also can pay big dividends in other ways. In Glenmont, New York, last year, Mrs. Claire Henry listened to her husband talk shop about his telephone-company job. Later she saw a trenching machine scoop a five-foot ditch across a nearby piece of property. Because she had listened well, she knew that the machine was approaching a vital telephone cable. Her prompt warning prevented the cutting of the cable, which carried 3,000 important telephone and telegraph circuits and two television channels. The telephone company rewarded her with a four-day visit to New York for her whole family.

Can you improve your listening? The answer definitely is "yes." Listening can be taught. We are doing it every day at the University of Minnesota, and listening training also has been added to the curriculums of more than a score of colleges and universities all across the country, including Stephens College, Florida State University, Michigan State College and the University of Denver. Public-school systems all the way from the Carolinas to California likewise have inaugurated listening training programs; those in

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Nashville, Tennessee, and Phoenix, Arizona, are outstanding examples.

As to the effectiveness of the training, no group we have ever trained has averaged less than a 25 per cent gain in listening proficiency. And young students aren't the only people who can improve their listening. Although college freshmen make statistically significant gains, I have found that adult groups do even better.

Our comparative studies and interviews with hundreds of persons have disclosed 10 bad habits working almost universally against good listening. Here are short explanations of each bad habit and suggestions as to what can be done about it:

1. Hop-Skip-and-Jump Listening.

The average person talks at a speed of about 125 words per minute. There is good evidence that if thought were measured in words per minute, most of us could think easily at about four times that rate. And it's very difficult—almost painful—to try to slow down our thinking speed. Therefore, we have about 400 words of thinking time to spare every minute a person talks to us.

What do you do with your excess thinking time while someone is speaking to you? Suppose you're a poor listener. Well, you start to listen all right, but then you unconsciously realize there's time to spare. So your thoughts turn to something else for a moment, then rush back to the speaker. These brief side excursions of thought continue until your mind tarries too long on some enticing but irrelevant subject. Then, when your thoughts return to the person talking, you find he's got ahead of you. Now it's harder to follow him and easier for your mind to take those side excursions. Finally you give up; the person is still talking, but your mind is in another world.

The good listener avoids these mental excursions. He uses his thought speed to advantage; he constantly applies his spare thinking time to what is being said. It isn't easy unless you have a definite pattern of thought to follow, and to develop such a pattern you should:

- Try to anticipate what a person is going to talk about. On the basis of what he's already said, ask yourself: "What's he trying to get at? What point is he going to make?"
- Mentally summarize what the person has been saying. What point has he made already, if any?
- Weigh the speaker's evidence by mentally questioning it. If he tells you facts, illustrative stories and statistics, ask yourself: "Are they accurate? Do they come from an unprejudiced source? Am I getting the full picture, or is he telling me only what will prove his point?"
- Listen "between the lines." A person doesn't always put everything that's important into words. The changing tones and volume of his voice may have a meaning. So may his facial expressions, the gestures he makes with his hands, the movement of his body.

2. "I-Get-the-Facts" Listening.

Do you ever say, "When I listen, I really get the facts"? If so, you're a poor listener.

Let's say your boss is giving you instructions made up of facts that we'll label A to Z. The boss begins to talk. You hear fact A and think: I've got to remember it! So you begin a memory exercise by repeating "Fact A, fact A, fact A . . ."

Meanwhile, the boss is telling you fact B. Now you've got two facts to memorize. You're so busy doing it that you miss fact C completely. And so it goes up to fact Z. You catch a few facts, garble several others and completely miss the rest.

If you were a good listener, you'd have listened for main ideas. As facts are spoken to you, weigh one against the other; try to recognize their relationship to one another. Soon you will realize that the person talking has put several facts together to make a central idea; go after ideas, not a series of memorized facts.

3. Emotional Deaf Spots.

For most of us, there are words and phrases that upset us emotionally. They impair our listening. Suppose your firm's accountant comes to you and says: "I have just heard from the Bureau of Internal Revenue, and . . ." You suddenly breathe harder and think: That blasted bureau! Can't they leave me alone? You have stopped listening to the accountant. Meanwhile, he is saying that there's a chance you can save $300 this year if you go about it right. But you don't hear how, because the words "internal revenue" have inflicted an emotional deaf spot.

Something of the kind happens to all of us. An ardent Republican, for example, may go temporarily deaf on hearing the name Harry Truman, and plenty of Democrats are deafened by the name Robert A. Taft. Other words that I'm sure cause emotional deaf spots in many include landlord, red tape, sex, vivisection and Communist.

For better listening, watch your reaction to such words. Identify the ones that bother you and analyze them to find out why they upset you. A thorough examination will usually reveal that they really shouldn't bother you at all.

4. Supersensitive Listening.

If you've developed deep-seated opinions or prejudices, a person talking to you may well unwittingly stamp verbally on your mental toes. When he does, you unconsciously stop listening to him. You try to interrupt him, you plan an embarrassing question, or you mull over a scathing rebuttal. Meanwhile, the person continues talking, and you miss his main points.

The solution? Use self-control and always listen a person out. When he's finished, then plan your questions or rebuttal.

5. Avoiding Difficult Explanations.

Do you go out of your way to keep out of earshot of anything that is difficult to understand? There are plenty of people who do. It's a bad practice because ultimately you'll find yourself unable to escape listening to something difficult; then the effort will seem unbearable and you'll be unable to listen effectively.

The solution: listen to discussions of subjects that require effort to understand as, for example, in radio commentaries or panel discussions.

6. The Premature Dismissal of a Subject as Uninteresting.

When a person starts talking, you may feel it takes too much effort to concentrate on what he's got to say, so you think: He has nothing interesting to say. You close your mind to his words and your thoughts wander to more fascinating topics.

To remedy this bad listening habit, I suggest a selfish approach. Maybe the subject is uninteresting, but even the most boring person ordinarily has some idea to offer. Be selfish and seize for yourself whatever ideas he contributes.

7. Criticizing a Speaker's Delivery and Physical Appearance.

Suppose a man stops to tell you something that will benefit you. If his shoes are shabby and he lisps when he talks, you may think: Anyone who doesn't shine his shoes and who speaks with a lisp can't have much to say. The man might be giving you the key to a lifetime of success, but you're not listening.

If you must be mentally critical of clothing, or the lack of melodious tones, wait until the person is through talking.

8. Pretending Attention.

"If I simply appear to be listening, everything is okay!" you say. You make yourself comfortable, turn two glassy, unblinking eyes toward the speaker—and you don't hear a thing.

Actually you are fooling only yourself. You'll seldom fool the person talking, because listening requires an expenditure of energy which is recognized at least unconsciously by him. And furthermore, you're faking yourself out of an opportunity to learn from what is being said. So you'd better stop the pretense and really listen.

9. Yielding to Distractions.

We live in a noisy age—the distracting hubbub of modern civilization is all around us. We are distracted not only by what we hear, but by what we see. If you are a poor listener, these distractions will drag your mind away from what someone is telling you.

A good listener fights these distractions. Sometimes the fight is easily won—by closing a door, shutting off the radio, moving closer to the person talking, or asking him to speak louder. If the distractions can't be licked that easily, then it's a matter of concentration. Keep your mind busy with what the speaker is saying.

10. Pencil-and-Paper Listening.

Some people think that the way to learn from listening is to take a lot of notes. They become involved in the physical act of writing. Often they try to outline what a person is saying and become wrapped up in symbols and numbers. Meanwhile, they're only "half listening."

If you have this habit, I suggest you drop the pencil. If you feel that something must be written down, first listen and afterward write down, in just a few words, the main points made by the person talking.

In fact, if you are guilty of any of these 10 bad listening habits, you'll find it well worth your while to try the remedies I have listed. A good listener is a better friend, a more thoughtful spouse and a more efficient worker. ▲▲▲

How to Practice Good Listening

• You can be a better listener if you devote time and practice to it. Just knowing what your bad listening habits are is not enough. Here's what you can do:

Begin a program of regular practice to develop your concentration, the most important aid to good listening. For one minute of every hour, try to give your fullest listening attention to a person talking, even if it's a four-year-old child. If there is no voice to hear, select a sound—an airplane overhead, a bird's song, a church bell, the hum of a machine. But whatever you choose to listen to, put everything else out of your mind and concentrate on that sound to the exclusion of all others. Such concentration will be harder than you think, but it will greatly improve your listening proficiency.

Then have members of your family take turns reading from a magazine, a book or a newspaper—and listen carefully. To test how well you listened, discuss with the others what you heard and remembered. You also can test yourself and your family in the same way after listening to a radio commentary or a television panel program.

Practice may not make you a *perfect* listener, but it can make you a *good* listener. It'll pay off in better understanding, closer friendships, increased efficiency—perhaps even a salary increase.

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Multiple exposure shows dramatic forward double-twisting one-and-a-half somersault that helped Paula Jean win U.S. diving title. She had to do dive 28 times before perfect picture resulted

P. J. SPRINGBOARDS TO FAME

Pert Paula Jean Myers bounced high into the air. Before shearing the water below, she executed a dive so difficult no other girl even had attempted it before in competition

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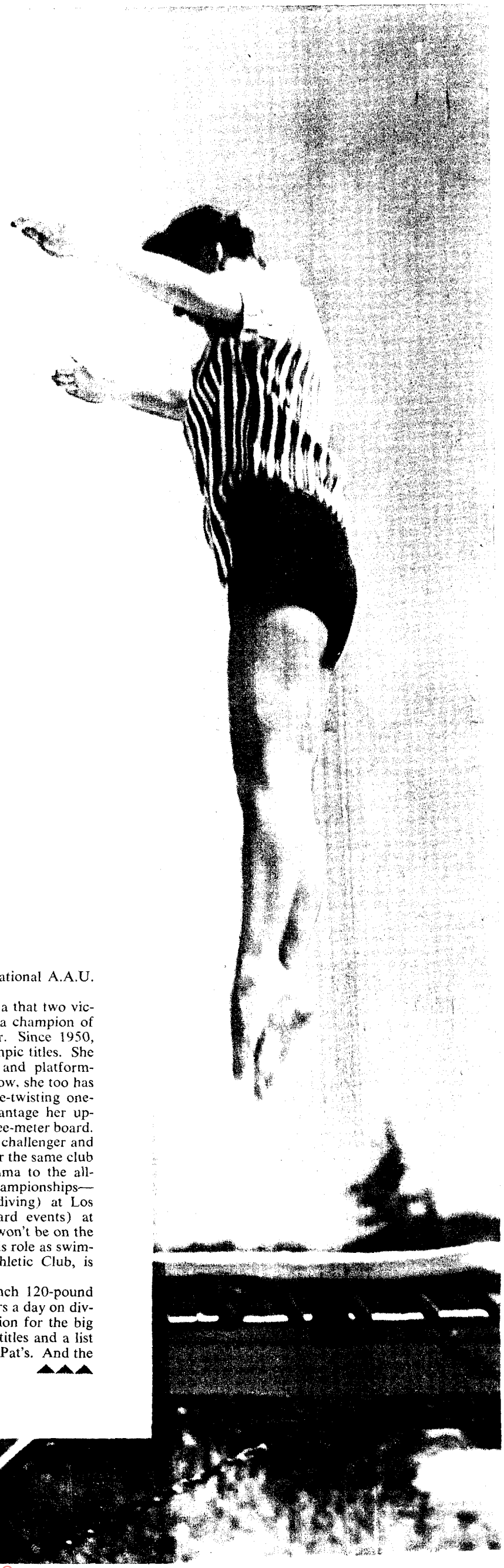

Paula's chief rival is many-time U.S. and Olympic champion, Mrs. Pat McCormick (left, above). Pair often train together at Los Angeles Athletic Club pool. Right: Paula practices form on a trampolin

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

ONE day last March, Paula Jean Myers stood poised on an indoor diving board, her pert, saucy face unusually solemn and her trim, athletic figure tense. Then, in the hush that accompanies the start of every competitive plunge, she stepped forward and bounced into the air for her last optional dive in the Southern Pacific A.A.U. three-meter (roughly ten feet) championship.

The resulting forward, double-twisting one-and-a-half somersault was so well executed it caused scarcely a ripple in the pool. But the performance created so big a splash in the aquatic world it made the eighteen-year-old Covina, California, youngster a national headliner.

The dive is rated so difficult by judges that until "P.J."—she carries the initials as a nickname—left the springboard, it never even had been attempted in women's competition. Now, its near-flawless execution assured Paula Jean the Southern Pacific title. And more important from both a morale and publicity standpoint, the dive and the resulting championship made her the first girl in more than two years to score a victory over her great friend and Los Angeles Athletic Club teammate, Mrs. Patricia McCormick, the U.S. and Olympic champion.

A short time later, Paula proved the win was no fluke. On April 4th, she defeated Pat again—this time at Daytona Beach, Florida, for the National A.A.U. Indoor three-meter crown.

But no one knows better than Paula that two victories aren't enough to rank her with a champion of Mrs. McCormick's exceptional caliber. Since 1950, Pat has won 11 national and two Olympic titles. She still holds virtually every one-meter and platform-diving championship available. And now, she too has mastered the complex forward, double-twisting one-and-a-half to erase any potential advantage her up-and-coming rival might have on the three-meter board.

The combination of a rising young challenger and a great veteran champion competing for the same club has added an unusual element of drama to the all-important A.A.U. Outdoor diving championships—scheduled for August 2d (platform diving) at Los Angeles, and August 7–9 (springboard events) at Portland, Oregon. And all the drama won't be on the springboard. Coaching both girls, in his role as swimming mentor at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, is Glenn McCormick, Pat's husband.

Meanwhile, P.J., a five-foot-four-inch 120-pound bundle of energy, is practicing five hours a day on diving boards and trampolins in preparation for the big meets. Her goal is the 1956 Olympic titles and a list of championships as long as her friend Pat's. And the only way to get them is by beating Pat. ▲▲▲

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GENE TRINDL AND FRED SWARTZ

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EARL CORDREY

"I was just passing through," he said in desperation. "I just thought I'd drop by—"

COAST TO COAST

By ROBERT SHECKLEY

AFTER Albuquerque, Route 66 is flat and hot. It shoots like a searing pain through the Mojave Desert, into southern California. Route 66 is a road that knows where it's going.

I knew where I was going too. My gas tank was full, and I had a water bag strapped to my front bumper. The radio wasn't working, of course, and the air was like the kiss of a blast furnace. On top of that, I was lonely. But it didn't matter. I was on my way to Alaska, Hawaii, Tahiti—or any other place you could name.

Then I saw the hitchhiker. He was standing on the shoulder of the road, ninety miles from nowhere. He wore a dark suit, and he was carrying a worn, brown suitcase.

I was fifty yards past him before I could stop. He came up to my car at a full sprint, evidently afraid I might change my mind.

"Didn't anyone tell you not to get dumped in the middle of a desert?" I asked him.

He got in and leaned back, catching his breath. "Man picked me up outside of Albuquerque," he said, "took me out here, then turned off to some Indian village in the desert. Said he was a schoolteacher."

"You'll learn," I said. I judged that he was about twenty-two, only a few years younger than I. He was a big guy with neat features and carefully combed hair. "You sound like a New Yorker," I said.

"That's right."

"Going far?" I asked him.

He didn't answer for a moment. Then he said, "Yeah. California, I guess."

I liked him right off, probably because he reminded me of myself four years ago. I'd wanted to travel too, and yet I'd been scared—leaving my home and girl and job. When people asked me, I hadn't been able to tell them where I was going or what I was going to do once I got there. But I went. I traveled and worked all over the country, and except for scenery, one place was about like another. Now I was going to Alaska, Hawaii, Tahiti. . . .

We drove all day without talking much. I gave him a turn at the wheel and took a nap. Then I drove again. When we stopped for gas we got in the shade and had some pop, and he said, "Are you going through Pasadena?"

"Sure," I said. "Want to get off there?"

"I'm not sure," he said. "I know some people in Pasadena, and I thought maybe I'd drop in and say hello. But I don't know if I should."

"Why not?"

"Well, they moved out here from New York three years ago, and they probably wouldn't remember me."

"Might as well try them for a free meal," I said.

THE sun was almost down when we got started again, and the desert was beginning to cool off. "If you don't mind my asking," he said, after we had been driving a while, "where are *you* going?"

"I don't mind. Alaska, first."

He said, "Gee! Why?"

"I've never been there. Haven't you ever wanted to go to a place you've never been to?"

After a very long pause he said, "I'd kinda like to see them myself."

"Okay, come along," I said.

He knotted his hands together, like something was bothering him. "I don't have much money."

"You can work. I've done everything, everywhere. In Alaska maybe I'll chop trees or pull a fishing net or wash dishes. If you're not afraid of hard work, you can be your own man anywhere in the world," I said. I left out the loneliness. He could find that out for himself.

"You'd take me along?"

"Why not, if you want to come? I figure on selling the car, going up to Alaska and then working a tramp to Hawaii. Spend some time there and then ship for Tahiti."

He was impressed. In New York he must have thought that Hawaii and Tahiti were as distant as the craters of the moon. But he still didn't accept.

And then I knew what his trouble was. "Is she very pretty?" I asked.

"What?"

"That girl in New York." He didn't answer, which was answer enough. "I figured that was it," I said. "But believe me, it can't be helped. I left a pretty nice girl in New York—a nurse. I suppose she's married by now."

"Are you ever sorry?" he asked me cautiously.

"Sure. But you can't have everything. I chose the road."

We were both quiet then. I suppose he was thinking about his girl, and I was remembering mine. We had been nearly engaged, but I had the traveling fever. One night I wrote her a long, incoherent letter about how much I loved her and how I had to travel. I tossed a bag in my car and set out. A thousand miles from home, I had almost turned back. *Almost.*

My friend sat quiet for a long time, staring *ahead into the darkness.* Finally he sighed and leaned back. "I'd like to stop in Pasadena first," he said.

"Suit yourself," I said. He wanted to have his last look at familiar faces, his last taste of normality before the big jump. I didn't blame him.

IT WAS morning when we got to Pasadena. He hadn't spoken for hours, except to give me his friends' address. Now he smoked and stared out the window, not seeing anything.

"Well, here we are," I said, stopping the car.

"Wait for me," he said.

The house was small. There were two middle-aged people sitting in metal chairs on the front lawn, soaking up the California sunshine. They both stood up when they saw him. "Why, Roy Ellison!" the man said, getting up.

"Roy!" his wife said. "Whatever are you doing out *here?*"

"Well, I was just passing through," he said unhappily, jamming his hands into his pockets. "I just thought I'd—"

The front door opened, and a girl came out with a tray of cold drinks. She was about nineteen and pretty, if you like blondes. "Roy!" she said, and the tray slipped out of her hands and crashed on the porch floor. She just stood there staring at Roy Ellison.

"I was just passing through," he said, with desperation in his voice. "I just thought I'd drop by for old times' sake—"

"You're staying, aren't you?" *the girl asked.*

"Well, I don't know," Roy said, glancing back at me.

"You're staying," she said firmly. They looked at each other. Then they began to smile.

I slipped the car quietly into gear, but Roy remembered me. Hand in hand, he and the girl walked over. "This is a friend of mine," Roy said.

"Won't you come in and have some root beer?" *the girl asked, and then blushed, remembering* that she had dropped the tray.

"I've got a long way to go," I said.

I leaned out the window and punched Roy on the arm, winked at the girl and gunned the motor.

What an idiot he was, I told myself, gripping the steering wheel very tightly. This was the New York girl—moved to California! He'd hitchhiked three thousand miles, just to find out if she was married or engaged, or in love with someone else . . . What an idiot he was.

But it was no use. The loneliness had swallowed me now, and I knew that, except for scenery, Alaska, Hawaii and Tahiti were the same as Indiana and Ohio and Pennsylvania. All places were the same.

I slowed the car and made a sloppy, four-corner turn. But going back to New York was a terrifying thought. What if she were married, engaged, or in love with someone else? I would just have to find out the hard way.

I had three thousand miles to go, but I detoured around the girl's block. I didn't want Roy to see me going back, after all I had said. ▲▲▲

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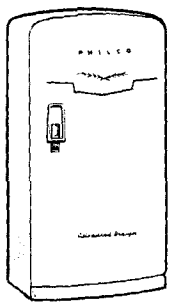

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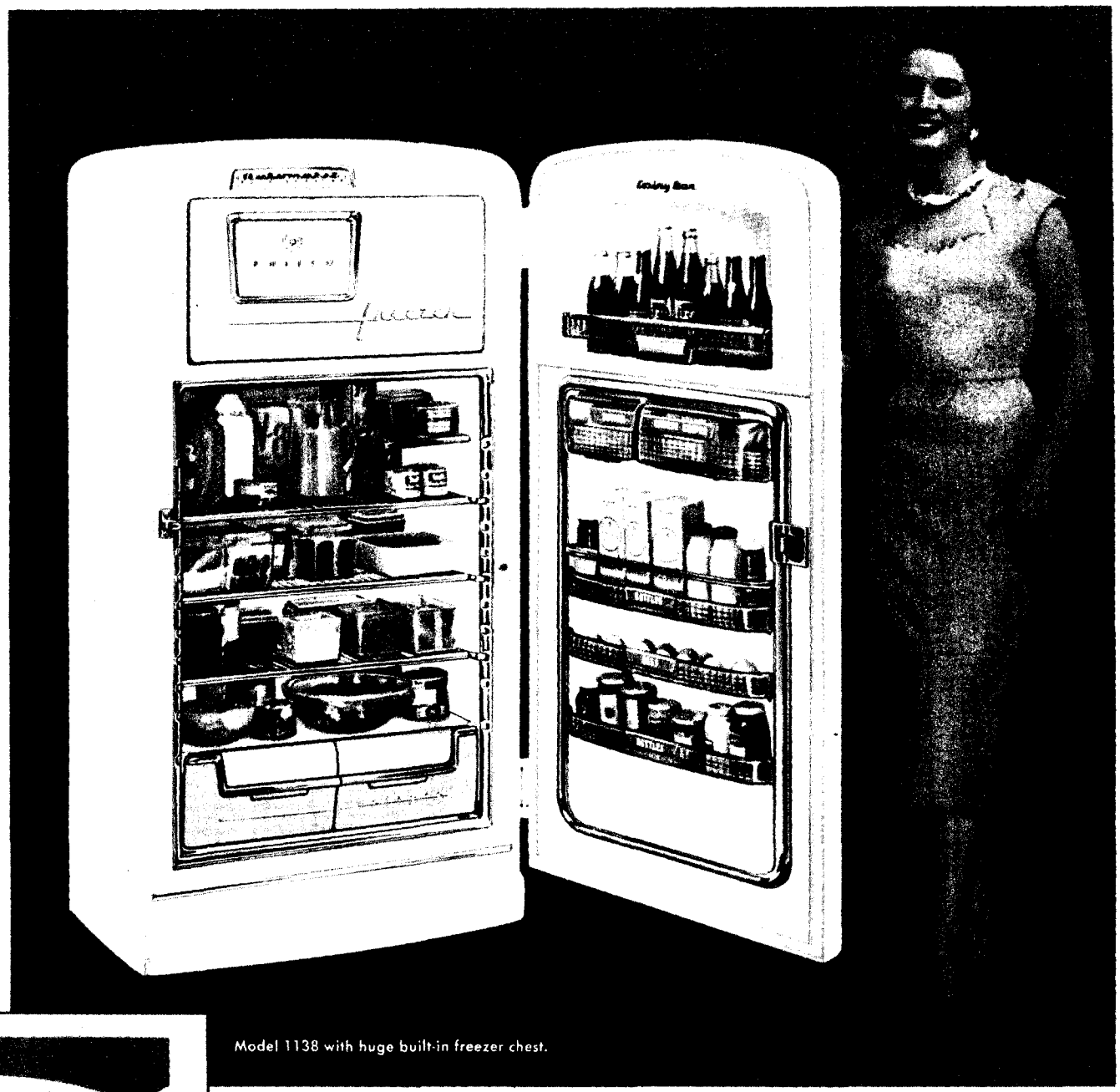

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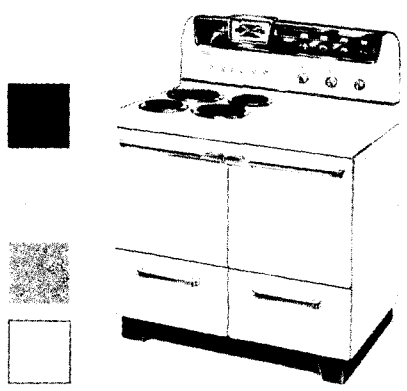

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KOREA'S CHILDREN

The Old in Heart

By MARVIN KONER

Of all the scars of war, none is deeper or more ugly than those cut into the hearts and the minds of children

I had seen war before Collier's sent me to Korea. I was in the Army during World War II, but I was fighting then and a soldier doesn't have much time to look around him—or behind him at what he leaves in his trail. He hears the phrase, the "tragedy of war," but it has no punch. Then I saw the kids of Korea.

According to United Nations estimates, there are between 100,000 and 125,000 orphans in Korea. Their stories are all the same. They are the story of Yun Tae Woon.

Seoul, Korea

YUN TAE WOON is nine years old. If he were a little boy in America he'd be in the third grade. But Tae was born in Korea, and he has never been to school at all. The last time he saw his mother and father was in 1950. It was in Pusan during the frantic days when United Nations forces weren't sure they could keep even a finger-tip hold on the Korean peninsula. In the bedlam of war and panic, Tae's family became separated, and now, nearly three years later, his parents are presumed dead or hopelessly lost forever.

During those nearly three years, the only food Tae had eaten was what he could steal or beg or buy with the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

Wars drain off the able-bodied, leaving behind the helpless, like this old Korean grandmother and her young grandchildren in Seoul

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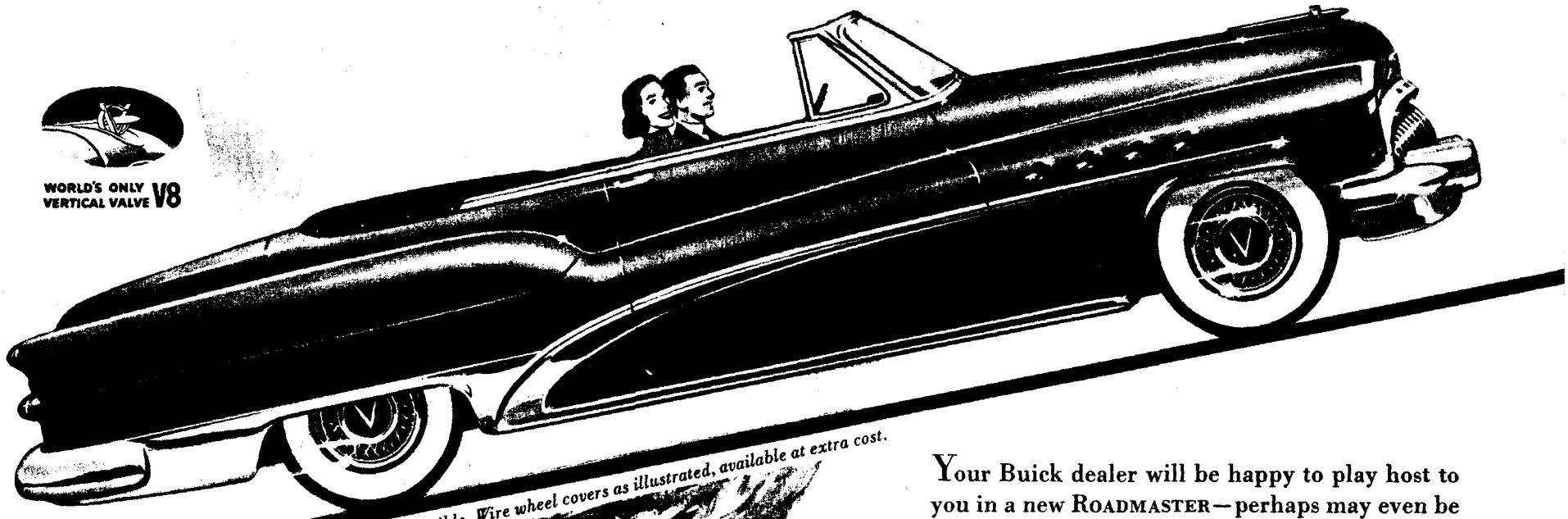

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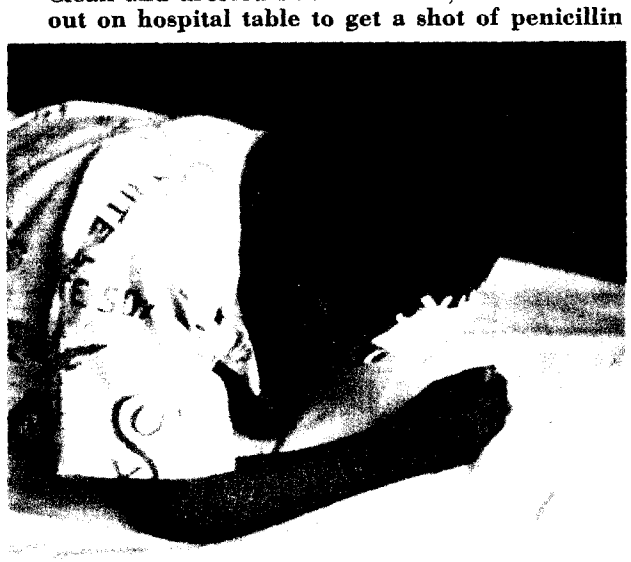
Tae was left on his own in a war-torn land when he was

Filthy, ragged, his eye bloated by infection, Yun Tae Woon as he was when Americans found him

Sgt. Werner Krenzer scrapes accumulated dirt of months from Tae at United Nations relief center

Clean and dressed in a new shirt, Tae stretches out on hospital table to get a shot of penicillin



Sgt. Werner Krenzer, Rego Park, N.Y., who voluntarily spends spare time rounding up waifs off streets, visits orphanage to check on kids. In past year, Krenzer has brought in 125 orphans

few pennies he earned. His only home was the closest shelter he could find—a dry corner in some bombed-out building, a pile of boards in an alley.

And during those nearly three years, Tae was not the kind of little boy you'd want your own youngsters to play with.

Active in a War-Orphan Gang

After he lost his mother and father, and after the Inchon landings, Tae hitched rides on trains 275 miles to Seoul. He joined a gang of other war orphans because they taught him how to get along, and it was good to be with others in the same fix. He shined GI shoes and he stole to sell on the black market and he got Korean girls for battle-tired soldiers back from the front. He was what the soldiers call a PX boy, one of the hundreds of youngsters orphaned by the Korean war who hang around the Army Post Exchanges and pounce on any soldier who looks like a soft touch for whatever they can sell him, or steal or beg from him.

But then Tae got sick. One of the worst things that can happen to a war orphan is to get sick. When you're sick, you can't work to get food and there's nobody to look after you. You may die for lack of treatment or you may starve to death because you can't help yourself. Tae's gang got into a fight with another gang, and Tae was hit above the left eye with a stone. The eternal filth on his face got into the wound and an infection developed. Two days later his eye was swollen shut and pus was running down his cheek from the cut on his eyebrow. He began to cough, too.

That was when he met Sergeant First Class Werner Krenzer. The sergeant was going along in a jeep when he spotted Tae sitting in the gutter holding his head. Krenzer stopped the jeep and got out. With him was his interpreter, Kim Myong Kil, another orphan a few years older than Tae.

As he approached Tae, Krenzer dug into his pocket and pulled out a candy bar. Slowly he knelt down alongside Tae, who was huddled over in his incredibly dirty clothes that had been torn and patched and torn again.

Then, in a soft, undemanding, matter-of-fact voice, Krenzer spoke. Kim translated.

"Your eye is hurt. How did it happen?"

Tae looked up. Suspicion clouded his face. Hate he understood, and fear and loneliness. But these were words of kindness, something he was unfamiliar with. He looked uncomfortable, then distrustful and even hostile.

Tae's reaction was typical, and Krenzer was used to it. He continued to talk, easily, always careful not to press in on Tae, not to crowd him.

And Kim translated. "We cannot make you go with us, but we can help you if you will let us. That is our job—to help children in trouble."

All the while Krenzer looked intently into Tae's distorted face. Tae spoke very little. Instead he listened to the twenty-six-year-old soldier from Rego Park, New York. Little by little he raised his head to look into Krenzer's eyes.

Tae's distrust began to ebb. Finally, a long time later, he hesitantly extended his hand and accepted the candy bar from Krenzer. The pain in his head, the ache in his chest and the patient understanding of a kind man had won him over.

Tae was loaded into the jeep and taken to

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seven. He has never been to school, or slept in a bed

Three PX boys, typical war orphans of type who hang around Post Exchanges hoping to wheedle food or favors from GIs, mimic photographer. For most, panhandling is sole means of support

a hospital operated by UNCACK (United Nations Civil Assistance Command, Korea). There Krenzer personally peeled away his tattered clothing, bathed the sour, sickening smell from him, doused him with DDT, had his eye examined and treated by a doctor and put him to bed.

In all his life, it was the first time Tae had ever slept in a bed—or known the feel of sheets.

For him, the relationship with Krenzer was an unforgettable experience. For Krenzer, Tae was not a new story.

The quiet, sensitive sergeant collects waifs. It all began about a year ago when Krenzer was assigned to UNCACK. His job was to distribute relief grains and supplies donated by UN countries, and it brought him into contact with hundreds of war orphans.

He began to spend his spare time among the youngsters. He managed to coax a few to go with him, and most of them wound up in one of Seoul's 32 orphanages.

A Valuable Ally for Krenzer

In time, news of Krenzer's work made the rounds of the small-fry underworld. Then one day Krenzer met Kim. Kim knew the city and he knew the kids. He spoke enough English to get along; but, most important, he was a wonderful salesman. Krenzer enlisted Kim as an interpreter and helper.

Kim became a contact man. He located orphans who needed help and paved the way for Krenzer to talk to them. Other contact boys also were recruited.

Krenzer did all his work in his spare time, on Saturdays and Sundays, and at night.

Then the time came last January when Krenzer was slated to go home on rotation. But he couldn't leave; there was too much to do. So he re-enlisted for a year.

In the past year, Krenzer has picked up 125 orphans from the streets of Seoul. He periodically visits the orphanages, his pockets bulging with goodies to give the kids. But sometimes he doesn't have a chance to distribute them. The child has run away. When Krenzer hears the news he shrugs.

"You've got to work on a percentage basis," he says. "Some of the little beggars just aren't strong enough morally to make the break from the street gangs."

The morning after Tae was picked up, Krenzer went back to the hospital to see how he was. A nurse ran up to him.

"Tae's gone," she cried. "He got up in the night and said he had to go to the bathroom and just slipped away."

Krenzer turned and walked out. Twenty-six hours later he found Tae in front of a PX. His new shirt and his jacket had been taken from him.

Falteringly, Tae explained to Krenzer that he had gone to the hospital without asking his gang and he was afraid they would resent it. Again Krenzer talked to him. And he talked to the gang, too, telling them that he was going to fix Tae's eye and find him a home. Grudgingly the gang gave the plan its blessing.

That night back at the hospital, Krenzer took Tae aside and told him how bad he'd been to run away.

Tae bent his head, and from under the bandage covering his eye a huge tear rolled down. Abruptly he stopped. He was frightened. He didn't know what he was doing. He had never cried before.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARVIN KONER

Tiny girl, orphaned so young she couldn't even remember name, begs passers-by for handouts

Krenzer, whom kids call Sergeant Smiley, passes out goodies to youngsters at orphanage in Seoul

Orphans are universally distrustful of offers to help. Here Krenzer talks to boys in railroad yard

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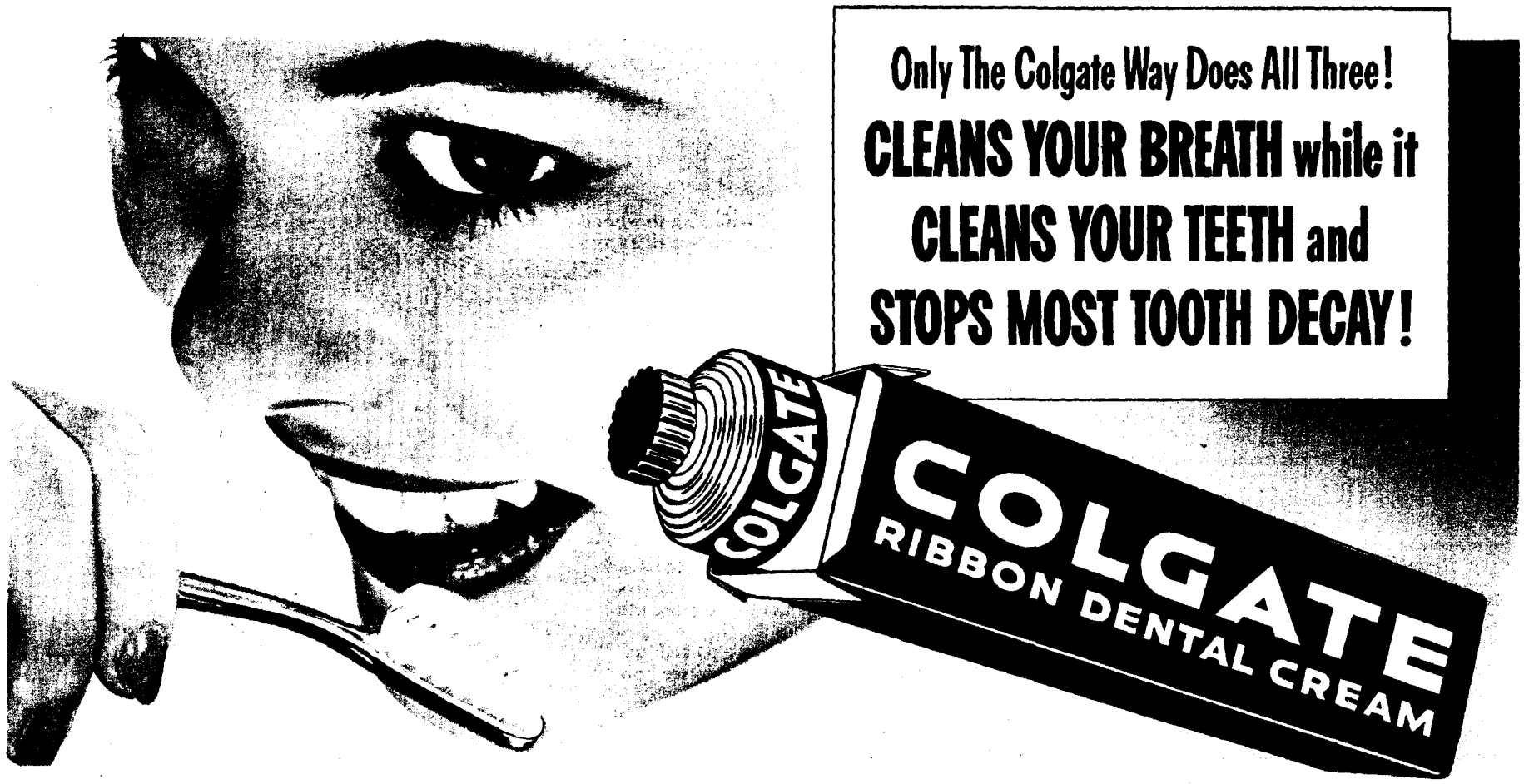

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Double Play

By JOHN RANDOLPH PHILLIPS

The first pitch, he fouled it off. On the next one he kind of rared back and swung, like he was knocking a bull down

Kay was the perfect baseball wife, but Carson wouldn't listen to her—or anybody else

THE first time I ever saw him was one morning in Florida. Max Turner came up to me and says, "Eddie, I want you to look at something." I followed Max away from the batting cage down to where Phil Dorsey, our third-string catcher, was warming up a kid pitcher I hadn't noticed around before—a big, strong-looking, blue-eyed kid of twenty.

"Let Eddie have the glove, Phil," Max tells Dorsey, and then he called to the kid: "Carson, this is Eddie Grimes."

The kid began throwing. He had smoke and lots of it, and that's what he wanted to throw all the time. When I asked for his curve, he showed me something that was hardly a wrinkle, and then he started firing the hard one back at me. He could throw that hard one, too, and I caught myself trying to remember when was the last time I'd seen a rookie with that live a fast ball. Still, it wasn't his smoke that impressed me most. No, sir, it was something else, something more important than speed or a good curve or a change-up ball. It was class. He was green as a gourd, but under the green you could see the class sticking out.

After a while I took off the big glove and walked up to this Herman Carson, trying not to show my excitement, and asked, "Where'd you play ball last year, son?"

He named a minor-league club way down the list in organized ball.

"How'd you get here?" I asked.

"Bummed my way in late last night."

"I mean who sent you?"

"Nobody. I came on my own."

"Tell me something," I said. "How come a guy with as good a fast ball as you've got ain't got a curve?"

"I don't like to throw curves."

That was the first warning I had, only I didn't know it was a warning. He didn't like to throw curves, so he didn't throw 'em. So okay, but he'd throw curves for our ball club or else. I thought he was just giving me a scared rookie's fresh remark without actually meaning to be fresh; I didn't know he was capsuling his character for me.

He grinned at me then, and it was a nice grin he had. In fact I never knew a guy with a more attractive grin. There was a restless look about him most

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN J. FLOHERTY, JR.

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of the time in those days, but when he grinned the lines of his face softened pleasantly.

"Well?" says Max, when I reported back to him.

"Don't let him get away," I told Max. "He's got it."

"Yeah, I think he has. After he reported in last night, I looked up his record for last year, and it wasn't very hot, which is why all the scouts passed him up, I guess. But this boy's a natural. Probably not this year. Maybe not even next. But some year."

"Don't let him get away," I told Max again. "He's got class and a fast ball. I can give him the rest."

Well, I taught him all I knew, or at least I tried. Day after day I worked on his curve, making him throw it. He could throw it, too, when you made him. It wasn't a very good curve, but in time it would develop into a real hook. I taught him to hide the ball when he was starting his delivery. I showed him how to hold a runner close to the base. I threw the book at him.

WE WORKED him a lot that spring, in squad games and in exhibition games. He got his ears pinned back fairly often, but always, shining through his inexperience, there was that class of his. You saw it in the way he walked, the way he stood on the mound, the way he didn't panic when the going got rugged. He looked good even when he made a mistake, if you know what I mean.

Max signed him to a contract, and we broke camp and started the long trip North, playing exhibition games all along the way. I remember the days Herman worked. I remember three scoreless innings he pitched against the Cardinals; I remember how the Braves bunted him out of a game because he hadn't yet learned to field bunts; I remember him going against Washington one day when he just wouldn't make himself get the ball over the plate. I remember the time he stood the Yankees on their ears for nine full innings.

And I remember a night in North Carolina. It was right after our last exhibition game on the road. We would grab a train that night and go straight home and play our first game in our own park two days later. I remember Herman walking up to Max and saying something, and the way Max hollered: "Go home! What do you mean, go home? Is somebody sick?"

"No, sir," Herman says. "I want to go home to see my girl."

"I'm in favor of love," Max told him, "but this is a ball club, son, and you've got a certain responsibility to it. If you went home for three-four days you'd miss the opening of the season."

I saw the stubbornness begin rising in Herman. Max saw it, too, and got a little pale around the gills. He believed in Herman and he wanted to keep him happy, and right now he didn't know what to do. So he saved face. "Where's your girl live, Herman?" he asked.

"Over in Tennessee."

"Oh, Tennessee," Max said. "Why didn't you say so? That's a lot different. Somehow I had the idea she lived in Kansas. Okay, go ahead."

We opened at home that year, and Bucky Younger went for us in the first game, beating the Sox three to one. That was a Tuesday, and Herman was due back the next day. But he didn't show, and by game time Max was wearing a mad that resembled a thundercloud. It helped when Lefty Frame blanked the Sox for our second straight win, but it didn't entirely pacify Max.

Next morning he called me at my apartment and asked me to meet him in his office at the ball park.

"Everybody on this club," says Max, when I joined him, "knows I gave Carson orders to report back yesterday. I'm going to fine him a hundred bucks if it's the last thing I ever do. You know something, Eddie? That kid lacks a sense of responsibility, and I mean more than his going home just as the season starts."

"I'm listening," I told him.

"If he really felt responsible to himself, or the club, he'd work harder on his curve ball, he'd learn to field bunts, he'd improve his control, he'd—"

"Max, Herman's got good control for a youngster."

"Sure, when he's tending strictly to business. But his mind wanders. He don't concentrate. First thing you know, he either walks the hitter or gives him a fat one. I'm telling you—"

There came a knock then, after which Herman Carson and a girl walked in. Herman wore a new, pin-stripe gray suit and a smile like the noonday sun. Gently he urged the girl forward, and then he said, "Honey, the tall, handsome, distinguished-looking gentleman is Mr. Turner. The short subject is Eddie Grimes, our catcher. Gentlemen, Mrs. Herman Carson!"

Sure, you can bow and be polite and even shake hands with your mouth hanging open, and Max and I did it. "When did this happen?" Max says.

"Monday," Herman says happily.

"Took yourself quite a serious step, didn't you, son?"

"Yes, sir. But we've been in love ever since we were kids."

"I see," Max says. "Well, I was going to fine you a hundred dollars for not reporting on time. But the fine doesn't go. You can consider it the club's wedding present to you."

"Thank you," Herman says, and then, "Mr. Turner, let me pitch today."

"It wouldn't hardly be the spot for a bridegroom," Max snapped. But I could tell the kid's nerve pleased him, and suddenly Max reversed his field. "Okay, you work today. Mrs. Carson, why don't you go to a movie?"

"And not see Herman pitch!"

"After losing two straight, the Sox are going to be hungry today," Max told her. "They play awful rough sometimes. It's going to be a rugged afternoon for your husband. I don't think you'd enjoy it."

"Then you think wrong!" she said.

Those four words, crystal-clear and fiery, fetched old Max up shorter than I'd ever seen him fetched up. He reared back and looked hard at her. I did some looking, too, and I was thinking that if somebody had come and told me that Herman had got married on the jump, so to speak, I would have bet a month's salary I could describe the girl. She'd be a giggly, nervous little number without a brain in her head.

That's where I'd've been wrong. Telling Max off, with her mouth firm and her gray eyes flashing, this girl showed the same kind of class Herman showed on the ball field. She was pretty, too: tallish and on the slender side, with tawny hair worn long and lots of natural color in her cheeks.

"Mrs. Carson," Max says, "I'm going to like you."

"Then you'll have to forget the Mrs. and call me Kay," the girl said, with just the right amount of warmth.

Nothing sensational happened that afternoon. Herman just turned in a steady, workmanlike job, the kind of job that gladdens a manager's heart. He went the full nine innings and gave up only seven hits. A dandy batter for a pitcher, he aided his own cause with a double that drove in two runs. That he got beat in the ninth was no disgrace. The Sox were due, and they finally put together a couple of hits and an error for the run that whipped him.

Herman had pitched rattling good ball, and after the game I told him so. That night I told his wife the same thing. She and Herman had dropped in at the apartment to call on Louise and me. Presently they invited us to go riding in their new car. I would have enjoyed that ride, except I kept wondering how the young Carsons could afford as classy an automobile as that. I must have let a hint fall, because Herman says, "Oh, with the money I'll be making from now on, I guess Kay and I can write our own ticket."

"You better stash away some of that hay while the sun's shining on it," I told him.

Still, he wasn't the first kid I'd seen swept off his feet by easy money. It's a funny thing. You take a boy that's never had anything, and let good fortune hit him, and nine times out of ten he'll go to one extreme or the other. Either he'll squeeze the blood out of every nickel, or else he'll blow it as fast as he makes it.

Herman and Kay were staying at a hotel, but it turned out they wanted Lou and me to help them find an apartment. In fact, they'd like a place in our building. Lou told them we were thinking of moving ourselves, because the rent was something terrific.

"It's none of our business," I chimed in, "but of course we realize you young folks are just starting out. I'm afraid you'd find the rent in our building a little steep."

"You're probably right," Kay agreed.

But Herman says, "Oh, I guess we can swing it."

Well, Herman didn't do us a lot of good that year. I believe he won eight and lost seven. He wasn't a flop, but he didn't live up to the promise he'd flashed in that first game. The hitters around the circuit got onto him. They found out his curve was just a wrinkle, and they murdered it the few times he threw it in a game. And always looking for his hard one, they teed off on that too, except on the days when he had so much smoke he just blew the ball by them.

But even when he looked bad he still showed that old class; and so, when Max asked me at the end of the season what I thought, I told him, "Don't give up on him. Didn't we agree last spring that he was probably a couple of—"

"You were going to develop his curve," Max says pointedly. "You were going to teach him to field bunts."

"I'll admit he hasn't worked on his curve enough, Max, and his handling of bunts is still sloppy, but—"

"But he won't do what he don't want to do!" Max said. "I went overboard on him last spring, but I'm beginning to have my doubts now. What the hell's the good of class if you ain't got a sense of responsibility to go along with it!"

"He's awful young. Maybe he'll grow up this winter."

"Yeah? Well, he'd better do it this winter—on his own time."

SO I had a talk with Herman. It was the day after the season closed. I went to their apartment and found them packing to go home, and I said my say right before his wife. I told him he'd better come to camp next spring prepared to work harder than he'd ever worked in all his life.

"You mean that curve ball and those bunts?" he says, grinning that wonderful grin of his, the grin that always made me think of a little boy trying to talk his way out of a jam.

"We'll be ready," says Kay. She looked at Herman, and her big gray eyes were brimming over with love and loyalty. Then she looked at me, and way back in her eyes I glimpsed a little bit of doubt, a little bit of fear.

"Before you go, Eddie," says Herman, "I want to show you my new shotgun." It was a beautifully engraved automatic, and it had cost several hundred dollars, and it was just one of half a dozen fine guns he'd bought that season. "I'm going to hunt every day when I get home," he says.

VIP'S WAR

COLLIER'S "Cut the clowning, Filstrup!" VIRGIL PARTCH

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"We'll see you in Florida, Eddie," says Kay.

So I saw them in Florida the next spring, and they had news for Lou and me—Kay was going to have a baby in September. She looked very happy when she told us, and Herman wore a look made up of the right proportions of embarrassment and pride. A thing like this, he told me in private, made a fellow stop and think, sobered a fellow up, gave him a new slant on life.

"Prove it to me," I told him.

In a way, I guess, he did prove it. Anyway, he worked. Even Max admitted that Herman was putting out. Day in and day out I had him breaking off his curve, until at last he owned a fairly respectable hook. He improved at fielding his position, too.

BY THE time we broke camp, I was pretty well satisfied with him. Satisfied with him on the ball field and more than satisfied with him off it. It seemed to me he was quieter, less restless. And I liked the way he treated Kay. Not that he'd ever been anything but kind and considerate with her, but now he seemed especially tender toward her.

We opened in New York that year, and Herman didn't get into that first series. Then we went to Boston, and he pitched the first game there. It was a dull, overcast day and he was very fast, and in the gloom the Boston boys couldn't see his hard one. He beat 'em.

His next time out was a night game in Washington. While he wasn't as good as he'd been in Boston and couldn't find the handle on a bunt down the third-base line in the seventh, he was good enough to win. In that game he mixed his curve in with his fast ball, when I made him, and got by with it, though it did strike me that his curve wasn't as sharp as it had been in Florida.

We went home to our own park, and the Yankees beat Herman the next time he worked; in fact they knocked him out in the sixth. He didn't do anything particularly wrong; the Yankees just had on their hitting clothes and Herman wasn't as fast as usual. And later he tangled with Boston on a night when he just didn't have it.

Then the Western clubs came East, and in a game against Chicago Herman pitched a four-hit shutout and got himself a home run. After the game, back at our apartment with him and me and Lou and Kay sitting around, he kidded me some. I didn't mind at first, because he had a right to feel pretty good.

"Look what I did to those guys," he says finally, "and I never threw a half-dozen curves in the whole game."

"Son," I told him, "you won't be as fast every day as you were today. The curve is for when the hard one ain't quite hard enough to do the whole job all by itself."

"I guess," says Herman, "that my hard one will be hard enough for quite a little while yet."

That was the cockiest, freshest thing I'd ever heard him say. The game that afternoon had gone to his head the same way signing a contract with our ball club for more money than he'd ever seen before had gone to his head a year ago. All at once I found myself beginning not to like Herman too much. I looked at Kay, and while she didn't exactly avoid my eyes, she had trouble meeting them.

Yes, Herman went down in my opinion after that game. He went down in other ways, too. Suddenly he couldn't win for losing. His next time out, Cleveland belted him all over the park. Then Detroit came to town and smeared him good. In both those games he was fast, but he wasn't fast enough.

After the Detroit game he sulked, and he actually had the nerve to blame me for the home run one of the Tigers hit. I had called for a curve, because this particular hitter was death in person on anybody's fast ball.

"Why'd you call for a curve?" Herman asked. "It's not my best pitch."

I said, "Sure, I know your curve's no good, and I know why—because you're too damn' lazy to make it good. You ever open your trap to me again like this, and I'll shut it for you!"

He stared at me like I'd stabbed him;

"Our trip has been a complete flop so far. George can't find a picture of a county jail to write 'Wish you were here!' to his poker chums back home!"

COLLIER'S — DAVE GERARD

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then he stalked away, and he didn't speak to me again for weeks, except in a game when it was absolutely necessary. But his wife did. His wife came alone to our apartment one night. Lou took one look at Kay and remembered another date and left.

"Eddie," says Kay, "what's the matter with you and Herman?"

I told her. I said some unpretty things about her husband, and she sat there and took them. She was a thoroughbred. She knew when to defend Herman and she knew when to keep quiet. Now and then she nodded, and when I finished I saw tears in her eyes. "Eddie," she says, when it came her turn to bat, "I had no business marrying him when I did. But I thought he needed me, and I loved him very much. I always will. Before I go any further I want to say that Herman, down deep, is the finest person I'll ever know. You'd realize that, too, if only he could get himself straightened out, if only he'd find himself a set of values—"

"If only he'd quit being a child," I stuck in. "He's not being responsible to you or to himself or to the club that's paying his wages when he won't buckle down and be the pitcher he could be."

She nodded, and then she said, "We grew up in the same little town. I suppose you would call my family well fixed, and Herman's sort of the other way. My family felt Herman never would amount to much. When I married him I thought I could help him grow up. It's easy to make a mistake when you love somebody the way I loved Herman."

"And still do?" I said.

"And still do," she said, and met my eyes steadily. And then she says, "Somehow, Eddie, some way or another, I'm going to do something about Herman. You wait and see, Eddie!"

HER husband lost another ball game the next day. It was the first game of a double-header, and we came back to win the second, which put us in a tie for the league lead with the Yankees, who had played a single game that day and lost. We felt good. In spite of Herman's slump, the club was going fine. Bucky Younger and Lefty Frame were pitching their heads off, and so was old Carl Dowdy, and every once in a while we got some good pitching from some of the others on the staff.

If Herman had been pulling his share of the load, we would have been out in front by several games. I knew this. Max knew it. The rest of the club knew it—and showed it in their attitude toward Herman. Finally Herman himself realized it.

One afternoon in August, when he hadn't worked in two weeks, he showed up at the apartment. There was something different about him. You couldn't put your finger on it, but it was there, in the hard set of his jaw, in the way his blue eyes begged me to be friends.

"Eddie," he says, "I haven't been fit to live with since that night you told me off after the game with Detroit. I thought you were the best friend I had, and you spoke to me like you hated me. I couldn't get over that. I—I even took it out on Kay. Last night we had a quarrel that made all our other little spats look like nothing at all. I didn't sleep much. I didn't sleep *any* till way in the night, and then I made a decision. I'm sorry, Eddie, and I—"

"Forget it."

"How do I stand with this ball club, Eddie?"

"With me," I told him, "you stand higher than you stood five minutes ago. With the other players—well, what do you think? Has anybody on the club been real friendly with you lately? The way the other boys see it, you're hurting us, just the same as taking money out of our pockets. But it's with Max that you stand worst."

"You think he's going to let me go?"

"I know he's going to let you go—if a miracle don't take place."

He began to shake the way no batter ever made him shake. I looked at his haggard face and then looked away quick. He swallowed hard, and then he says, "Thanks, Eddie, for dealing it to me straight. Maybe I stick, maybe I don't. All I can do is wait and see. In the meantime, there's something I want you to know. I'm broke, Eddie, like always. But Kay's not broke." He drew a long, ragged breath. "This morning I sold my car and my shotguns, and I put the money in a bank in Kay's name. It's for her and the kid when he gets here. Could you do me a favor, Eddie?" I reached for my wallet, but he shook his head. "Not that. Just ask Max to start me in tonight's game." . . .

I never pulled any harder for a pitcher than I pulled for Herman Carson that night. And why not? He'd started to grow up, hadn't he? He was fighting for his future, wasn't he? Sure, I pulled, but I couldn't pull hard enough.

I've always thought that that night he pitched his game warming up. Anyway, when the game started, he didn't have it. Cleveland cuffed him around in the first inning, belted him hard in the second and shelled him out of there in the third.

This was it, I thought after the game. Max had as good as told me that game was Herman's last chance. The miracle hadn't happened. Max would send him down, and try to make a deal for somebody who would do us some good. But Max fooled me.

"I think we can win anyway," Max says, "with the other boys going so good. Of course he won't be back with the club next year, but what the hell? I'll use him the rest of the season to relieve in games that are already lost."

So Herman did the mopping up for us until the last week of the season. He did something else, too. He worked. Every day he was at the park early, working on his curve with anybody who would catch him, fielding bunts when he could get anybody to hit them to him, doing what he should have been doing ever since he first came up. He was a scared guy fighting against time.

He was fighting and losing, losing because he never looked good mopping up. I think he was trying too hard. Anyway, he got belted around, and he was sort of pathetic, only he didn't get much sympathy, because this club was too busy trying to win the pennant to feel sorry for anybody.

THE last week arrived and the Yanks came to town for three games, with us leading them by half a game. If we could win all three, we'd clinch the pennant; and it wouldn't make any difference what we did against Washington in the final three games, or what the Yankees did in Boston.

Younger won the first game in extra innings. Lefty Frame started the next day and was in trouble early. In the third inning Tom Petry, who had helped us a lot in the stretch, took over. He didn't have it either, so in the fifth Max sent in Hap Shelton, who was very good when he was any good at all. That day he was hot, and he held the Yankees until we won the game with a big ninth inning.

That night Kay went to the hospital to have her baby. At nine I joined Herman in the waiting room and sat with him till midnight. Kay was having a hard time, and so was her husband. The next morning Lou called the hospital early, and it wasn't over yet. So I beat it down there again, and I'd been sitting with Herman only five minutes when in walked Kay's doctor. Herman charged him like he was an umpire. "Is it over? How is she? Is she all right?" he said.

"She's fine—for a young woman who has just given birth to a couple of fine baby boys."

"What! Come again, Doc!"

"Your wife has just given birth to twin boys." The doctor looked at Herman and said, "Surely you knew, Mr. Carson. I told your wife some time ago that she would have twins."

And Kay hadn't said a word! Herman's knees buckled, and sweat popped out on his forehead like buckshot. He looked like he'd been caught flat-footed off third base. "Two of them!" Herman yelled. "Twins! Twins!"

"Please, Mr. Carson, not so loud," the doctor said.

"You a kill-joy?" Herman asked. "You think we'll have twins again next week? Hell, *man*, it *may* never happen again!"

I got him quiet, finally. The doctor beat it. I shook hands with him, and he darned near broke my hand. Suddenly I noticed how relaxed he was. All the tightness, all the tension that had marked him ever since he'd turned over his new leaf had left. He was as loose as a goose, which gave me the biggest idea I ever had.

"Look," I told him. "In a little while they'll let you see Kay. Then you go home and get some rest, you hear? And be at the ball park at the usual time. You understand, Herman?" . . .

"No," says Max Turner. We were in his office at the park. "No," he says again. "Dowdy works today. Of course Younger and Frame can't go, and neither can Shelton. Dowdy starts. If he gets in trouble, I'll send in Petry. He just worked an inning and a third yesterday."

"He didn't have it, either."

"He'll likely have it today. Anyway, we probably won't need him. I think Dowdy'll go the whole nine."

"Please, Max," I said. "Don't ask me *how* I know. I just do. Today Herman could beat any ball club that ever was!"

"So I'm supposed to pitch your hunch?" Max said. "So I'm supposed to pass up Carl Dowdy and work a guy who hasn't been worth a dime to us for weeks and weeks? So I'm supposed to use a man who's been up all night? How crazy can you get?"

Of course he was right, the way he saw it. I went into the clubhouse and hid my dream where nobody would ever find it, that wonderful dream that just wasn't going to come true.

Pretty soon Herman came in, happy, relaxed, loose as you please. Kay was fine. He'd got some sleep and then gone back to the hospital. The other boys showed up. They looked at Herman with awe; they shook his hand; they forgot he was a guy who'd let them down.

IN NO time at all, or so it seemed, the game began. Carl Dowdy walked out to the mound. Tom Petry and Herman and a couple of others walked down to the bull pen. I gave Carl the sign, and he came in with the ball, and the Yankee lead-off man belted it into center field for a clean base hit.

Poor old Carl, it just wasn't his day. They clubbed him for one run in the first and two more in the second. We got a couple of them back in our half of the second, with a pinch hitter batting for Carl, and in the third Tom Petry came on.

Tom was wild as a rabbit, but he got by that inning. The fourth was something else again. He never did get any-

BUTCH

"We repeat. The bank robber is wearing a gray suit, tan cap, brown shoes, a blue striped tie—"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

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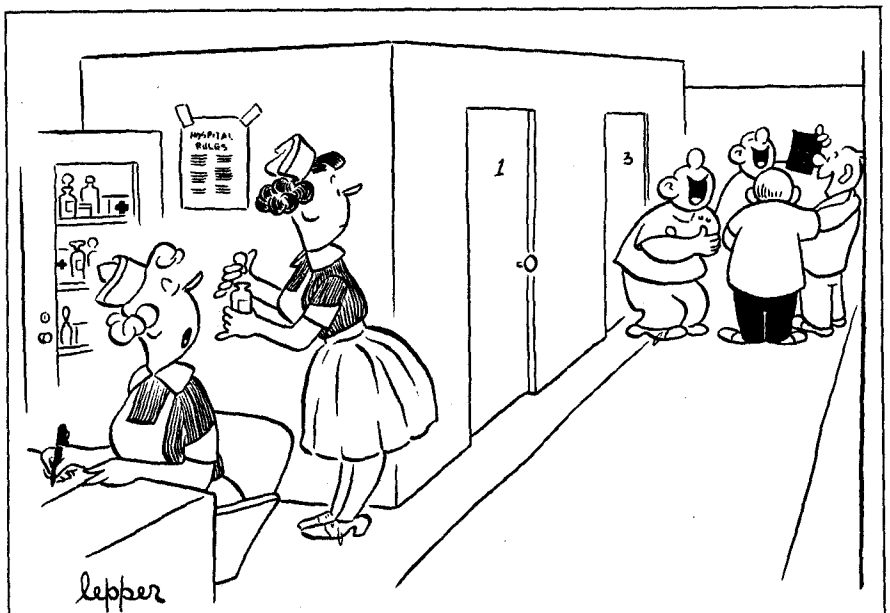

COLLIER'S

"That's Dr. Jamison showing off his candid X rays again!"

EDWIN LEPPER

body out, and he left the game with two more runs across and the bases full. I looked down toward the bull pen and saw that dream of mine coming true—Herman was on his way in.

"We got trouble," I told Herman, when he got to the mound.

"I feel pretty good," Herman says. "My fast was smoky back there in the bull pen."

With the first ball he threw, I knew he had it, and had it to spare. The ball whizzed in like a white buckshot and smashed into my glove like a mule kicking. On the next pitch the hitter popped out. The man following him drove out a long fly, and the runner on third came in after the catch. The last batter went down swinging.

IN THE dugout in our half of the inning we growled encouragement at Herman and told one another we were still in the ball game. What the hell? The score was only six to two. We got a run that inning, and it was six to three.

When Herman walked out to the box to start the fifth, the Yankees got on him. They hollered, "Papa!" at him. "They're cheaper by the dozen, Carson!" Two of them walked up and down in the dugout, each one pretending he was cradling a baby in his arms. They began folding handkerchiefs like diapers. They held up two fingers.

But that didn't buy them any base hits, and after a while they realized it. By the seventh inning they had quit riding him. You can't ride a guy successfully when every now and then he takes a second off from his work to laugh in your face.

Herman had been fast that day he shut out Chicago. Today he was even faster. When the Yanks were lucky, they got a piece of the ball and popped up or grounded out; when they weren't lucky, they missed it altogether. Beginning with the fourth inning, they never got a hit until the first of the ninth.

But we had gone out of the scoring business too, and it looked like we'd have to wait till another day to clinch the flag. You never can tell, though. Our half of the eighth started with the first batter rolling out. The next guy got on. Then came another out and then another guy on. Now it was me at bat. I got hold of one and drilled it through short and on out into left field.

That sent a run in, made the count six to four and left us with two men on base and Herman up. Like I said before, Herman was a good batter for a pitcher, so Max didn't call on a pinch hitter. The gang all hollered to Herman that he could do it. But nobody, not even me, was prepared for what he did do.

The first pitch, he fouled it off. On the next one he kind of rared back and swung, like he was knocking a bull down. The last I saw of that ball, it was dropping way, way up in the left-field seats. Me and the other guy who'd been on base, we pounded across the plate and then did a war dance as we waited for Herman to trot around the bases.

Our next hitter flied out, and we were ahead seven to six and had to deal with the Yankees in the top of the ninth. Walking out to the box, Herman showed for the first time that he was tired. The lead-off man nailed him for a clean single. Then came a bunt, and for once in his life Herman took care of a bunt like he knew what he was doing. He got the hitter at first. The runner of course made it to second, and went to third on an infield out.

Now there were two gone, and the tying run was roosting on third. The hitter beat the plate with his bat. It's a funny thing, but I can't remember who he was. I was plenty excited, and all I remember is that he was one of their long-ball hitters. Facing this guy, Herman suddenly looked awful tired. He took his time, like he was trying to nurse his strength for one last effort. Then he fogged a couple of hard ones in there for two quick strikes.

I signed for the fast ball again, wanting to get it over with, hoping the batter would be looking for us to waste one. Herman shook me off. So, in fear and trembling, I signed for a curve, and Herman nodded. I guess I held my breath then. But I didn't need to. Herman came in with a sneaky curve and broke it off the corner of the plate, while the batter just stood there with his mouth open. The game was over and we were the new champions of the league.

THAT night Max and his wife and Lou and I were allowed to see Kay for a few minutes. She looked wonderful. She was nice to Max and very nice to Lou and Mrs. Max, and extra nice to me. But she was the nicest of all when she smiled that big smile of hers at Herman. In my book Kay Carson was quite a girl, and suddenly it occurred to me that when she said she was going to do something about Herman, she wasn't fooling. ▲▲▲

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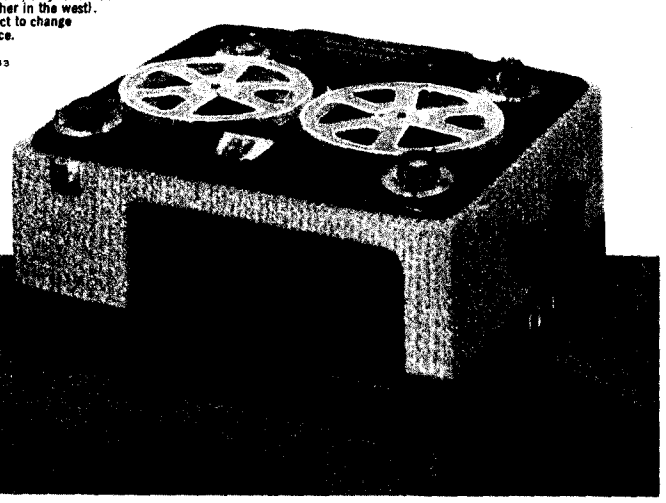

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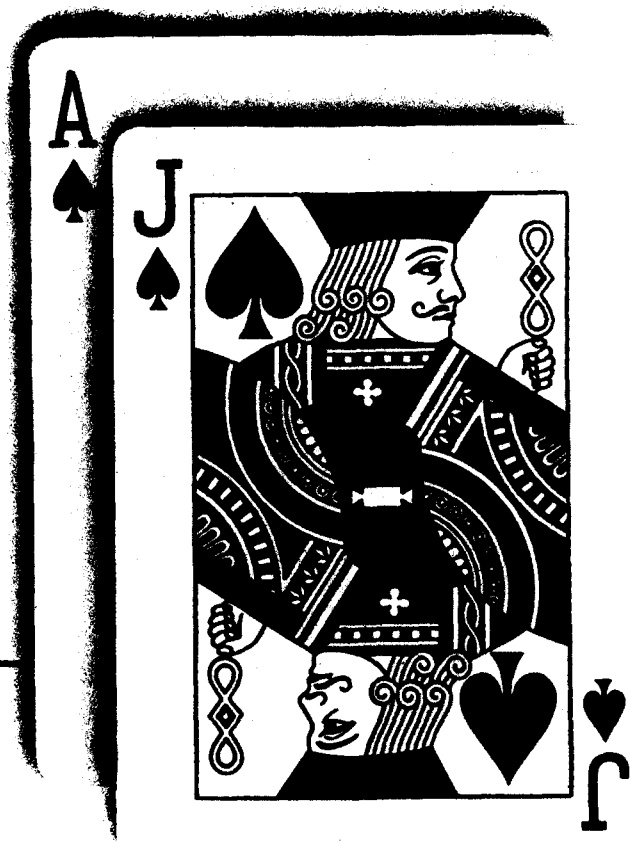
A dealer in a Nevada gambling room needs to be a combination detective, greeter and mechanical brain. He wins thousands of dollars for the house, but loses just like the rest of us when he tries gambling with his own money. Take it from . . .



Blackjack Pete

By JOSEPH WECHSBERG

EVER since I worked as an assistant croupier at the Casino Municipal in Nice, France, in the spring of 1930 (it was my youthful idea of a romantic life), I've sympathized with my fellow croupiers in their running fight against optimists hoping to beat the law of averages.

The lot of a croupier—or dealer, as a croupier is called on this side of the Atlantic—is not a happy one. He must have a detective's powers of observation, a bartender's ability to listen, the accuracy of a mechanical brain, the politeness of Chesterfield, and the patience of Job. He gets no credit when a player wins; he is often accused of foul play when a man loses.

My own career as a croupier was brief and ended on an ignominious note when I made the wrong decision in a dispute between two players, a *faux pas* that led to a free-for-all in the Casino. The head croupier fired me on the spot, but my friends still consider me an authority on all kinds of gambling. It's all very flattering although not quite true. In Nice, the popular games were roulette and *boule,* a simplified version of roulette, and to this day I know little about card or dice games.

Yet once a croupier always a croupier, and I felt the old excitement coming back recently as I stood at a twenty-one table in the "21" Club, the gambling casino of the Hotel Last Frontier, in Las Vegas, Nevada.

The dealer was an oaklike, six-foot-three man with a bald, egg-shaped head, a healthy outdoors complexion and thick glasses. He had the *sang-froid* of a Monte Carlo croupier, the friendliness of a salesman hard at work on a deal and the competence of a college professor.

Croupiers are hard-boiled people—they have to be to survive the constant strain of broken hopes—but this man could still smile as he dealt out the cards, two face down to each player, and one card up and one down to himself.

The object of twenty-one—or blackjack, as it is often called—is to accumulate cards totaling a maximum of 21 points, or at least closer to 21 than the dealer. An ace counts either one or 11, as desired, while the king, queen and jack have the value of 10. The values of the rest of the cards are determined by the number of spots on them.

Twenty-one differs from conventional blackjack in that the house always deals. A player may draw as many cards as he wishes, but if he goes over 21, he loses even if the dealer also exceeds that figure. If both the player and dealer are even, the game is considered a "standoff"—nobody wins. Players must place their bets before they look at their cards.

The genial dealer didn't seem to notice when a woman player furtively pushed a $25 chip on top of her original $25 bet after discovering that she had a winning combination—a ten-value card and an ace—that pays the player one-and-a-half times his bet. Since the dealer had only a 17, he paid the woman $75. But when she tried the same trick a little later, the dealer said, still smiling, "I believe you bet only one chip, ma'am," and glanced casually at a deputy sheriff standing nearby.

The woman paled and slid off her chair. She didn't come back.

Where Gambling Is a Respected "Profession"

When the dealer took a break, I complimented him on his tact and introduced myself as an ex-fellow croupier. We shook hands warmly. The dealer's name was Russell A. Walker, but he told me to call him "Pete." He was, I learned later, one of Las Vegas' oldest and best-known blackjack dealers. Men who gamble for a living may be considered parasites and criminals in some cities; but in Las Vegas, dealing is a respected profession. At the Last Frontier, the blackjack dealers' average age is forty (Pete is fifty-seven) and most of them own their homes, are members of church and school committees, and save their money.

Pete is a virtuoso of his profession. He shuffles the deck rapidly to keep the players from seeing the faces of the cards, deals with automatic precision with his right hand and takes in cards and chips with his left, all the time talking to the players. He can tell the exact value of a stack of silver dollars simply by their weight, the number of chips in a stack by its height. Speed is his keynote,

Russell (Pete) Walker, one of Las Vegas' oldest and best-known twenty-one dealers, says women are better gamblers than men. "Men are too logical—too conservative . . ."

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

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"The best way to win is not to gamble at all," Pete advised. But the woman told

for the house's profits depend on a rapid turnover. Pete starts the games with $900 in the bank on his table. On an average evening, he handles $2,000 worth of bets and winnings during his regular eight-hour shift. But he has access to the entire bank maintained by the house and has drawn as much as $20,000 in one night. Compared to the Last Frontier in Las Vegas, the Casino Municipal at Nice was peanuts.

Thirty years of experience in gambling halls, including a stint on a gambling ship off the California coast, have mellowed Pete's outlook toward mankind in general and its gambling species in particular. But he knows that lots of people stay up all night trying to figure out new ways of cheating him, so he keeps a sharp but otherwise tolerant eye on his customers.

"I often watch the tendons on the back of a man's hand," he said. "If they move, it may mean that he's trying to crease his hole card along the edge. Or he may be a bend player."

"A bend player?" I explained that as a croupier I'd specialized in wheel games and had never heard the expression before.

"Bend players try to bend a card between thumb and forefinger." Pete took a card, twisted it and held it up. When the light fell on it from an angle, I saw a hardly noticeable bend.

"If that happens," he said, "I get a new deck of cards. We like to avoid scenes. People are skeptical enough about gambling halls as it is, and are apt to believe that all games are crooked. If a man is caught cheating, he is asked to take his business elsewhere. As a precaution, too, I use five decks during an eight-hour shift. It doesn't help you much, though, if you're up against a cold-decker."

A cold-decker is a cheat who, when asked to cut the shuffled cards, nimbly substitutes his own "cold" deck of marked cards for the dealer's deck. Cold-deckers work in pairs and are often hard to catch. One man distracts the dealer's attention while the other switches the decks.

Devices to Bilk the House

"Then there are nailers, who make a tiny dent with their thumbnail in the edge of the cards," Pete said. "And daubers, who use paint or chalk on their finger tips to gimmick the backs of the cards. And machine-players, who can pull a card up their sleeve with the aid of a rubber band that stretches all the way down their body and is operated by moving the leg. When he gets bad cards, the machine player puts his hands over the cards, palms a bad card and replaces it with an ace or a face card. Yes," he summed up, "it takes all sorts of people to make a world."

I recalled that my former boss, the head croupier at Nice, had always told me to look at a customer's face.

"Good advice," Pete said. "I can usually tell from a man's looks what cards he's got. If he draws a two or four, he tries to appear brave, but boy, are his eyes disappointed! If he gets a face card or an ace, he looks happy and secretive. Some players peek under their cards as though they were afraid of what they're going to find there. Some make all kinds of nervous gestures when asking for another card. You can tell they're up to no good when their lips get thin and their facial muscles become taut.

"The most dangerous opponents in blackjack are the ones who 'case the deck.' You recognize them by their tense look, the forehead wrinkled in concentration. They memorize each card that is played out until only a few cards remain in my hand. Suppose that many of the low cards have been drawn after a few games and I'm still holding a relatively high number of face cards, tens and aces. Since the rule is that the dealer must hit (draw up to) sixteen, and stand (draw no more cards) on seventeen, the deck-caser knows there is a better-than-even chance that the dealer will go bust. So the deck-caser will stand on an unusually low hand. It takes real concentration and memory. What a shame those guys don't use their brains in a more productive line of work!"

Pete shrugged. "Sometimes I gather that something's up when players, after betting conservatively five or ten bucks, suddenly start to bet fifty and a hundred. Then I know it's time to shuffle the cards."

The minimum bet at the Last Frontier's twenty-one tables is $1, the house limit $200. "But if people were smart, they'd play anything except blackjack," Pete said. "I've spent years playing blackjack and still don't know the best way to play it. When not working as a dealer, I've tried all the systems. It's no use. In the end, the dealer always wins."

Pete told me that women players outnumber men at his table two to one. "Don't know why," he said. I told him that Monte Carlo's croupiers believe women gamblers shorten a croupier's life expectancy.

Pete disagreed. "I like women. They gamble well. They have faith, or instinct or what not. Men are too logical, too conservative. They rarely draw another card when they hit eighteen. They know the chances are about three to one that if you try to better a card count of even seventeen, you'll go over twenty-one. But tell that to a woman. She'll draw when she holds eighteen, and she'll draw a two or three! Of course, most players lose not because they draw too little but because they draw too many cards and go 'bust.' "

Operating Expenses Run High

Skeptics claim that all games are fixed, but that's an oversimplification. The house has to lay down rules of play that will insure it wins more than it loses; otherwise it would go out of business. The Last Frontier has 650 employees and an estimated weekly payroll of $50,000. It also must pay a first-rate floor show and license fees, to say nothing of general overhead costs.

To make sure that it covers expenses and has something left over, the Last Frontier casino fixes its percentage bulge at 5.19 in roulette, a maximum of 1.41 in craps and an estimated 3 in blackjack. However, no one has been able to figure exactly the blackjack odds because no mechanical element is involved. Pete thinks the actual percentage bulge in favor of the house in blackjack is closer to 7.5.

The biggest part of the millions of dollars that pour into the casino's coffers comes not from big-time bettors, but from small-fry gamblers who leave after dropping a buck in the slot machine or losing $5 at one of the card or dice games.

As long as the customers keep coming in, the house won't lose in the long run because it always stops playing at its most favorable moment—when the player is cleaned out. The player never stops at *his* most favorable moment because he doesn't know when it is. A man who snowballs a $5 bet into $10,000 doesn't stop; he thinks he *may* win $30,000.

"I've seen many fellows win big money but few who actually walked away with their winnings," Pete said. "They don't know when to quit. No one does. Friend of mine, a blackjack dealer, stopped at another hall, one night after work. We dealers are not permitted to gamble at our working place. Well, this fellow started with $10, and a couple of hours later he had $22,000. Took it home, too. But a week later he'd lost it all, plus his latest pay check. I had to loan him five bucks."

Gambling in Las Vegas goes on 24 hours a day, seven days a week. Pete checks into the Last Frontier six nights a week for the swing shift, 7:00 P.M. to 3:00 A.M. (The other shifts are the graveyard, from 3:00 A.M. to 11:00 A.M. and the day, from 11:00 A.M. to 7:00 P.M.) He arrives shortly before 7:00 P.M., has a cup of coffee, chats with George Thurman, his pit boss, and Phil Cabibi, the casino manager, and signs the payroll.

Tips Boost Dealers' Incomes

Pete, like all employees of gambling places, is registered with the sheriff's office, has been fingerprinted "for identification purposes only" and carries an identification card. Dealers are paid $20 a day. However, their earnings are swelled by customers who put tips in the breast pocket of dealers' shirts—dealers themselves are not permitted to pick up tips—and these are pooled at the end of every shift. During the busy summer months, dealers sometimes earn as much as $200 a week.

When I was a croupier, I always wanted to win, though I was only an employee. Pete agreed. "Sure I want to win. But I don't make it too obvious and that's why people from all over the country come to gamble at my table. A dealer must have a sense of humor and tact, and they're really tested in a gambling hall. Everybody's tense, the music is noisy and the drums go round and round in your head. We work forty-five minutes and are off for fifteen. Boxmen are on an hour and off 15 minutes. It's a tough grind, and after midnight I begin to watch the clock and hope it will be 3:00 A.M. soon."

Pete spends his breaks in the dealers' room, relaxing and playing gin rummy with other dealers for a dollar a game. After midnight, he has a snack at the Last Frontier's Chuck Wagon, for which he pays half price, and at three he drives home.

Pete used to suffer from the occupational disease of most dealers—gambling on his own time and with his own money. "Used to lose a lot," he told me one night during a break in his shift. "Once dropped $10,000 in faro bank which, they say, gives you an even break. But I stopped gambling, suddenly and completely, in 1945. I said to myself that I've a wife and daughter and I've got to start saving a little money.

"I've seen too many of my dealer

TIZZY

"They are *not* your nylons. Only one's yours—the other is Mother's"

COLLIER'S — KATE OSANN

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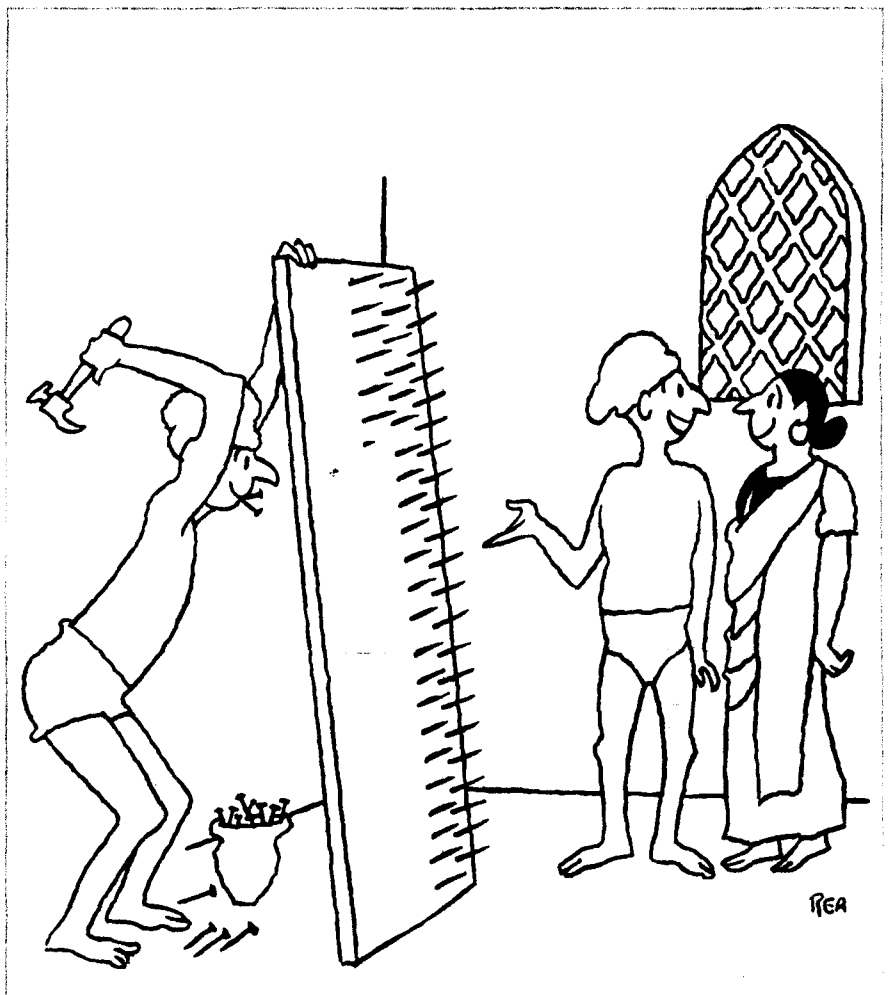
him: "Let's try the second-best then"

friends in bad shape when their fingers lost their nimbleness. No week goes by without our making a collection for an old-timer. I want no part of that. I spend my free time tinkering with my boat, and hunting and fishing near Lake Mead."

Pete said he was born on July 14, 1896, in Fairfield, Illinois, but spent his early life in Oklahoma. During World War I, when he was in France with the 36th Division's 111th Ammunition Train, he was known as a successful organizer of traveling blackjack games. After the war, he settled in Ponca City, Oklahoma, which had a population of 18,000, including 23 millionaires, and was a fine place for gambling.



COLLIER'S — **"But it seems a shame to put you folks to all this trouble"** — GARDNER REA

Like all old-timers, Pete enjoys talking about the hectic twenties, when gambling with cards, dice and wheels was illegal throughout the United States. He worked as a dealer in Miami, Indianapolis, Chicago, East St. Louis, Fort Worth, Phoenix, and on the gambling ship Monte Carlo, off Long Beach, California. He went to Nevada when gambling was legalized there in 1931, left again and returned in 1944 to work at the Last Frontier. He's been at the Last Frontier every since.

Pete looked at his watch and said it was time to "go back to the salt mines." I went with him into the casino hall. He stepped behind his blackjack table and started to shuffle his cards. A taciturn, bored-looking man sat down and started to play as though the whole thing didn't concern him. He was, I found out later, a shill who gambled with the house's money to induce other people to play. A nervous-looking woman came from the bar, carrying her drink, and got up on a chair.

"What's the best way to win, Pete?" she asked him.

Pete bent down to her. "Well, ma'am, if you want to know the truth, the best way to win is not to gamble at all."

"Let's try the second-best way then," she said, and tossed two $5 chips on the table. She drew a jack and a seven. Pete's up card was a jack. The woman unhesitatingly asked for another card. It turned out to be a two. She had nineteen. Pete dealt himself eighteen.

"There you are," he said to me, paying out her winning. "Would any man do that?"

All five chairs at Pete's table were occupied now. The taciturn shill moved away to another table to stimulate the business. His place was taken by a man wearing his sport shirt outside his pants. He bet $50, lost, bet $100, lost again, and bet $200. Again he lost. Then he drew a blackjack—a ten-value card and an ace—twice in a row. After a while a small heap of $50 and $100 chips began to pile up in front of him. A crowd collected. Pete looked thoroughly unconcerned, shuffling, dealing, smiling, shuffling again.

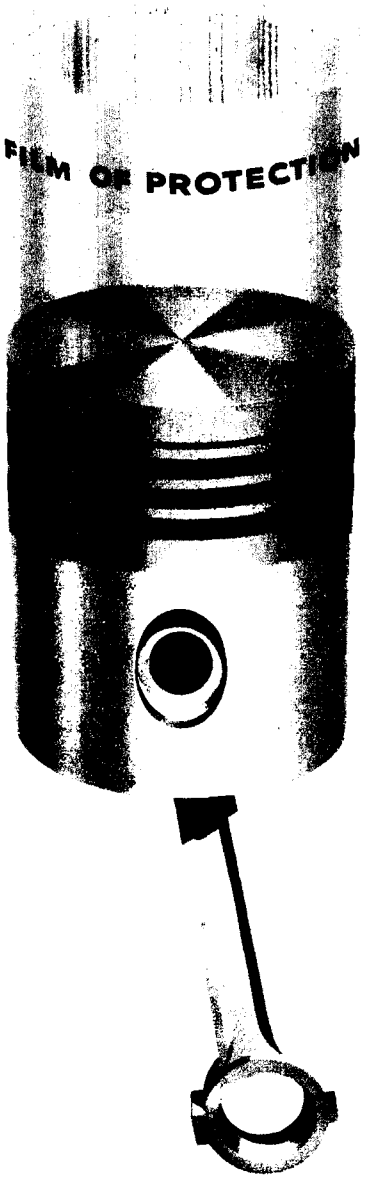
I left and walked around for a while. When I returned, the man in the sport shirt was gone. The crowd had dispersed.

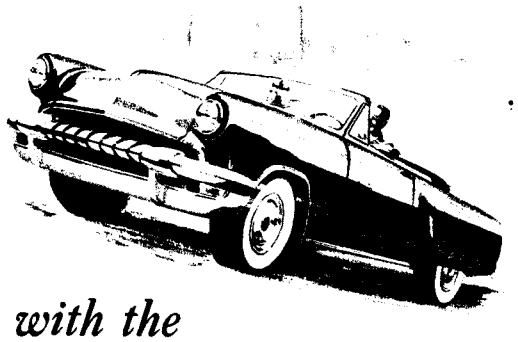
"Did he win?" I asked.

"Lost a couple of thousand bucks," said Pete. "He's an old customer. He doesn't gamble to live. He lives to gamble. Once he told me, 'You know, Pete, the best thing in the world is to gamble and win. The next best thing is to gamble and lose.' "

▲▲▲

Seal in All Your Horse-power





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"I was coming down the road when I saw him on the blacksmith's wall," Flaherty said, motioning. "The Pedlar poisoned me," he shouted to me, over and over

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By LIAM O'FLAHERTY

Old Paddy Moynihan died claiming The Pedlar had poisoned him. The two of them had been feuding all their lives, but no one had ever asked The Pedlar for his side of the story

OLD Paddy Moynihan was dead when the police appeared on the scene from their barracks. He lay stretched out on his back at the bottom of the deep ravine below the blacksmith's house. His head rested on a smooth round granite stone and his hands were crossed over his enormous stomach. His battered old black hat was tied onto his skull with a piece of twine that passed beneath his chin. Men and boys from the village stood around him in a circle, discussing the manner of his death in subdued tones. Directly overhead, men and women leaned in a compact group over the low stone wall of the blacksmith's yard. They were all peering down into the shadowy depths of the ravine at the dim shape of the dead man, with their mouths wide open and a look of horror in their eyes.

Sergeant Toomey made a brief inspection of the corpse and then turned to Joe Finnerty, the rate collector. "Tommy Murtagh told me," he said, "that it was you—"

"Yes," said Finnerty. "It was I sent Tommy along to fetch you. I told him to get a priest as well, but no priest came."

"Both the parish priest and the curate are away on sick calls at the moment," said the sergeant.

"In any case," said Finnerty, "there was little that a priest could do for him. The poor old fellow remained unconscious from the moment he fell until he died."

"Did you see him fall?" said the sergeant.

"I did," said Finnerty. "I was coming down the road when I caught sight of him on the blacksmith's wall there above. He was very excited. He kept shouting and brandishing his stick. 'The Pedlar poisoned me,' he said. He kept repeating that statement in a singsong shout, over and over again, like a whining child. Then he got to his feet and moved forward, heading for the road. He had taken only half a step, though, when he seemed to get struck by some sort of a colic. He dropped his stick, clutched his stomach with both hands and staggered backward, bent almost double, to sit down again on the wall. The next thing I knew, he was going head over heels into the ravine, backward, yelling like a stuck pig. Upon my soul! His roaring must have been heard miles away."

"It was a terrific yell, all right," said Peter Lavin, the doctor's servant. "I was mowing down there below in the meadow when I heard it. I raised my head like a shot and saw old Paddy go through the air. He looked as big as a house. He turned somersault twice before he passed out of my sight, going on away down into the hole." I heard the splash, though, when he struck the ground. It was like a heavy sack dropped into the sea from a boat's deck." He pointed toward a deep wide dent in the wet ground to the right and added, "That was where he landed, Sergeant."

The sergeant walked over and looked at the hollow. The whole ground was heavily laden with water that flowed from the mossy face of the cliff. Three little boys had stuck a rolled dock leaf into a crevice. They were drinking in turn at the thin jet of water that came from the bright green funnel.

"Why did he think he was poisoned?" said the sergeant.

"I've no idea," said Finnerty. "It's certain, in any case, that he had swallowed something that didn't agree with him. The poor fellow was in convulsions with pain shortly before he fell."

The sergeant looked up along the sheer face of the cliff at a thick cluster of ivy that grew just beneath the overarching brow. A clutch of young sparrows were chirping plaintively for food from their nest within the ivy.

"According to him," the sergeant said, as he walked back to the

The Pedlar's REVENGE

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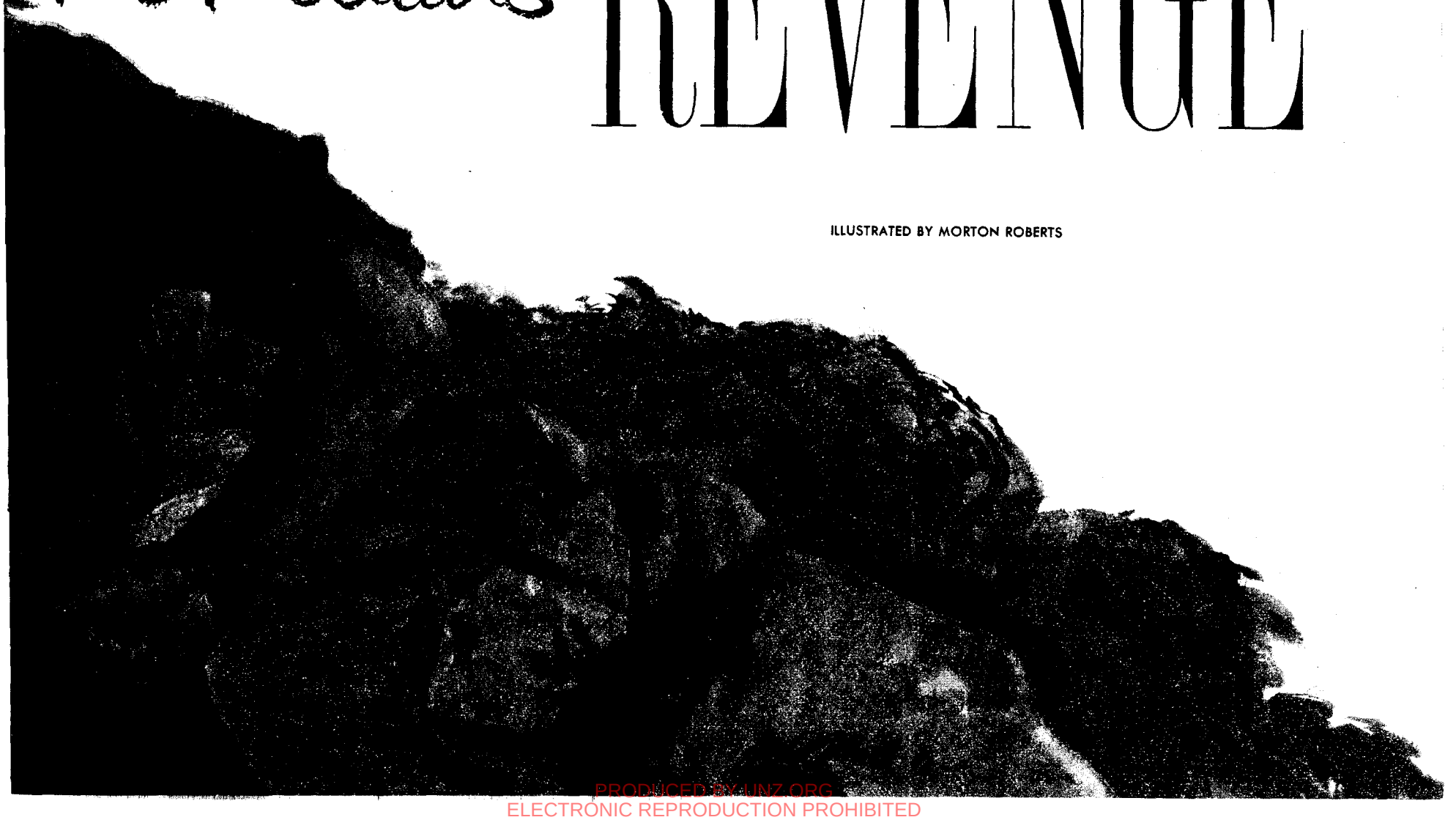

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corpse, "The Pedlar was responsible for whatever ailed him."

"That's right," said Finnerty. "He kept repeating over and over again that The Pedlar had poisoned him. I wouldn't pay much heed to that, though. The Pedlar and himself were bitter enemies. They have accused each other of every crime in the calendar scores of times."

"Faith, I saw him coming out of The Pedlar's house a few hours ago," said Anthony Gill. "He didn't look like a poisoned man at that time. He had a broad smile on his face, and he was talking to himself as he came shuffling down along the road toward me. I asked him where he was going in such a great hurry and he told me to mind my own business. I looked back after he had passed and saw him go into Pete Maloney's shop."

"I was there when he came in," said Bartly Timoney. "He was looking for candles."

"Candles?" said the sergeant.

"He bought four candles," Timoney said. "He practically ran out of the shop with them, mumbling to himself and laughing. Begob, like Anthony there said, he seemed to be in great form at the time."

"Candles?" said the sergeant again. "Why should he be in such a great hurry to buy candles?"

"Poor man!" said Finnerty. "He was very old and not quite right in the head. Lord have mercy on him! He's been half-mad these last two years, ever since he lost his wife. Ah! The poor old fellow is better off dead than the way he was fixed, all alone in his little cottage, without anybody to feed him or to keep him clean."

THE sergeant turned to Peter Lavin and said: "When is the doctor coming back from town?"

"He won't be back until late this evening," Lavin said. "He's waiting over for the result of the operation on Tom Kelly's wife."

"All right, lads," the sergeant said. "We might as well see about removing poor old Moynihan."

"That's easier said than done," said Anthony Gill. "A few weeks ago, to settle a bet, we weighed him on Quinn's scales against three sacks of flour. Charley Ridge, the lighthousekeeper, bet a pound note that old Moynihan was heavier than three sacks of flour, and Tommy Perkins covered the pound, maintaining that he would fall short of that weight. The lighthousekeeper lost, but it was only by a whisker. I never saw anything go so close. There were only a few ounces in the difference. Well, three sacks of flour weigh three hundred and thirty-six pounds. How are we going to carry that much dead weight up out of this hole?"

"The simplest way, Sergeant," said Guard Hynes, "would be to get a rope and haul him straight up to the blacksmith's yard."

Everybody agreed with Hynes.

"I've got a lot of gear belonging to my boat up at the house," said Bartly Timoney. "I'll go and get a strong rope." He began to clamber up the side of the ravine.

"Bring a couple of slings as well," the sergeant called after him. "They'll keep him steady."

All the younger men followed Timoney, in order to give a hand with the hauling.

"There may be heavier men than old Moynihan," said Finnerty to those that remained below with the corpse, "but he was the tallest and the strongest man seen in this part of the country within living memory. He was six feet ten inches in his bare feet and there was no known limit to his strength. I've seen him toss a full-grown bullock, without appearing to exert himself in the least. It was in the field behind Tom Daly's public house at Gortmor. Then he drank the three gallons of porter that he won for doing it as quickly as you or I could swallow three pints."

"He was a strong man, all right," said Gill. "You could heap a horse's load onto his back and he'd walk away with it, as straight as a rod, calmly smoking his pipe."

"Yet he was as gentle as a child," said Lavin, "in spite of his strength. They say that he never struck anybody in his whole life."

"Many is the day he worked on my land," said Sam Clancy, "and I'll agree that he was as good as any ten men. He could keep going from morning to night without slackening pace. However, it was the devil's own job giving him enough to eat. The side of a pig, or even a whole sheep, would make no more than a good snack for him. The poor fellow told me that he suffered agonies from hunger. He could never get enough to eat. It must have been absolute torture for him when he got too old to work and he had to live on his pension."

Timoney came back and threw down two slings, over the low wall where the women and girls were gathered. Then he let down the end of a stout rope. Sergeant Toomey made one sling fast about Moynihan's upper chest and the other about his knees. Then he passed the end of the rope through the slings and knotted it securely.

"Haul away now," he said to Timoney.

The two old sparrows fluttered back and forth across the ravine, uttering shrill cries as they saw the corpse drawn slowly up along the face of the cliff. The fledglings remained silent—in obedience to these constantly repeated warnings—until old Moynihan's dangling right hand brushed gently against the ivy outside their nest. This light sound being like that made by the bodies of their parents when entering with food, the young birds broke into a frenzied chatter. Thereupon, the old birds became hysterical with anxiety. The mother dropped a piece of worm from her beak. Then she and her cock, with all their feathers raised, hurled themselves at old Moynihan's head. They kept attacking him fiercely, with beak and claw, until he was drawn up over the wall and into the yard.

WHEN the corpse was stretched out on the blacksmith's cart, Sergeant Toomey turned to the women that were there and said: "It would be an act of charity for ye to come and get him ready for burial. He has nobody of his own to wash and shave him."

"In God's name," they said, "we'll do whatever is needed."

They all followed the men that were pushing the cart up the road toward the dead man's cottage.

"Listen," the sergeant said to Finnerty, as they walked along side by side. "Didn't The Pedlar bring old Moynihan to court at one time over the destruction of a shed?"

"He did, faith," said Finnerty, "and he was awarded damages, too, by District Justice Roche."

"How long ago was that?" said the sergeant.

"It must be over twenty years."

"A long time before I came here," said the sergeant. "I never heard the proper details of the story."

"It was only a ramshackle old shed," said Finnerty. "It was where The Pedlar used to keep all the stuff he collected around the countryside, rags and old iron and bits of ancient furniture and all sorts of curiosities, that had been washed ashore from wrecked ships. Moynihan came along one day and saw The Pedlar's ass tied to the iron staple in the doorjamb of the shed. Lord have mercy on the dead! He was very fond of playing childish pranks, like all simple-minded big fellows. So he got a turnip and stuck it onto the end of his stick. Then he leaned over the wall of The Pedlar's back yard and began to torment the ass, drawing the unfortunate animal on and on after the turnip.

"The ass kept straining at its rope until the doorjamb was drawn out of the wall. Then the wall collapsed and finally the whole shed came down in a heap. The Pedlar was away at the time and nobody saw the damage being done except old Moynihan himself. The poor fellow would have got into no trouble if he had kept his mouth shut. Instead of doing so, he ran down into the village and told everybody what had happened. He nearly split his sides laughing at his own story. As a result of his confessions, he very naturally didn't have a foot to stand on when the case came up before the court."

The dead man's cottage looked desolate. The little garden in front was overgrown with weeds. There were several large holes in the roof. The door was broken. The windows were covered with sacking. The interior was in a shocking state of filth and disorder.

"He'll have to stay on the cart," said Sergeant Toomey, after he had inspected the two rooms, "until there is a proper place to lay him out like a Christian."

He left Guard Hynes in charge of the body and then set off with Joe Finnerty to The Pedlar's cottage.

"I couldn't find the candles," he said on the way. "Neither could I find out exactly what he had for his last meal. His little pot and his frying pan were on the hearth, having evidently been used to prepare whatever he ate. There was a small potato skin at the bottom of the pot, but the frying pan was licked as clean as a new pin. God only knows what he fried on it."

"Poor old Paddy!" said Finnerty. "He had been half starved for a long time. He was going around like a dog, scavenging for miserable scraps in shameful places. Yet people gave him sufficient food to satisfy the appetite of any ordinary person, in addition to what he was able to buy with his pension money."

THE Pedlar's cottage was only a few yards away from Moynihan's sordid hovel, and its neatness offered a very striking contrast. It was really very pretty, with window frames painted dark blue and its walls spotlessly white and the bright May sunlight sparkling on its slate roof. The garden was well stocked with fruit and vegetables and flowers, all cared for in a manner that bore evidence to the owner's constant diligence and skill. It also contained three hives of honeybees, which made a pleasant clamor as they worked among the flowers. The air was charged with a delicious perfume that was carried up by the gentle breeze from the different plants and flowers.

The Pedlar hailed the two men as they were approaching the house along a narrow, flagged path that ran through the center of the garden.

"Good day," he said to them. "What's going on over at Paddy Moynihan's house? I heard a cart and a lot of people arrive there."

He was sitting on a three-legged stool to the right of the open doorway. His palsied hands moved constantly up and down over the knotted surface of a blackthorn stick which he held erect between his knees. His legs were also palsied. The metaled heels of his boots kept beating a minute and almost inaudible tattoo on the broad, smooth flagstone beneath his stool. He was very small and so stooped that he was bent almost double. His boots, his threadbare black suit, his white shirt and his black felt hat were all very neat, like

COLLIER'S **"And you've got something that makes you different from other fellows—*ME!*"** BILL KING

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his house and his garden. Indeed, he was immaculately clean from head to foot, except for his wrinkled little face. It was in great part covered with stubbly gray hair that looked more like an animal's fur than a proper human beard.

"It was old Paddy Moynihan himself," the sergeant said solemnly, "that was brought home on the cart."

The Pedlar laughed, dryly in his throat, making a sound that was plaintive and without merriment, like the bleating of a goat. "Ho! Ho! Did the shameless scoundrel get drunk again?" he cried out in a thin high-pitched voice. "Two months ago, he got speechless in Richie Tallon's pub with two sheep jobbers from Castlegorm. He had to be taken home on Phil Manion's ass cart. There wasn't room for the whole of him on the cart. Two lads had to follow along behind, holding up the lower parts of his legs."

"Old Paddy is dead," the sergeant said in a stern tone.

ON HEARING this news, The Pedlar was motionless for a few moments, his shrewd eyes looking upward at the sergeant's face from beneath the bushy gray eyebrows. Then his heels began once more to beat their minute tattoo upon the hollow-sounding flagstone, and his hands moved tremulously along the surface of the blackthorn stick, up and down without pause.

"I'll ask God to have mercy on his soul," he said coldly, "but I won't say that I'm sorry to hear he's dead. Why should I? To tell you the honest truth, the news that you bring lifts a great weight off my mind. How did he die?"

He again laughed dryly in his throat after the sergeant had told him the manner of old Moynihan's death. His laughter now sounded gay. "It must have been his weight that killed him," he said, "for John Delaney, the carpenter that used to live in Srulane long ago, fell down at that very same place without hurting himself in the least. It was a terrible night, about forty years ago. Delaney was coming home alone from a funeral at Tirnee, where he had gone to make the coffin. As usual, he was dead drunk and never let a word out of him as he fell. He stayed down there in the hole for the rest of that night and all next day. He crawled out of it at nightfall, as right as rain. That same Delaney was the king of all drunkards. I remember one time he fell into a coffin he was making for an old woman at—"

"I must warn you," Sergeant Toomey interrupted, "that Paddy Moynihan made certain allegations against you, in the presence of Joe Finnerty here, shortly before he died. They were to the effect that you had—"

"Ho! Ho! Bad cess to the scoundrel!" The Pedlar interrupted. "He's been making allegations against me all his life. He's been tormenting me too. God forgive me! I've hated that wicked man since I was a child."

"You've hated him all that time?" said the sergeant.

"We were the same age," said The Pedlar. "I'll be seventy-nine next month. I'm only a few weeks older than Paddy. We started going to school on the very same day. He took a violent dislike to me from the first moment he laid eyes on me. I was born stooped, just the same as I am now. I was delicate into the bargain, and they didn't think I'd live. When I was seven or eight years old, I was no bigger than a dwarf. On the other hand, Paddy Moynihan was already a big hefty block of a lad. He was twice the size of other boys his own age. He tortured me in every way that he could. His favorite trick was to sneak up behind me and yell into my ear. You know what a powerful voice he had as a grown man? Well! It was very nearly as powerful when he was a lad. His yell was deep and rumbling, like the roar of an angry bull. I always fell down in a fit whenever he sneaked up behind me and yelled into my ear."

"That was no way to treat a delicate lad," said the sergeant in a sympathetic tone. "It was no wonder that you got to hate him."

"Don't believe a word of what he's telling you," Finnerty said to the sergeant. "Paddy Moynihan never did anything of the sort."

The Pedlar again became motionless for a few moments, with his eyes fixed on Finnerty's legs. Then his limbs resumed their dance and he turned his glance back to the sergeant's face.

"He did worse things to me," he said. "He made the other scholars stand around me in a ring and beat my bare feet with small pebbles. He used to laugh at the top of his voice while he watched them do it. If I tried to break out of the ring, or sat down on the ground and put my feet under me, he'd threaten me with worse torture. 'Stand up there,' he'd say, 'or I'll keep shouting into your ear until you die.' Of course, I'd rather let them go on beating me than have him do the other thing. Oh, the shouting in my ear was a terrible torture. I used to froth at the mouth so much when I fell down that they thought for a long time I had epilepsy."

"You old devil!" cried Finnerty angrily. "You should be ashamed of yourself for telling lies about the dead."

"Let him have his say," the sergeant said to Finnerty. "Every man has a right to say what he pleases on his own threshold."

"He has no right to speak ill of the dead, all the same," said Finnerty, "especially when there isn't a word of truth in what he says. Sure, it's well known that poor old Paddy Moynihan, Lord have mercy on him, wouldn't hurt a fly. There was no more harm in him than in a babe unborn."

THE sergeant said, "Take it easy, Joe. There are two sides to every story." Then he turned to The Pedlar and added: "Faith, you had cause to hate Moynihan, all right. No wonder you planned to get revenge on him."

"I was too much afraid of him at that time," said The Pedlar, "to think of revenge. He had the life nearly frightened out of me. He and his gang used to hunt me all the way home from school, throwing little stones at me and clods of dirt. 'Pedlar, Pedlar, Pedlar,' they'd shout and they coming after me."

"Musha, bad luck to you," said Finnerty, "for a cunning old rascal, trying to make us believe it was Paddy Moynihan that put the scholars up to shouting 'Pedlar' after you. Sure, everybody in the parish has shouted 'Pedlar' after a Counihan at one time or other and thought nothing of it. Neither did the Counihans. Why should they? They've all been known as 'The Pedlars' from one generation to another, every mother's son of them."

"Leave the man alone," the sergeant said to Finnerty, and he walked over to the open doorway and thrust his head into the kitchen.

The fireplace, the dressers that were laden with beautiful old brown delftware, and the flagged floor were all spotlessly clean and brightly polished.

"Ah! Woe!" The Pedlar cried out in

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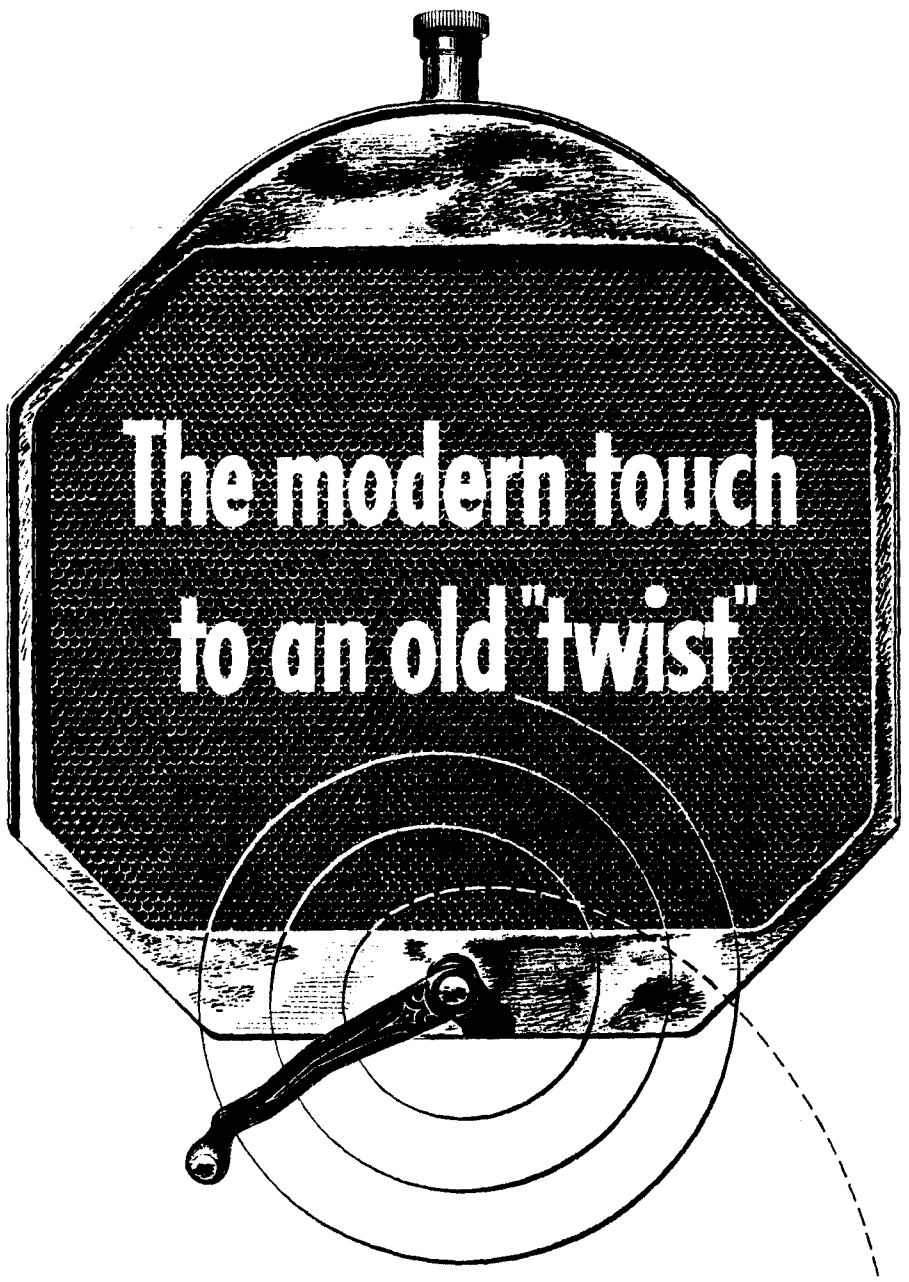

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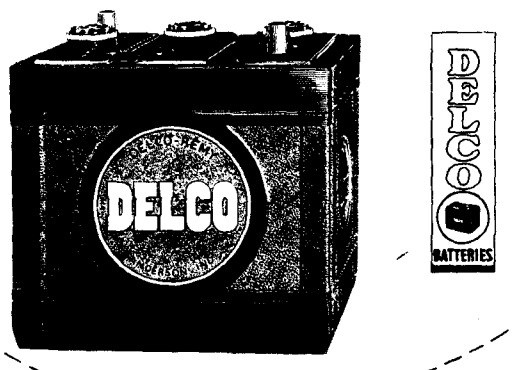

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a loud voice, as he began to rock himself like a lamenting woman. "The Counihans are all gone except myself, and I'll soon be gone too, leaving no kith or kin behind me. The day of the wandering merchant is now done. He and his ass will climb no more up from the sea along the stony mountain roads, bringing lovely bright things from faraway cities to the wild people of the glens. Ah! Woe! Woe!"

"If you were that much afraid of Moynihan," said the sergeant, as he walked back from the doorway to The Pedlar's stool, "it must have been the devil's own job for you to get revenge on him."

THE Pedlar stopped rocking himself and looked up sideways at the sergeant. There was a very cunning smile on his little bearded face. "It was easy," he whispered in a tone of intense pleasure, "once I had learned his secret."

"What secret did he have?" said the sergeant.

"He was a coward," said The Pedlar.

"A coward!" cried Finnerty. "Paddy Moynihan a coward!"

"Keep quiet, Joe," said the sergeant.

"It happened," said The Pedlar, "when I was nineteen years old and in such a poor state of health that I was barely able to walk. Yet I had to keep going. My mother, Lord have mercy on her, had just died after a long sickness, leaving me alone in the world with hardly a penny to my name. I was coming home one evening from Ballymullen, with a load of goods in my ass's creels, when Moynihan came along and began to torment me.

" 'Your load isn't properly balanced,' he said. 'It's going to overturn.' Then he began to pick up loose stones from the road and to put them into the creels, first into one and then into the other, pretending that he was trying to balance the load. I knew very well what he had in mind, but I said nothing. I was speechless with fright.

"Then he suddenly began to laugh, and he took bigger stones from the wall and threw them into the creels, one after the other. Laughing at the top of his voice, he kept throwing in more and more stones, until the poor ass fell down under the terrible weight. That was more than I could bear. In spite of my terror, I picked up a stone and threw it at him. It wasn't much of a stone and I didn't throw it hard, but it struck him in the cheek and managed to draw blood. He put up his hand and felt the cut. Then he looked at his fingers.

" 'The saints have mercy!' he said in a weak little voice. 'Blood is coming from my cheek. I'm cut!' Upon my soul, he let a terrible yell out of him and set off down the road as fast as he could toward the village, with his hand to his cheek and he screaming like a frightened girl. As for me, faith, I unloaded the creels and I went home happy that evening. There was a little bird singing in my heart, for I knew that Moynihan would never again be able to torture me."

"Right enough," said the sergeant, "you had him in your power after that. You had only to decide—"

"Best of all, though," The Pedlar interrupted excitedly, "was when I found out that he was mortally afraid of bees. Before that he was able to steal all my fruit and vegetables while I was out on the roads. It was no use keeping a dog. The sight of him struck terror into the fiercest dog there ever was."

"You wicked old black spider!" said Finnerty. "Why do you go on telling lies about the dead?"

"Keep quiet, Joe," said the sergeant. "Let him finish his story."

"All animals loved Moynihan," said Finnerty, "because he was kind to them. Children loved him too. Indeed, every living creature was fond of the poor old fellow except this vindictive little runt, who envied his strength and his good nature."

"So you got bees," the sergeant said to The Pedlar.

"I bought three hives," The Pedlar said, "and put them here in the garden. That did the trick. Ho! Ho! The ruffian has suffered agonies on account of those bees, especially since the war made food very scarce in the shops. Many is the good day's sport I've had, sitting here on my stool and watching him go back and forth like a hungry wolf, with his eyes fixed on the lovely fruit and vegetables that he dare not touch. Even so, I'm glad he's dead."

"You are?" said Sergeant Toomey.

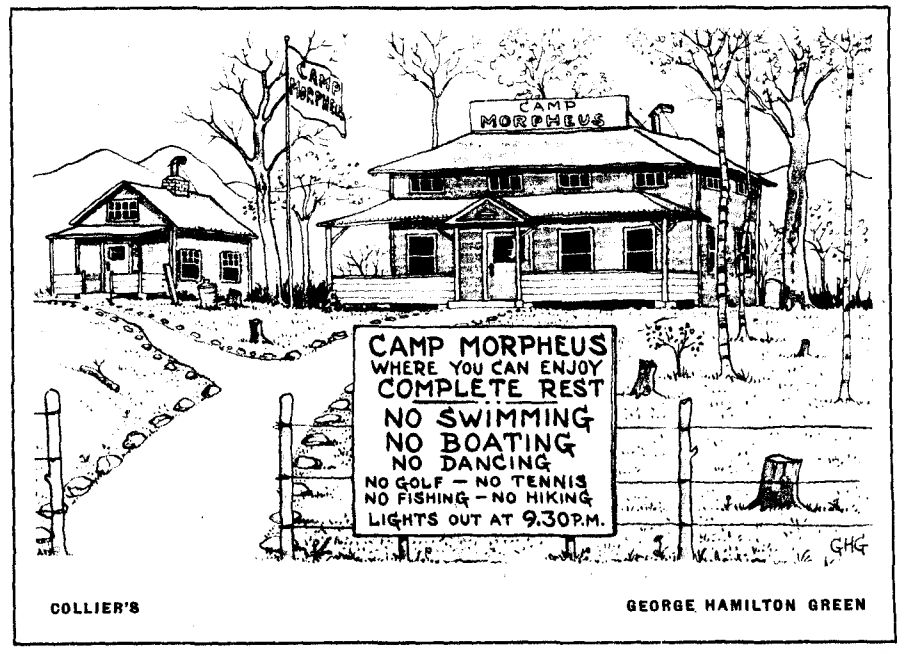
"It takes a load off my mind," The Pedlar said.

"It does?" said the sergeant.

"Lately," said The Pedlar, "I was beginning to get afraid of him again. He was going mad with hunger. You can't trust a madman. In spite of his cowardice, he might attack me in order to rob my house and garden."

"Was that why you decided to poison him?" said the sergeant.

The Pedlar started and became motionless, with his upward-glancing eyes fixed on the sergeant's chest. He looked worried for a moment. Then his bearded face became suffused with a



COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

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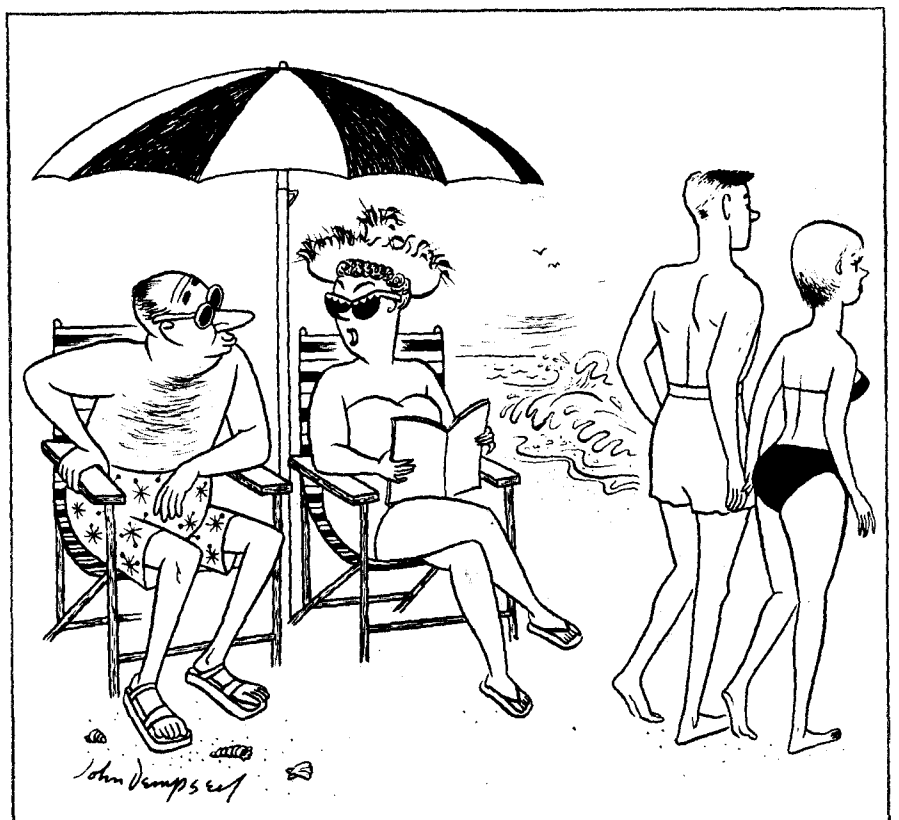

COLLIER'S "Cute couple, isn't she?" JOHN DEMPSEY

cunning smile and his palsied limbs resumed their dance. "You are a clever man, Sergeant Toomey," he whispered in a sneering tone, "but you'll never be able to prove that I've been in any way responsible for Paddy Moynihan's death."

"He was in your house today," said the sergeant.

"He was," said The Pedlar.

"Did you give him anything?" said the sergeant.

"I gave him nothing," said The Pedlar.

"You might as well tell the truth," said the sergeant. "When the doctor comes back this evening, we'll know exactly what old Paddy had to eat for his last meal."

"I can tell you that myself," said The Pedlar.

"You can?" said the sergeant.

"He bust into my kitchen," said The Pedlar, "while I was frying potatoes with some of the bacon fat that I collect in a bowl. 'Where did you get the bacon?' he said. He loved bacon and he was furious because there was none to be had in the shops. 'I have no bacon,' I said. 'You're a liar,' he said. 'I can smell it.' I was afraid to tell him the truth, for fear he might ransack the house and find my bowl of bacon fat. Then he'd kill me if I tried to prevent him from marching off with it. So I told him the first thing that came into my head, in order to get him out of the house. I told him it was candles I was frying with the potatoes. God forgive me! I was terribly frightened by the wild look in his eyes.

" 'Candles!' he cried. 'In that case, I'll soon be eating fried potatoes myself.' Then he ran out of the house. I locked the door as soon as he had gone. Not long afterward he came back and began to knock, but I let on that I didn't hear him. Finally, he gave the door a terrific kick that nearly took it off its hinges. 'You dirty miser!' he shouted. 'I have candles myself now. I'll soon be as well fed as you are.' He kept laughing and talking to himself as he went away. That was the last I saw or heard of him."

"You think he ate the candles?" said the sergeant.

"I'm certain of it," said The Pedlar. "He'd eat anything." Then he broke into a peal of mocking laughter.

"Do you hear him laugh?" cried Finnerty in disgust. "The scoundrel! I never in all my life heard him laugh like that before."

The Pedlar looked up into Finnerty's face for the first time. "It's a true saying," he said, "that the last laugh is always the best." Then he broke into another peal of laughter.

"May God forgive you!" Sergeant Toomey said to him.

"Why do you say that?" said The Pedlar.

"There's nothing the law can do," said the sergeant, "to a man as cunning as you. However, that will make it all the harder for God to grant you forgiveness."

"Ho! Ho!" The Pedlar cried defiantly. "Little do I care for your threats of divine vengeance. My conscience is clear. It has never yet been considered a crime for a worm to turn on its mortal enemy. Ho! Ho! The persecuted and the despised have the last laugh. So the strong have to call on God for help. Ho! Ho! That's a queer one." Then he broke into still another peal of mocking laughter.

"Come on, Joe," the sergeant said to Finnerty. "Let's get out of here."

FINNERTY spat on the ground at The Pedlar's feet. Then he followed Sergeant Toomey down through the garden.

"May God speed you," The Pedlar called after them in a mocking tone, "if it was with good will you came. If you came with intent to trap me by your cunning, then may the devil mend you."

He continued to laugh on a high shrill note while he watched them go along the flagged path to the gate and along the road back to Moynihan's sordid hovel.

The metaled heels of his boots now made a loud triumphant sound as they beat upon the flagstone, and his palsied hands moved at a frantic pace over the surface of the blackthorn stick, up and down, as if it were a pipe from which they were drawing music.

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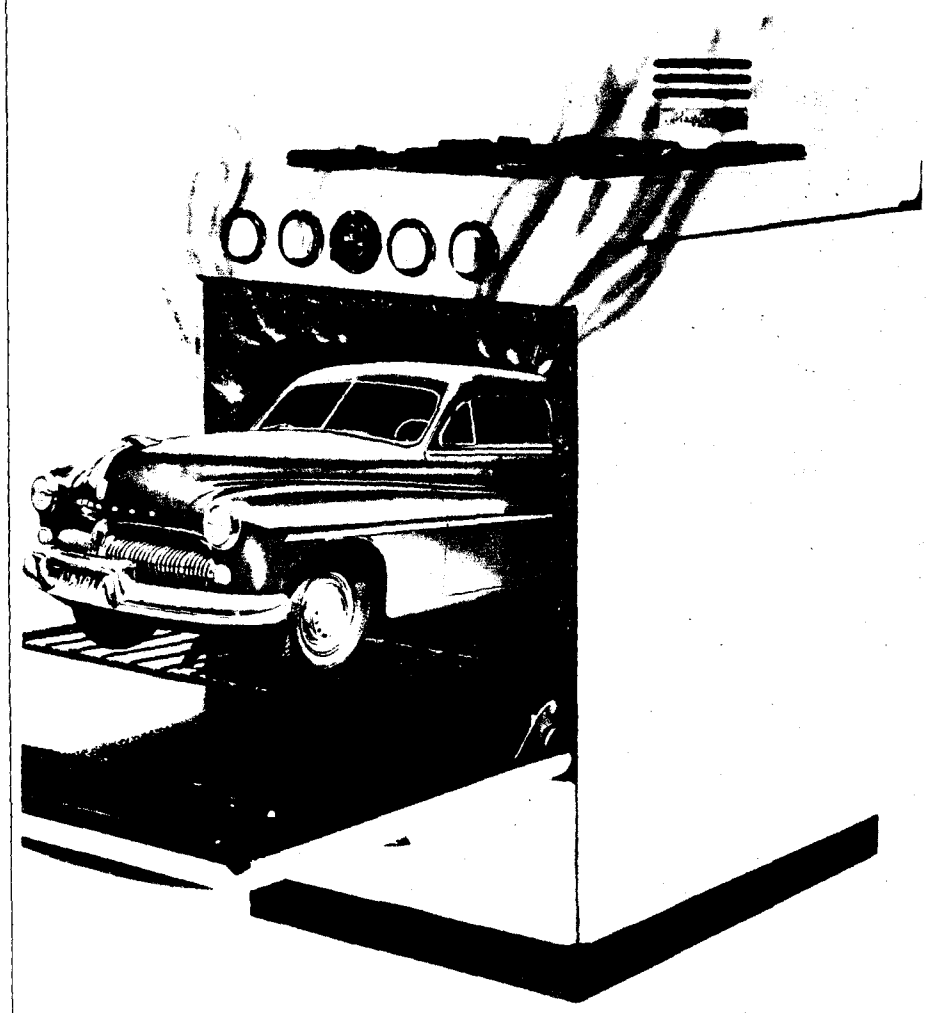

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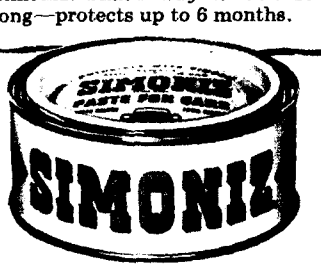

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TRIPLE TROUBLE

I'm Joe. I'm Flo. I'm Moe. And we hate each other very much . . .

Fred Astaire, Nanette Fabray and Jack Buchanan kneel in full infant regalia for Triplets song in M-G-M film, Band Wagon

BEING *triplets is not necessarily* fun, as dancer Fred Astaire and musical-comedy stars Nanette Fabray and Jack Buchanan point out in M-G-M's new musical, The Band Wagon. They sing an offbeat ditty called Triplets, which was composed by song writers Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz back in 1937 and which ever since has been considered the definitive melodic treatise on the subject of triple trouble, sibling style.

Miss Fabray, who makes her movie debut in this picture, Buchanan, who is England's Fred Astaire, and Astaire himself deliver the number standing on their knees. Wearing long white baby gowns and lace-trimmed bonnets, they pitch their voices to a high squeak and coyly lisp the mournful lyrics:

We do everything alike— We look alike, We dress alike . . . And what is more we hate each other very much . . . If one of us gets the measles, Another one gets the measles. Then all of us gets the measles . . . How I wish I had a gun . . . It would be fun to shoot the other two, And be only one . . ." *

Still on their knees, The Band Wagon triplets even manage a few dance steps during the number. Says Astaire, who prefers using his toes: "As a knee-dancer, I'm a good singer. This could ruin me."

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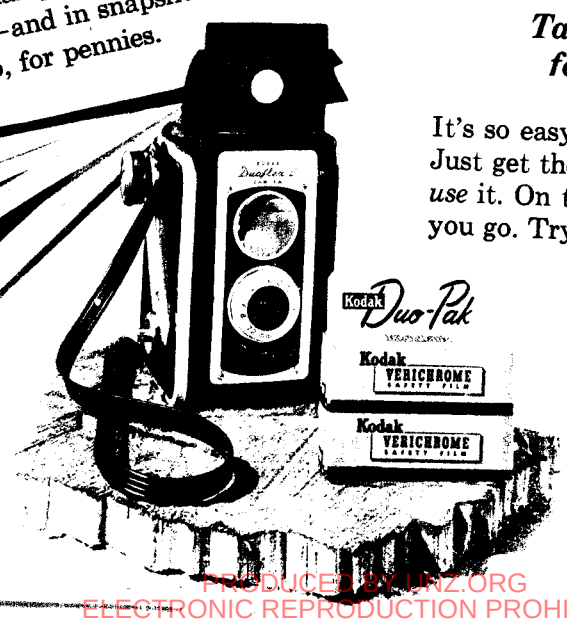

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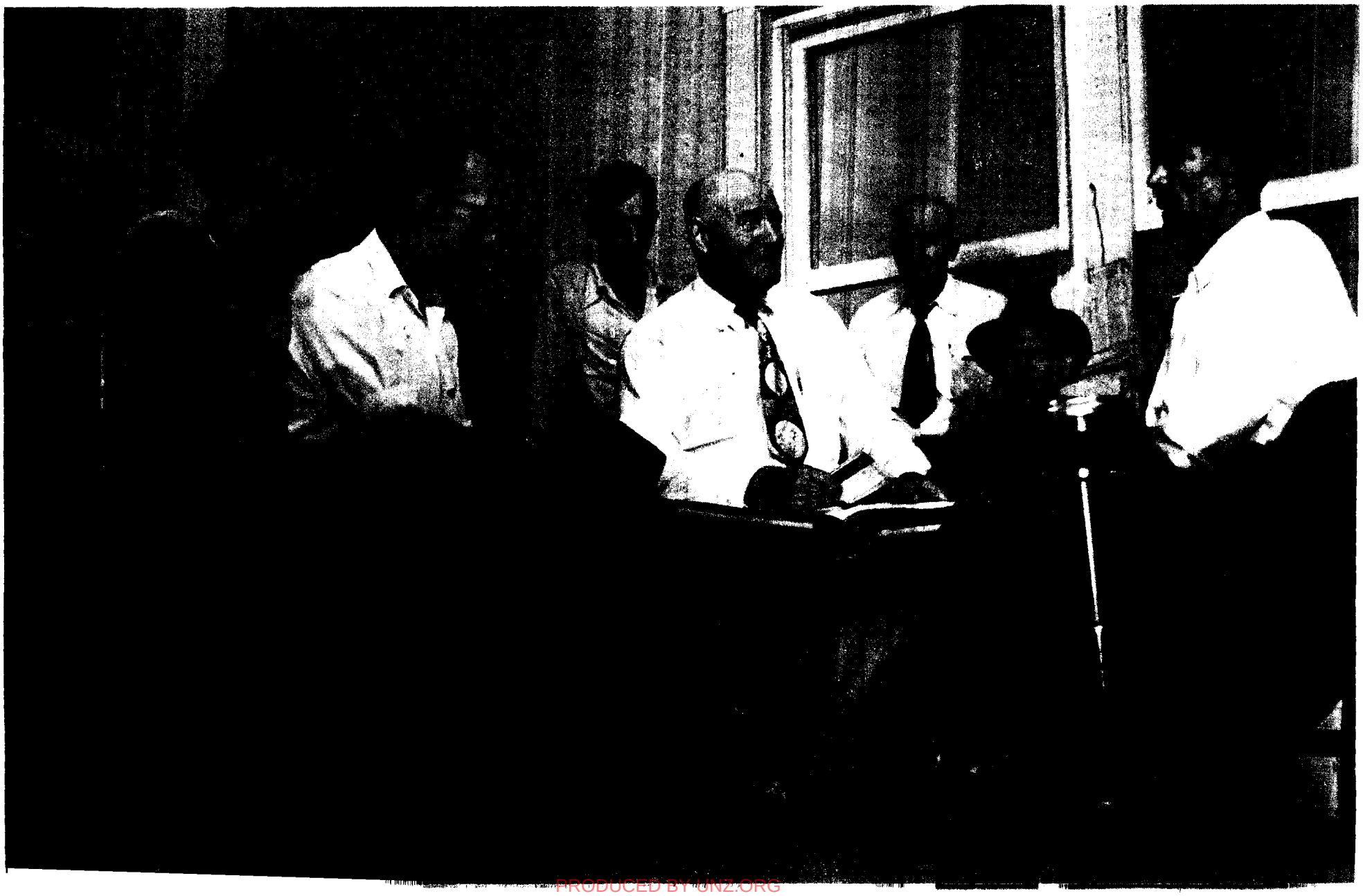
In Kentucky hill country, one sheriff didn't bother to go after criminals; he'd just send 'em a post card and they'd surrender. And a judge let a man who couldn't pay his fine go free to try to raise bond. They call it—

County Magistrate Tom Webb, crippled below the waist, always conducts his court from seat of his car. Here he questions Taylor Sizemore (left) and Orie Mills about a case

THAT GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN

Judge Honey, so called because he addresses all defendants who appear before him as "Honey," lectures offender Jimmy Parrot White (right)



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Cowboy Charlie Weaver operates the Manchester jail on the principle that "I treat 'em right and they treat me right." He strums guitar while chatting with son, Homer, 14

Jailer Weaver (in background) lets prisoner Boone Maxie, a trusty, eat his lunch outside under trees

JUSTICE

By BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

IT'S WHAT you call mountain justice," said Judge Honey. We were sitting in his court in the little town of Manchester, deep in the Kentucky hills. I had come, as I had come often before, to see perhaps the most remarkable and least-known feature of Kentucky's mountain culture—the methods of mountain judges and the workings of mountain law.

An officer who was at once the Manchester police chief and half the entire police force came into Judge Honey's little courtroom with a lanky farmer in tow.

Judge Honey studied the farmer a moment. He spoke with deep regret: "Honey, I hate to do this to you. But you been drunk. It'll be twelve fifty, honey."

The farmer grew troubled. His lean hands searched in vain through his pockets. "Judge, looks like I sure ain't got no money. Kin I pay you when I sell my tobacco?"

Judge Honey, whose real name is Gilbert Garrard Hibbard, became thoughtful. He had earned the nickname from his habit of addressing any offender before him by this term of affection, on the theory that it made the punishment easier to bear. "Be all right with me, honey," he said. "But the city council's kind of hard right now about money. I got to have something stronger than 'after the tobacco,' honey."

The police chief stepped forward as though to take the prisoner back to jail.

The farmer's voice grew choky. "That tobacco's sure going to rot if I git locked up again, Judge. And it's the prettiest patch of tobacco between here and Lexington."

Judge Honey shifted his stoutish body in his desk chair and looked out the window. The courtroom was on the second floor. Below us the life of the little town flowed steadily past: a coal truck rumbling in from a nearby shaft with a blackened miner sitting beside the driver, a jeep crowded with a mountain family come to do the shopping, an occasional hillman on horseback.

Judge Honey turned back to the prisoner. "If I let you go out in town and talk to people, you think you can get somebody who'll go on your bond for the twelve fifty?"

The farmer brightened. "I figure maybe I kin, Judge."

"All right. You do it, honey. I know what it is to have nice tobacco."

I watched the farmer go down the stairs and thought how horrified a city jurist would have been at the suggestion he let a prisoner wander off to find his own bond. Yet in 15 minutes the prisoner was back with a friend to guarantee his fine and was free.

The court ended. I took my car and spent the rest of the day driving across the green ridges that rose in endless succession against the hazy horizon. More huge coal trucks lumbered along roads, and scores of expensive automobiles. But now and then I came to a log cabin where tall mountain women went about their household chores and gaunt hillmen toiled in the sloping fields beyond as their forefathers had a hundred or more years before.

Shooter Invited to Give Himself Up

I stopped to see a sheriff in a drowsy little settlement. A hillman came to discuss some property up for auction and was about to leave when the lean sheriff spoke to him amiably:

"Mace, I just heard Will Scoggins shot a fellow up the creek this morning. Stop in at his cabin on your way back home and tell him I want to see him tomorrow, will you? And tell him to bring some clothes 'cause he's got to stay in jail for a while."

I knew there was nothing unusual in his remarks, for I had heard other sheriffs make similar requests. And I remembered a sheriff who even for the gravest crimes never went out to apprehend a criminal, but simply wrote him a penny post card.

I drove on to Hyden, seat of Leslie County, and in the weather-beaten courthouse found Judge Elmer Begley, a dark, reserved figure who might play the part of the hero in a mountain film. I sat in his office and watched the procession moving past his door, the anxious mountain men charged with moonshining talking to their unworried lawyers, the pale youth accused of stealing a neighbor's hunting hound, the stern figure charged with toting a pistol. As I watched and listened, I realized the difficulties and perils of being a judge in this hill country.

More than once when a dangerous killer has been terrorizing some far-off valley and no deputy was available, Judge Begley has taken a horse and, riding alone to the murderer's cabin, brought him back singlehanded—much as a frontier judge might have brought in a killer in the early days of the West.

But the older customs continue in less dangerous ways as well.

"Tell him about the dog trial, Judge," a genial hillman prompted.

Judge Begley's dark face lighted with the humor rarely absent in a judge of the hills. "We try dogs here same as people," he explained. "Try 'em for killing sheep. Have lawyers for the state and lawyers for the defense and going bond and juries. Just like a trial for murder. Have alibis, too, with a family and friends talking for hours to prove the dog not guilty. All the time, they say, he was five miles off, sleeping in the cabin doorway. But once in a while they find wool in his teeth—and then it isn't easy."

He stopped a moment to sign some papers. "Had four dogs on trial a while ago. Two farmers swore the dogs had killed some lambs and showed some tooth wool they said proved it. Jury let three dogs go but sentenced the other to death by shooting. A beautiful young dog with big eyes like a deer, wasn't

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BILL STAPLETON

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Lawyer Pleaz Mobley (right), whose singing of mountain songs helped to elect him railroad commissioner, chats with State Senator Eugene Clark

When court business slackened, the judge

much more than a puppy. The evidence was pretty bad, and I didn't think he was guilty. So I put him on probation, and ordered him out of the county. He's over in Clay County now. They say he's doing fine."

I returned to Manchester toward evening and sat in the pleasant little Royal Hotel. The streets were quieter now. The rumble of the coal trucks had ceased.

Only in the bus café opposite, a jukebox was blaring, now playing a mournful mountain hymn, now some hit tune from distant Broadway.

I had supper and walked up the steep hill that led to the Manchester jail. As I climbed by easy stages in the darkness, I thought of the other mountain jails I know. In none of them is the gloom, the mechanized grimness of a penitentiary. Most of the prisoners have been the jailer's friends since childhood. Any thought of brutality is impossible.

Many Jailers Are Considerate

I have often met a jailer who'd let his prisoner go home for a night or two when there was a baby coming. I knew one who, when an inmate's father lay desperately ill with no relative at hand to aid him, let the prisoner go home every night on only one condition: he must return by court time in the morning to find out if he was to go on trial that day.

I saw a light in the barred building behind the county courthouse and knocked loudly on the iron gate. As I waited, I could hear a harmonica upstairs in the cell room, playing gaily. A moment later Cowboy Charlie Weaver appeared, the tall, gaunt Western-looking figure who presided over the jail and who had campaigned for his office on horseback, dressed in full cowboy regalia.

He led me inside, and we sat chatting, while from upstairs came the sound of tapping feet following the rhythmic beat of the musician.

"I treat 'em right and they treat me right," said Cowboy, whose fairness is noted throughout the hills. "Once in a while they'll do you wrong. But ain't often. This jail's so old you can cut your way out quicker than a raccoon chews through a egg crate, and about a year back a fellow they called Black Jack sawed some bars and ran away. I went down the creek where his family was living. 'It ain't right the way Black Jack did me, Ace,' I told his brother. 'I gave him plenty of privileges and now he's run off like that, it's going to hurt my reputation bad.'

"The brother didn't answer for a minute. 'Guess he didn't think nothing about that, Cowboy,' he said. 'I'm going out in the woods where he's hiding and tell him right away.'

"When I get up next morning Black Jack's sitting on the jail step. He was mighty sorry."

In the cell room upstairs the merry playing of the harmonica grew louder, then became a mournful blues.

Cowboy listened with approval. "Like to hear a harmonica or a fiddle going," he declared. "Never had trouble yet with a fellow that plays music."

He went off on some duty, and I headed back to my hotel.

In the next few weeks, with Manchester always as my center, I visited many courts and many sheriffs and jailers. I found always the same humanness and the lack of legal rigidity. In the lower courts some of the informality arises from the fact that the older judges rarely have been lawyers. They are simple citizens, often lacking even an eighth-grade education, but possessed of a deep native wisdom. They are chosen in elections at regular intervals to arbitrate the quarrels of their fellow hillmen. Their favorite lawbook is the Bible; their Supreme Court, right and wrong.

When I visited Judge Honey's court again, the little chamber was crowded, and the air was thick with tobacco smoke. The judge tried the cases in leisurely fashion with a generous admixture of wisdom and philosophy, varied now and then by an occasional recitation from McGuffey's Reader apt to the occasion.

The court business slackened after a while. The judge, who is seventy-six but looks and acts fifty, began to sing a favorite hymn of the hills—Amazing Grace. Those present joined in with him. "Judge Hiram Johnson used to open his court with hymn singing," Judge Honey recalled. "He always asked me to start 'em going."

Lenience for the Uneducated

The police chief came in with a farmer from far back in the hills who could not read or write. The judge let him off with a warning. "What we know is what we'll be tried for," he told me. "I make the punishment fit the education. If a man don't know any better, I'm going to be easy on him. But if he's got plenty of learning, I'm going to make it twice as hard."

His round face grew sad. "My own son was standing here once. Wasn't much he did and I reckon if he'd been somebody else's boy I'd have let him go free. But he had learning and everything I could give him. So I fined him twenty-nine dollars."

"Talking about judges, brother, you should have knowed old Judge Ebersole," declared a black-bearded visitor. "He was sorry one time for a pretty woman in court didn't have nobody to go her bond, so the judge went it himself. And then one night he heard she'd skipped out to Hyden and wasn't ever coming back. Old Judge got hot as a turkey that's ate a quart of red pepper and jumped on his horse and rode off in the dark to get her. It was pretty near cockcrow when he got there and course she was dead asleep. But Judge was so mad he didn't wait for nothing. He yanked her out of bed, and sat her on the horse with him and locked her up in the Manchester jail with his own hands. You couldn't do no fooling with Judge Ebersole.

"Judge Lew Lewis was a card, too," the bearded man went on, aiming expertly at a cuspidor. "Remember him and that awful tough fellow named Big Harm they had over in Leslie County? Big Harm was going all around Hyden saying he was going to kill three men was just about the top fellows in town. Judge Lew didn't want none of them three to get hurt, and he knew the sheriffs couldn't handle Big Harm when he got drunk and started shooting. So instead of trying anything with Big Harm he put the three other fellows under a peace bond to keep out of his way."

A stout countrywoman from far back in the hills bustled into the room, breathless from climbing the stairs. "My sister Ella ain't coming in today with her boy way you told her to, Judge," she panted. "She was going to get a tooth pulled the same time and when she looked at the almanac she seen this week the signs is in the legs and it'd bleed mighty bad. She says she'll come in next week when the signs is in the back." Judge Honey winked at me and nodded in agreement.

Coupled with these easygoing ways of mountain courts is an extraordinary kindness. One morning I crossed the square in front of the county courthouse and called on Willie Rice, a lawyer so badly crippled from birth that walking even a few feet is difficult. But Willie is a happy man, whose wisdom and friendliness have won the whole community. As I sat with him, a steady stream of callers came into the little office—clerks, sheriffs, court officials and even opposing attorneys. I asked and learned the reason. Willie is older now and walking is harder than ever. To save him from crossing the street to the courthouse, the town was bringing the courthouse to Willie.

The city dweller may be born and die without ever seeing a courtroom. It is a rare mountaineer who has never attended a trial, often as witness or participant. For along with the hillman's individuality goes a fierce, lasting stubbornness; he lands in a court over a trifle. I have seen two mountain families spend all the earnings of their pathetic farms for years over a skinny hog worth practically nothing. "It ain't the pig, it's the principle," the chief of one of the warring clans told me. Their interest is great in any trial, even where they have no personal concern; going to court is a break in their lonely lives, as city people go to the movies.

As I continued my travels up the neighboring creeks and hollows, I made new discoveries. I found a deeply religious judge who, if men are arrested Saturday night, will release them on Sunday to attend church unescorted. Not a prisoner has run away.

This sense of honor is perhaps the mountaineer's most remarkable quality. No matter how hardened a criminal a hillman may be, those who know insist his promise will never be broken.

Strange Story of a Promise

I was having coffee one day at Manchester with Judge John Lyttle, now off the bench and one of the region's leading attorneys. Outside in the street before the hotel a hill family of three rode slowly past, all mounted on the back of a single muddy horse, as they might have ridden in the days of the earliest settlers; in the bus café the jukebox was blaring out the strident tones of the latest rumba.

"I know a queer one about a man making a promise," Judge Lyttle remarked to me. "He made it over 50 years ago. Now we wish we could get him to break it."

He stirred his coffee thoughtfully. "You know the man I mean. You met him in your jeep trip yesterday. A fine old mountaineer. Call him Pappy John." He drank the coffee slowly. "Back around 1900, Pappy was a young fellow feeling gay, with a new pistol and a new suit of clothes and a fine horse to take him in to town. Well, he drank a little when he got there and then he drank some more. And pretty soon he was shooting out windows in the schoolhouse, and then he woke up in jail. 'Judge, I done wrong,' he said when they brought him to the courtroom. 'If you let me go home, I'll make you a promise. I'll never set foot in Manchester again, if I live to be a hundred years.' "

Judge Lyttle added some sugar to his coffee. "That was over 50 years ago, and a lot of things have happened. The

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WOMEN IN CONFLICT

By RICHARD STERN

TIM McCOY watched his wife Lucas and listened to her in a vague sort of way. And then he said, "Yes," because Lucas had stopped talking.

She let out her breath in a little sigh. "You weren't listening."

"Oh, but I was," Tim said. "How would you like to go to Mexico?" He buried his nose in his highball and waited for her reaction.

"Why?" Lucas said.

"Vacation," he said. "We haven't had one this year, and it's been a long, tough year. We can fly to Mexico City and then just wander around."

"Do you mean now?" Lucas said. "Right now?"

"In a week, ten days. I'll be free then and—"

"But I can't," Lucas said. "You see, you *weren't* listening."

Tim looked at the ice in the bottom of his glass.

"The girls," Lucas said, "Eileen and Betty and three or four others, are forming a group, and they've asked me to join them; they're planning a whole program: teas and dinners, and then, eight weeks from now"—her voice rose in enthusiasm—"a dance."

Tim rattled the ice in his glass. "Include me out," he said. "I just broke my leg and—"

"Tim!" Lucas said, her eyes bright, "don't you see? It's a sort of duty. I've, well, I've been out of things. And it's time I got back in."

Tim said, "Stuffed shirts."

"Tim McCoy!" Lucas said, and this time she stamped her foot. "Betty and Eileen are my friends. I haven't seen much of them, but—"

"Mexico," Tim said. "Tamales, marimba bands, bullfights, fiestas, Indians—" He paused. "And just sitting in the sun, resting." But it was no good, and he knew that it was no good. He stood up. "I need another drink. You?"

"No, Tim," Lucas said. "I think we drink too

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL MITCHELL

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judge died a long time back, and Pappy John's up in his seventies. He's different now than when he was a boy. One of the smartest men in the mountains. Asks all the time what's going on in Manchester, and his eyes shine when he talks about coming in, and seeing his first picture show and all the cars and new buildings.

"But he gave his word he'd stay away, and nothing on earth can shake him. If you pass in a jeep he'll ride with you right to the edge of town, and then he'll jump out, and go home. I talked to him once, and when he wouldn't listen, got the judge's son to see what he could do. The son told Pappy John that the judge would have released him from that promise long ago, and that he, the son, was releasing him now.

"The old man still wouldn't pay any attention. 'Ain't nobody can free me now excepting the Lord,' he answered. 'And when Him and me meet, He's going to have plenty of other things to talk about besides going to Manchester.' "

Some other attorneys came in to join us, among them Pleaz Mobley, brilliant young state railroad commissioner whose rich voice singing mountain tunes on the radio wins him votes up every hollow. They were fascinating to watch, these mountain lawyers, dry, humorous, educated, capable of matching wits with attorneys anywhere, yet never having lost their simple touch or the deep understanding of their people. And the stories that they told were equally fascinating.

"A funny one happened in Owsley County," drawled Mobley. "Man was on trial for being drunk, and the judge couldn't find an unprejudiced jury. Fellow had too many friends and too many enemies, and after combing the town there was only one man left said he was neutral. So the judge decided on a one-man jury. The trial ended, and the judge sent off the jury to consider its verdict.

"An hour went by without a word and the judge told a clerk to go see what was happening. The twelve jurymen all rolled into one sent a message in a hurry: 'We ain't decided, Judge.' The judge kept sending new messengers every hour, and always got the same answer. Finally about midnight he was pretty mad and went off to the jury room to see for himself. The fellow was sitting there, looking worried. 'Judge, I was just coming to tell you,' he said. 'The jury can't agree.' "

The lawyers discussed how the informality of mountain law continues to the final stages, even when a prisoner has been sentenced and is on the way to the state penitentiary.

Sheriff Never Used Handcuffs

A gentle-mannered individual who had come in with the others, ex-sheriff Roy White, spoke up quietly. His voice and looks gave him the air of a kindly preacher instead of one who had captured some of the most desperate killers in the hills.

"Never used a handcuff in all my life," he said. "And never once had a fellow that ran off. Fact is, it was just the other way. Had a man here they called Long Joe killed somebody and the judge sentenced him to Frankfort Pen for life. I had five other prisoners to go down the same time with him and if I took 'em all they'd have packed my car mighty tight.

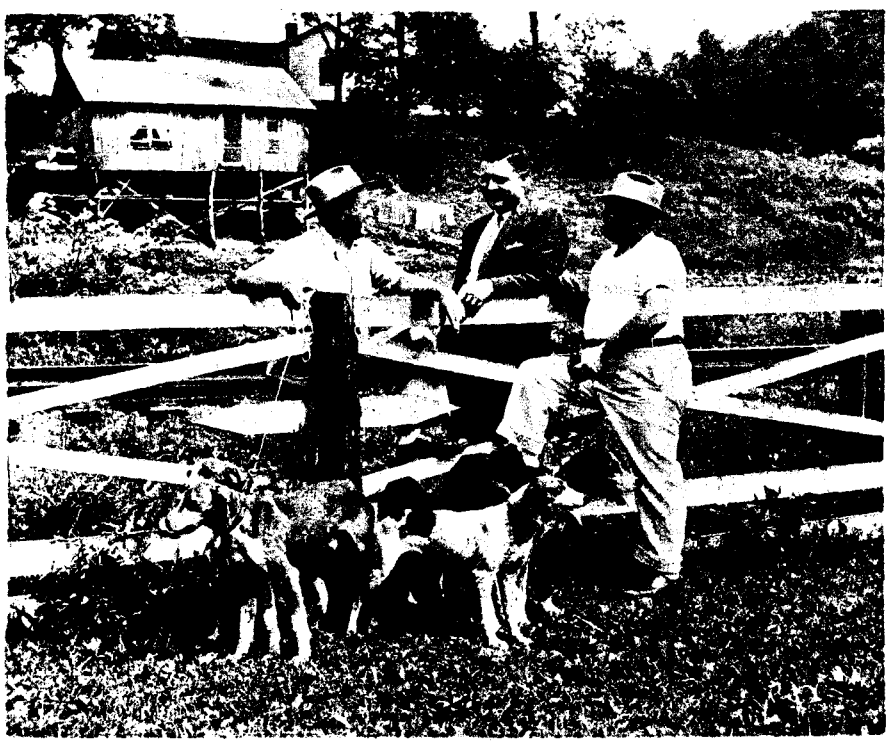
"Long Joe stood there looking a minute. 'Sheriff, I sure hate to crowd you,' he said. 'My brother's driving down to Frankfort today to buy a plow. How about my going along with him to the Walls?'

" 'All right, Joe,' I answered. 'You go on down with him. If you get there before I do, just wait till I come.'

"His brother's car was faster than mine. When I got there, Long Joe was standing out in front of the gate."

My guests left soon after, and I packed my car to leave the mountains. I drove past the courthouse.

From Cowboy Weaver's jail I could hear the sound of a harmonica, playing merrily. ▲▲▲



Judge Elmer Begley (center) tries dogs in his court just like people. Here he talks with dog owners Chester A. White (left) and John Roberts

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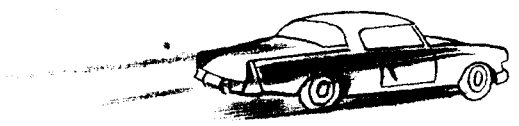

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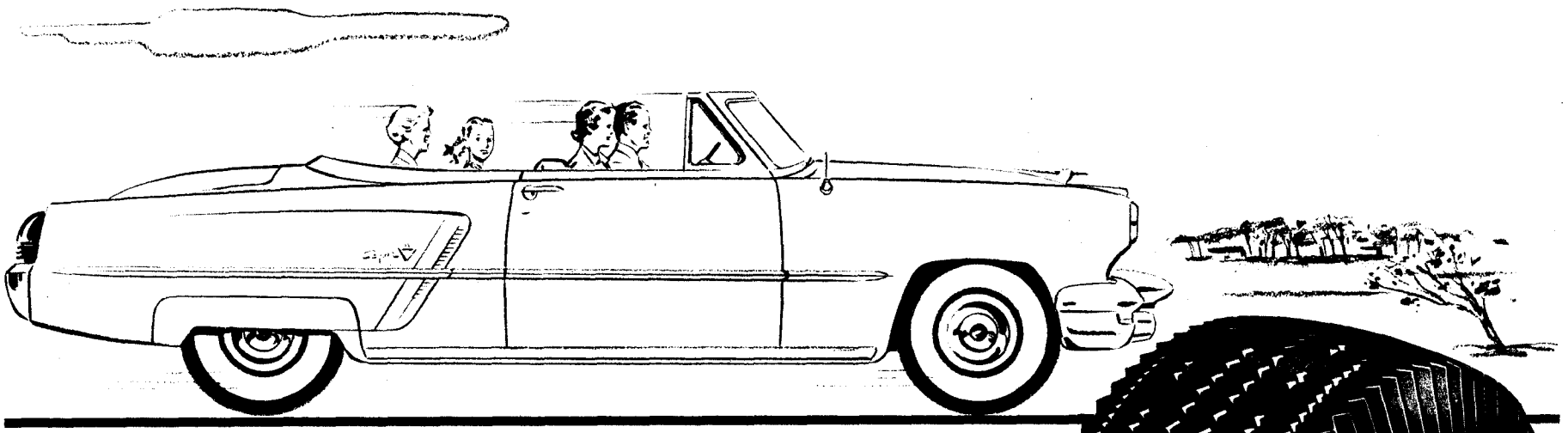

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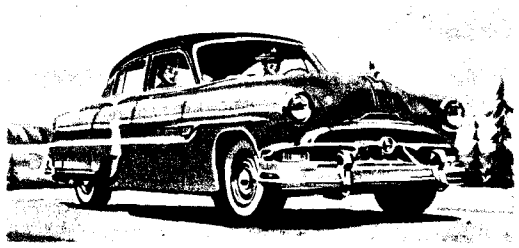

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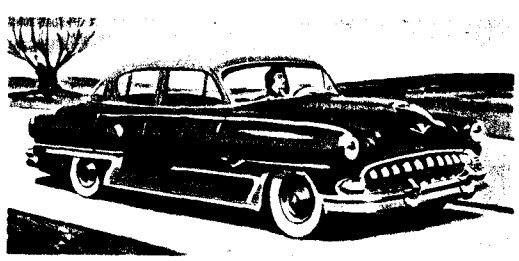

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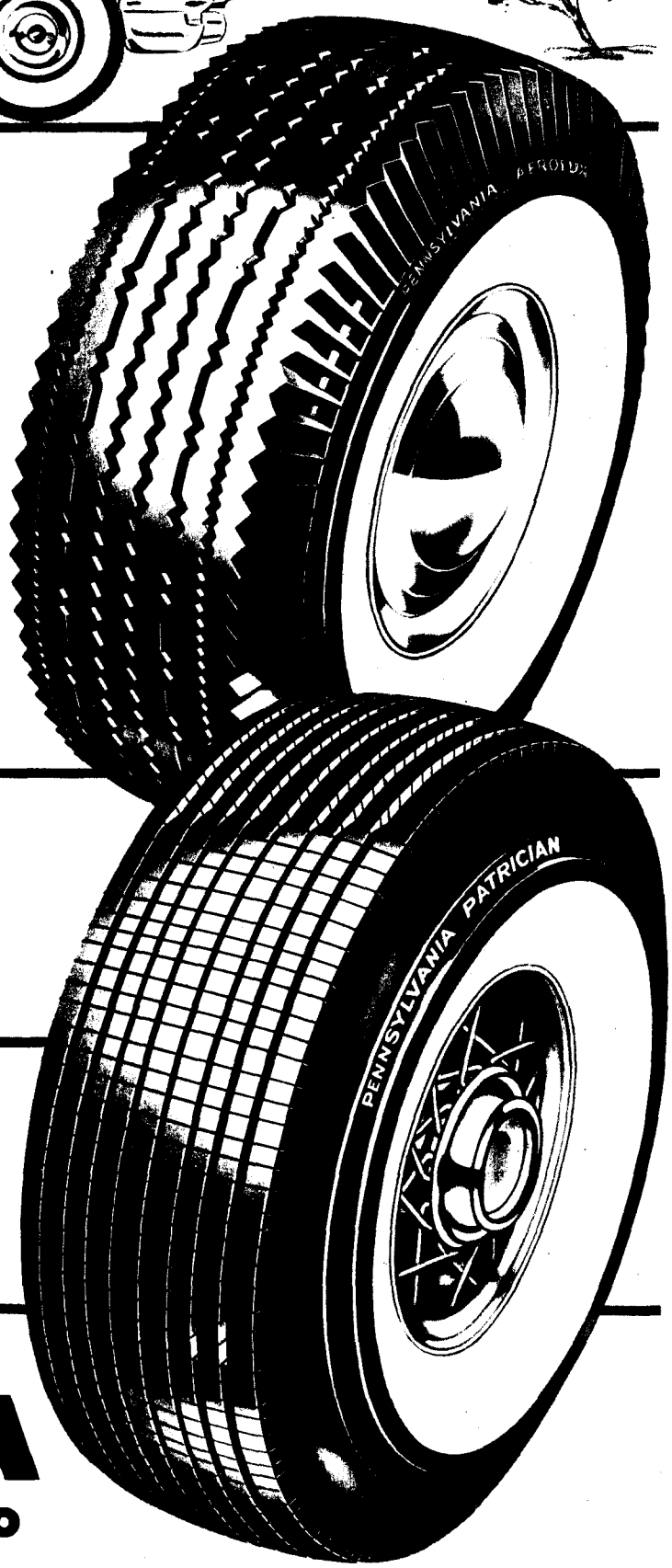

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much. Henry and Betty Allingham only have one vermouth before dinner, and Eileen and John Sampson—"

Tim was already out in the hall. He did not stop until he reached the pantry, where he made himself a sturdy highball. Then he went into the kitchen.

Cook was at the sink, firmly planted on her stout legs. Beneath the stove Joe, the McCoy cat, and Vincent, the tiny McCoy monkey, sat quietly and watched her. Tim said, "Hi, fellows. Thirsty?"

"They've already had their milk," Cook said disapprovingly, "with rum in it."

TIM said nothing. He picked up the bowl, got a saucepan, warmed more milk on the stove, laced it with dark rum and put the filled bowl beneath the stove. He squatted down and watched Joe's whiskers twitch with pleasure and Vincent's small movements of glee. The two heads met over the bowl. They drank with small, lapping sounds. "*Salud,*" Tim said. He tasted his own drink. He thought moodily of Mexico. The good feeling was all gone.

This was Wednesday. Thursday was relatively quiet. Cook left before lunch for her afternoon off. Vincent entertained young Thomas McCoy for a little time, and then, bored, went outside and looked up Joe, who was sitting among the carnations, pondering the sunshine and the serenity of the world. Satisfied that the reserves were in proper position, Vincent went down the drive and took up his station at the edge of the sidewalk. He had not long to wait. A woman, elegantly dressed, came out of the Sampson house next door, accompanied by a middle-sized white poodle and walked slowly past. The poodle's dignity was immense, but it was not proof against the unexpected and tempting vision of a small monkey.

Vincent chattered to himself in fright. He turned and fled, at about three-quarter throttle, down the driveway to sanctuary. The poodle, though somewhat out of condition, was not more than a jump behind. Joe watched the race as it passed the garage and swept across the rear lawn. He rose and stretched himself and went out to take a hand.

It was not much of a fight; Vincent, in his time, had selected far more robust tormentors.' But it was better than nothing on this quiet day, and Joe, for the few brief moments of combat, gave his all. The poodle retired with velocity, trying to remove his helpless rear from the reach of the enemy. At the sidewalk the poodle did not hesitate. He banked into a sharp turn to the right, yelping piteously, and settled on a straight course for some distant, unknown destination.

Joe sat down in the middle of the drive, lifted one great forepaw and inspected it carefully, working the five hooked knives in and out of their sheaths; finally he produced a length of pink tongue and began to wash. The elegant woman hesitated. She looked at the house, she looked at Joe, and she looked after the diminishing poodle. Loyalty won. She set out down the sidewalk. Joe watched her go. On the peak of the McCoy roof, Vincent, arms raised, capered about as he chanted his hymn of victory. The day was again quiet. . . .

Friday was not. Friday was a day of hustle and bustle, beginning at half past six, while Tim yet slept. He heard the sounds as if from a distance. The vacuum cleaner roared in the hall and banged once or twice against the bedroom door. In the nursery young Thomas began to bellow. Somewhere a door slammed. And then Lucas, fully dressed, came in on tiptoe and rattled a few things on the dresser and hissed to herself in an angry whisper. Tim reached for a cigarette.

"I thought you were still asleep," Lucas said.

"Now what on earth ever gave you that idea?" he said and looked at his watch. "What's up? An invasion?"

"I told you, Tim. They're coming to lunch."

"Who?"

"Oh, Tim." She was silent for a moment, and then her thoughts returned to the main problem. "Since you are awake, would you mind getting up? We have so much to do, and I want the house to look right. Betty—"

"Oh," Tim said. "In Mexico, I understand, they do these things better; nothing starts before—" He watched the door close behind Lucas. He sighed and headed for the shower.

COLLIER'S "Well, I see you beat Harry Mace again" BILL YATES

At the breakfast table he looked at the paper. From the kitchen door Lucas said, "Cook's busy in the front of the house. I'm fixing your egg."

"Thank you," Tim said. He waited patiently, and the egg appeared. It stared at him from the middle of its plate. Tim stared back at it. He got up and went to the sideboard and found a fork. He sat down again and chased the egg around the plate.

LUCAS' voice drifted out of the kitchen. "Your toast burned. The coffee will be ready in a little while." There were sounds of exasperation. "This—this machine Cook uses—oh, damn!"

Tim folded the paper carefully. He got up and found his hat. He went out through the kitchen and he kissed the back of Lucas' neck. "I have to be at the office early," he said. "Just remembered."

"Tim, it will be ready, really—"

"Good luck with the social whirl. I'll see you tonight, maybe early," he said. He kissed her again and went out to the garage.

Joe was sitting on the lawn. Tim squatted down and dug his fingers into the thick fur of Joe's neck and felt the heavy shoulder muscles begin to work with pleasure, lifting the forepaws in a small dance. Joe set up a deep, rumbling purr. And then Vincent dropped from the big tree and strolled over for the leave-taking. "I have sort of an idea," Tim said. "It may be all wrong, but I'll give it to you for what it's worth." He paused and looked toward the house. "I'd suggest, fellows, that you stay out of the way today." He stood up. They both watched him. "As I say, I may be all wrong, but I doubt it."

By midmorning the house was shined and polished. Cook, in the kitchen, made herself a cup of tea, strong, and stomped over to the sink on her large feet. "Caterer!" she said. "I'm not fancy enough."

In the nursery Miss Henderson, young Thomas' nurse, went about her daily chores, hampered a little by the presence in the room of the infant impedimenta that was usually scattered throughout the house. There was the collapsible pen that came from the porch; the kiddy car that normally scooted through living room, dining room and study; the enormous inflated rabbit that lived in the pool. Miss Henderson's temperament was serene, even and secure against most annoyances. All that she said now was, "Well, I must say!"

Lucas came into the kitchen with a double armload of flowers and put them on the sink. "The caterer will be here shortly," she said. She wondered if she had forgotten anything, if the best silver was properly shined, the good tablecloth ready, everything at its best. Betty Allingham, who spent her winters in France, would notice any lapses. Lucas began to wonder, doubtfully, how her own small ménage would appear in the light of European standards. She looked at her watch. "His name is John. The caterer, I mean," she said.

Cook muttered into her tea.

Joe was sitting in the sunlight on the lawn when the white panel truck appeared. He watched the big man in the white suit and the strange floppy hat get out and open the rear doors and begin to unload. There was also a young woman, in a neat black dress and wearing a white apron. Joe stood up. He stretched himself fore and aft. He strolled over to investigate.

The young woman saw him first. She smiled. "Nice kitty," she said. She bent down and patted Joe's head, a thing unpleasant to him but out of politeness to be endured. He flattened his ears, watching her without expression

The man said, "Come on. We haven't got much time." He let down a small ramp, climbed into the truck and wheeled out a shiny, covered serving cart. He looked at Joe. "Shoo," he said and waved one foot in Joe's direction. Joe ignored it. His whiskers were curled briskly, twitching. From the cart there came a rich, lush aroma that would bear more than casual inspection. He moved toward it.

"Shoo!" the man said again, louder this time. He bent down, one hand cocked, to deal with the situation. And there he stopped.

Joe had halted, but he gave no indication of flight. He was crouched a little, and his big head was lowered, and his whiskers had laid themselves flat against his cheeks. His stub tail, high, twitched in fair warning. He studied the hand, and deep in his chest a growl began, a clear and open declaration of intent.

THE man straightened. "Shoo," he said, yet a third time, but the fire was gone from his voice. He pushed the cart toward the back door, and he produced his professional smile for Lucas, who just now appeared. "Good morning, madam."

"Oh, fine," Lucas said. "I was beginning to worry—" She stopped. "Has Joe been bothering you?" She raised her voice a little: "Joe!"

"Certainly not," the caterer said, "I like cats," which was completely untrue.

"Well," Lucas said. "You'll want to get the bird in the oven, and Cook will show you everything you need. Luncheon will be served at two thirty, and—and—is there anything I've forgotten?"

"Everything will be fine, madam," the caterer said. His tone was in the best bedside manner. "I promise you." He wheeled the cart into the kitchen. The young woman followed. Joe squeezed through at the last moment and lay down under the stove. He watched the big man roll back the top of the serving cart, and the fragrance of the turkey, partially cooked, ready to put into the oven, filled the kitchen. Joe watched it. He settled down, chin on forepaws. The time was not yet, and he could be patient. His eyes were half closed; his tongue came out and licked his nose. He waited. Cook saw him and said nothing; there were dark, violent thoughts in Cook's mind.

Eileen Sampson arrived first. "I came early, dear, to see if there was anything I could do," she said.

"I—I don't think so," Lucas said. "But you were sweet to think of it." It had been a long time since she had entertained in this way. She and Tim lived differently, a little more—she searched for the word in her mind—*comfortably*. "Let's sit down. You look so nice today, Eileen. But then, you always do."

"Thank you, dear," Eileen said. She glanced out of the window. "Here are Grace and Louise"—her voice altered almost imperceptibly—"and Grace has a new stole. Is it mink, do you suppose? On her husband's salary?"

"I wouldn't know," Lucas said. She held the door wide. She wished that

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Eileen did not have this small streak of cattishness.

Grace and Louise looked around the room—genteelly, of course. Lucas wondered if her stocking seams were straight. She listened to the conversation ebb and flow, even entered it. "Yes, I saw her last week, at the market . . . No, is that true? But she and Howard always seemed so happy." The happiness, it appeared, had been mere illusion, a masquerade, and those in the know had long seen through the sham.

Eileen, watching the window, said, "Here come Betty and Jane, too."

"Oh, good," Lucas said. She went to the door and watched the two come up the walk from the long, low foreign automobile at the curb. She was smiling. "We were beginning to wonder."

Betty said, "It's all my fault. Pernod—" she paused, smiling, watching Lucas' face. "Pernod is my poodle."

"How nice," Lucas said. "I love poodles." They went into the living room, and she said, "You know everyone, of course."

Jane had almost faded from sight. Jane had a way of doing that in Betty's presence. Betty examined the room frankly. "What a nice little house you have," she said. "Henry and I just rattle around in our great barn of a place." She sat down. "Poor Pernod is at the vet's."

Eileen said, "But what happened to him, Betty?"

"He had an accident. He was attacked; it wasn't serious, but he *is* uncomfortable, poor dear. Cat's scratch, you know."

Jane said, "I don't really understand it, Betty. Cats don't attack dogs. It's the other way around."

Eileen looked at Lucas. "Sometimes," she began. She stopped as the aproned maid set a large tray on a table.

Lucas said, "Sherry? Vermouth? Or cocktails?" She kept her voice steady, under polite control. She was thinking of Joe, wondering if it could be, if it could possibly be. "Where did this happen?"

"I'll have a Martini," Betty said. "I don't usually, but today—" She left it unfinished, the smiling lips, the unsmiling eyes directed at Lucas' face. . . .

Cook sat in the corner of the kitchen. She watched the caterer in the silly hat as he went about his ridiculous preparations. Cook was a believer in plain food. She eyed the hot hors d'oeuvres with distaste; she sniffed audibly to show her contempt for all the things that were necessary to prepare a dessert—pastry tubes, indeed! She looked at Joe, who was her link with reality: He and she, pushed out of the way in their own kitchen. Her wrath grew. She got herself up and trundled out to the back porch. She held open the door. Loyalty and pride of position forbade that she call; she saw him drop from the big tree and canter across the lawn, and then he dodged past her. She felt better; the odds were more even now, three of the family against two of the intruders. She closed the door and went back to her chair. Vincent huddled under the stove, pressed against Joe's great shoulder.

The caterer worked on, unknowing. Cook watched him, the enemy in a big, white floppy hat.

THE aproned maid passed the drinks and went out to the kitchen. Lucas raised her glass. "It's so nice to have you all here," she said. There was a certain amount of tension; she could feel it. She tried to dismiss it from her mind as mere imagination.

Jane said, "I still don't understand it, Betty. About Pernod, I mean—"

"Well—" Betty said. She was Betty Allingham, who had married well, very well, and she did not allow others to forget it. She sipped her cocktail, set it down and turned her smile on Lucas. "It was really very curious, you know, almost unbelievable." She sketched in the scene, Vincent huddled on the drive, chattering in his fright, obviously trying to lure poor Pernod—

"You're making it up," Grace said. "Who on earth would have a monkey? You're teasing us."

"But I'm not," Betty said. The smile,

"Boy, am I tired! Been mowing the rug for half an hour"

COLLIER'S — JAMES WHITING

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for the first time, reached her eyes, lighting them with a tiny flicker of pleasure. She looked at Lucas.

Lucas took a deep breath. It was anger she felt now. Eileen and the others were watching her, she knew, but it was only Betty who counted, Betty who, for her own reasons, had seen to it that the conversation moved in this direction until it reached this end. Lucas' throat was a little tight. She could feel the color in her cheeks. "We have—" She stopped there, hearing the slight commotion.

THE door from the pantry had opened. The maid was halfway past the screen, carrying the tray of hors d'oeuvres. Her head was high, and her face was set. Vincent, tail curved, squeaking in his excitement, cantered at her feet. In one small hand he bore a pastry tube. It left a curving white line to mark his progress. Behind them both came the caterer, his chef's hat askew.

He lunged for Vincent. It was a mistake.

The maid had already set the tray on the coffee table. Vincent, flitting effortlessly away from the caterer's reaching hands, headed straight for the tray. He dropped the pastry tube at the last moment, sprang to the top of the coffee table, snatched a *canapé* and popped it into his mouth. Then he was gone, almost faster than one could see, across Jane's lap, over the back of the chair, and down and across the rug to the floor-length window curtains. He went up them hand over hand and perched at last on the valance gobbling his prize and peering down at the humans.

Jane said, "Isn't he darling?"

"Do you really think so, dear?" Betty asked.

"Well," Jane said. She subsided.

Lucas stood up. It was strange, but her anger was suddenly gone now, pushed away by amusement. Lucas should, she supposed, feel embarrassed. Unaccountably she did not. She went to the window and held up her arm. "Vincent," she said, and her voice was gentle. She wiggled her fingers enticingly.

Vincent put out a small hand. He touched her fingers, his alert eyes on her face. Nothing happened. He made a tiny sound expressing friendliness, trust. He marched down Lucas' arm and settled on her shoulder. His tail and one arm went around her neck. He blinked at the audience from his perch of security.

Lucas said to the maid, "If you'll bring a cloth, please." She indicated the white trail of pastry. She smiled around at her guests and said, "Excuse me a moment." She headed for the doorway and then stopped. She came back, took one hors d'oeuvre from the tray and put it in Vincent's small hand. Betty's face, she thought, was a picture of disapproval. Suddenly she wished that Tim were here to see it. She walked out, head high. The conversation was already beginning as she closed the door.

She went through the kitchen, where Cook sat absorbed in her own thoughts, and went on out to the back porch. She held her arm for Vincent to descend. He carried the tidbit in his mouth. "Go outside and play," Lucas said. She bent down and gave him a small pat on the rump. He fled, screeching in mock fright. She closed the door gently and retraced her steps, failing to see Joe beneath the stove.

The conversation stopped when she came into the living room. She looked at Betty and asked, "You were saying, dear? I'm afraid I missed it."

There was silence for a moment. It was Jane who said, "Grace was telling us about, uh—"

"About my new stole," Grace said. "It's—it's new."

"I saw it," Lucas said. She felt, strangely, completely at her ease. Her hand, lifting her cocktail glass, was steady. "It's lovely."

"John," Eileen said, "has promised me a new coat for my birthday. I'm to choose it, and . . ." Her voice trailed off into silent embarrassment.

"How nice," Lucas said. "Tim won't even remember my birthday until the last minute." She was smiling easily. "And then he'll come home terribly late and very embarrassed, after spending the whole afternoon rushing through stores not knowing what to look for. Another drink?"

Betty said, "I never take more than one. Thank you, dear."

"Don't you? I'm afraid we don't have any rules," Lucas said. She pushed back her chair. "Shall we go in?" The maid stirred herself and removed the screen.

It was part way through the first course when Jane said, "You called him something, Lucas; what is his name?"

"Vincent," Lucas said. Jane, she decided, had always been sweet—mouselike and effacing, but sweet. "He just arrived one day. He's part of the family. . . ."

In the kitchen the caterer opened the oven, slid out the turkey and tested it knowingly. Its fragrance filled the room. Joe's whiskers were curled and he breathed in short, sampling sniffs. He stood up. He stretched himself. His stub tail rose. Cook closed her eyes and breathed a silent prayer; she had infinite faith in Joe's capabilities, but a measure of celestial aid never hurt. She looked at the caterer, who was busy fussing with his shiny serving cart now, arranging his carving tools and warmed plates. Push *her* aside in her own kitchen, would he? She looked at Joe.

The caterer gave the turkey a final, careful examination, and found it superb. He lifted it from its pan, set it on the platter and garnished it. The episode of the monkey and the pastry tube had shaken him, but he had regrouped his forces with the firm hand of professional pride. He set the platter in the serving cart and turned back to the stove.

It was then that Joe decided the moment had arrived. He made his usual accurate jump, neither too long nor too short, just right. He landed with a small thump.

The caterer heard the cover of the serving cart close with a bang. He spun around automatically, and then, for a brief moment, he stared at Cook, whose enmity he had ignored, having felt it beneath his contempt. But Cook was on her chair, clear across the kitchen; and after all, the cover did sometimes fall of its own weight. From the dining-room door the maid said, "We're all ready."

"All right," the caterer said. "I'm coming." He gave his white hat a little flip. He wiped his hands carefully on a towel. He wheeled the cart into the pantry and put on his professional smile. "Open the door," he said.

COLLIER'S **"He's one of those temperamental guys who won't work for less than $3,000 a week"** WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Cook raised her eyes to the ceiling. Rum! Joe should have as much rum and as much warm milk as his furry stomach could hold; she promised it. Vincent, too. She sat quietly, her hands in her lap, waiting.

It was Eileen who had, belatedly, brought up the reason for their assembling on such short notice. "Betty and I talked yesterday about the program." It was strange, Eileen thought, that Betty herself had not yet mentioned it; Betty always took the lead. However—"We thought the first dinner might be at Betty's house. Informal, you know; maybe even out in the garden. Then the men would have a chance to get acquainted, find interests in common." She looked around the table for approval.

Jane said shyly, hesitantly, "I talked with Bill last night. He—" She stopped there and swallowed, obviously unable to repeat what Bill had said. She took a deep breath and plunged in. "He works late at the factory so often, with government contracts and all, and he comes home so tired sometimes that—that I'm not sure we can really plan so far ahead." The effort it had taken for her to speak up before everyone was plain.

"Well," Betty said. "I must say, dear, you could have thought of that the other day when we first talked of this. After all, Jane, you can't allow yourself to be buried just because of your husband's work."

There was a waspishness in her voice now which had not been there before. It was as if her firm control over these, her vassals, had, in some obscure manner, slipped a trifle. She did not understand it.

Jane the meek, Jane the mild; her voice was quiet, but a new note had appeared in it, a note of firmness. She looked across the table. "It's different with you, Betty. Henry doesn't work," she said. "Henry doesn't do anything."

In the silence Lucas forced the corners of her mouth to remain still. It was difficult. She could, at that moment, have kissed Jane, and she would not have been able to say why. To the caterer, who had just now come through the door, she said, "Serve Mrs. Allingham first, please, John."

"Yes, madam," the caterer said. He pushed the cart to Betty's side. He made a small bow. He rolled back the lid with a little flourish.

JOE looked out at the audience. Joe had spent his time well. He had tried the breast first, found it good, worked his way along it until he encountered a leg. Dark meat, he had found, was even better, gamier; he had transferred his attentions. He paused briefly now, one great forepaw holding the leg firmly in place, a wisp of parsley clinging to his whiskers. He recognized the woman closest to him; he had seen her before, trotting after a rather fat poodle. He spoke once, in a pleasant tone, and reached for another bite.

Betty made a small, incoherent sound. She looked at Lucas, and the last of her smile was gone and her lips were pressed into a thin, straight line. "Is this your idea of a joke?" she asked.

"Not really," Lucas said. She looked around the table. There was not a movement, not a sound. Joe ate on, undisturbed. Lucas looked at the caterer. She weighed her words carefully. "I think," she said, "you might cut the leg off for him, and let him take it outside." She paused. "If he won't let *you* do it, ask Cook. He knows her." She watched the caterer retreat, pulling

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the cart after him. Joe munched on, undisturbed. The door closed. Lucas looked around the table once more. "And now," she said, "you have met most of the family." She was looking at them all, but speaking, of course, only to Betty. It was difficult to control the twitching at the corners of her mouth. "Of course, there is Thomas, and Tim—"

Betty said, "And are they, ah, eccentric, too, dear?" It was her final shot, loosed wildly. It was wide of the mark.

"I had never thought of it," Lucas said. "I love them, all of them. I'm proud of them, too. They're mine, you see." She saw Jane's face then. It was smiling, almost shining; and Jane's eyes were bright. Lucas wondered what thoughts, what dormant feelings were beginning to rouse themselves in Jane's mind. Lucas turned to Betty again. "While we're waiting, won't you finish your story? What happened after Pernod saw the monkey, Vincent, and decided to chase him around the house? Did he find that he'd bitten off more than he could chew?"

IT WAS early when Tim got home. There were no cars in front of the house; neither Vincent nor Joe met him at the garage. He went in the back door and into the kitchen, and there he stopped.

Cook was at the kitchen table. There was a large, somewhat depleted, one-legged turkey on the platter in front of her; and as Tim came in, Cook carved off a morsel of white meat and popped it into her mouth. Cook was humming, off key but happy. Tim leaned against the doorjamb.

Lucas was sitting on the floor. The rum bottle was near at hand. Joe and Vincent were busy at their white bowl, lapping steadily and with determination but their beat was slow. A third woman, a stranger, was sitting beside Joe, stroking his back with a tentative hand; Joe suffered it politely. "Having fun?" Tim said.

Lucas looked up. She nodded gravely, but her eyes sparkled as she said, "This is Jane. That's Tim." They nodded to each other. "Jane," Lucas said, "likes Joe and Vincent. And they like her."

There was more here, Tim decided, than met the eye. He said, "That's nice."

Jane said, "I—I'd like them to come and live with us, if you'd want them to, while you're in Mexico. Lucas said that she didn't think you'd mind."

Cook carved another bit of turkey meat. She held it up, examined it carefully, popped it into her mouth. Her humming continued.

"Well," Tim said, "it's—ah—up to them, I guess. It's fine with me." He looked at Lucas. She was smiling.

"I'm glad," Jane said. She looked at Vincent, who had reached his limit and was hunkered down now away from the bowl, just staring off into space. Jane held out her hand, forefinger extended. Vincent looked at it. He touched it. He grasped it in his small hand and held it comfortingly.

Tim looked at Lucas' face. It told him nothing; it was smiling, and that was all. He felt a little confused. "Ah," he said to Cook, "what's for dinner?"

Cook's humming stopped. Her tone was even vaguely truculent. "Cold turkey and a salad, maybe a little cheese for dessert."

"Thank Heaven," Tim said. "Something simple. The lunch I had with a client was filled with rich, fussy, nasty little—"

Cook made a loud, braying sound which she meant to be laughter. Her humming started anew.

It was a conspiracy, Tim thought. He was far out of his depth. He looked at Lucas again. "When I left this morning," he said, "I was under the impression that a program of dinners and things was to be arranged, even a dance—"

Lucas and Jane were giggling like a couple of schoolgirls. "It just sort of died," Lucas said, "of its own weight, or—or stuffiness."

"Well," Tim said. He wondered if he would ever know any more. He doubted it. He was not even sure that he wanted to know; staring into the mouth of a gift horse was an ungrateful practice. He was grinning now. "How about a drink?" he said. "Maybe a highball?"

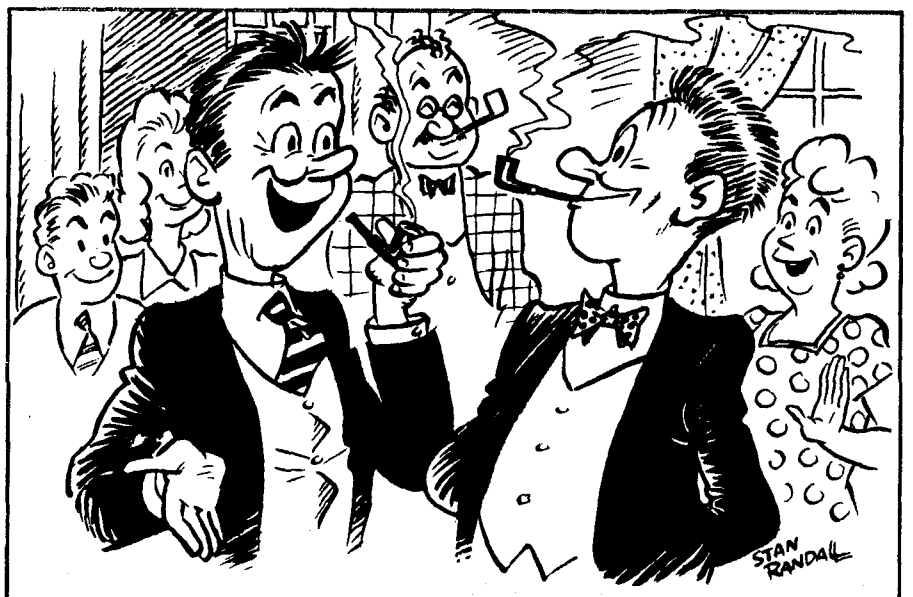
"We've been waiting," Lucas said. She looked at Joe. He had decided, regretfully, that the time had come when mere mortal cat could do no more, that the inch or so of milk and rum would just have to stay in the bowl. He licked his whiskers. He looked up at Lucas' face. Lucas said, "But the time passed rather pleasantly." She had caught Jane's eye. They began to giggle again. ▲▲▲

"But what if Joe doesn't feel like cooking tonight, either?"

COLLIER'S — BOB BARNES

Don't let it get you down_

If an argument gets hot and heavy . . .



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Heated words seldom settle any problem. But they can raise havoc with your nervous system. So do something to break the tension. Light up a pipeful of Kentucky Club—and ask questions instead of arguing. For hundreds of years smoking a pipe has been helping men find release from life's tensions. Notice how calm pipe smokers are. Then discover for yourself how easy it is to relax when the tobacco is Kentucky Club. Kentucky Club is mild and mellow—smooth and satisfying—the honest blend of choice White Burley with that wonderful taste and aroma.

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P. S. An easy-to-read, helpful book on relaxation is *Release from Nervous Tension* by David Harold Fink, M. D., published by Simon and Schuster. $2.95 at book stores—or you can get it postpaid from Kentucky Club for $1 and two Kentucky Club coupons. A coupon is in every package of Kentucky Club. Address Kentucky Club, Wheeling, West Virginia. Dept. CL-7.

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The late Fulton Oursler's forthcoming book, The Greatest Faith Ever Known, is his best Biblical story. We'll bring you the heart of it

Pearl Buck, winner of both the Nobel and Pulitzer prizes, has written an unusual, touching love story, complete in the issue

Next Week—in the EXPANDED

WHEN you pick up next week's issue, you'll notice immediately that Collier's is a lot bigger than usual. In the many more pages, you'll find more articles, more fiction, more photos and illustrations in full color, more cartoons. That's going to be true of every issue from now on.

To make possible this bigger and better magazine, Collier's will be published every two weeks instead of weekly. You'll get your copy every second Friday. Those of you who are subscribers will receive the same number of issues as are due on your present subscription. That means, for example, if your subscription calls for 26 more issues *(half* a year, on the old basis), you'll go on getting the bigger Collier's for a *full* year. Your subscription records have already been adjusted to take care of this change-over. There's no need to write us.

Next week's issue is the first of the expanded Collier's. Dated August 7th, it will be distributed on July 24th. And it's crammed full of entertaining, informative and helpful reading. Among many other features, you'll find the following articles:

Famed reporter Lester Velie brings you a close-up study of the public and private life of William O'Dwyer, the controversial figure who was mayor of New York City and later Ambassador to Mexico.

The Life of Saint Paul is the heart of Fulton Oursler's forthcoming book, The Greatest Faith Ever Known. The story forms a special section of our next issue.

Collier's John Lear reports on the development of a practical automobile which actually drives itself!

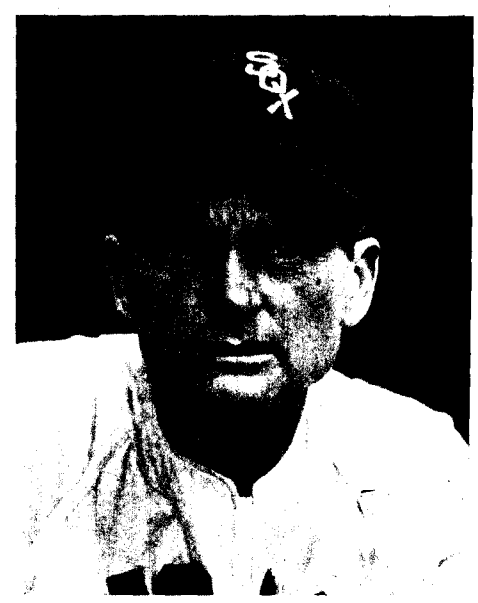
Bill Davidson, another top Collier's writer, uncovers the raging controversy that almost blocked full acceptance of the miracle pill that cures TB.

Paul Richards, manager of the Chicago White Sox, tells you in his own words what a bench boss has to know to earn his salary.

And on the fiction side, there's a moving story by Pearl Buck, the start of a romantic serial by Thelma Strabel, a new Sherlock Holmes adventure. And lots more.

We're excited about the bigger Collier's—and we think you're going to be, too.

THE EDITORS



Paul Richards, boss of the White Sox, reveals a baseball manager's secret

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What kind of man is William O'Dwyer, once New York City's mayor, later U.S. envoy to Mexico? What are the facts in his controversial career and stormy private life? Lester Velie spent four months getting the story for Collier's

All of you who read and

enjoy Collier's are in for an extra bonus

of pleasure beginning with the next issue. It will be

bigger and better than ever—and

so will all the issues to follow. Here's a

peek at part of our next number

COLLIER'S . . .

ıe story of an unusual casting job: ıatra acts in From Here to Eternity

Also complete: another new Sherlock Holmes mystery by Adrian Conan Doyle

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Stevenson may not want the 1956 nomination, even though he polled more votes as loser than most previous candidates had in winning. And some politicians don't want him to run again

IS ADLAI STEVENSON

By SAMUEL GRAFTON

ADLAI STEVENSON is perhaps the most successful defeated candidate for the Presidency in the history of the United States. He pulled more votes in losing than most previous candidates had in winning. He committed no fumbles during the campaign, and, unlike Thomas E. Dewey in 1948, received no blame within his party for his defeat, which was scored by Democrats simply as a personal victory for his opponent. He received more praise from the opposition press, before and after Election Day, than any other Democratic candidate in 20 years, and came out of the race an established figure in American political life.

But in the opinion of some of the shrewdest political observers in America, Stevenson doesn't have a chance of getting the Democratic nomination again.

"If the Democratic National Committee met today, Stevenson couldn't name his man for chairman," says one leading Democrat with an uncanny reputation for sensing trends in the party.

Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon, who took a chance with his own political career by resigning from the Republican party to campaign for Stevenson last fall, says: "Stevenson is politically dead. The funeral's over. I am still strong for Stevenson and I think he is the country's best hope for 1956. However, I have no illusions concerning the possibility of his getting the nomination again."

To understand what is happening, you must realize that a new Democratic party is being formed. The process has gone largely unobserved by the American people, who have had their attention focused on the opening months of the Eisenhower administration.

The Democratic party is at the moment one of the happiest political clambakes which has ever occupied the minority position on Capitol Hill. It has stopped fighting within itself and doesn't want to start again. It is watching, with enjoyment, as Republicans juggle the hot potatoes which burned Democratic fingers for 20 years.

Disadvantages of Political Patronage

In some ways the party is in the position of a man who has been carrying a heavy trunk on his back for two decades and now finds he can set it down. Stripped of their committee chairmanships, the Democrats have been relieved of an appalling workload. They don't have federal patronage, but patronage is a two-edged sword; although they can't give anybody jobs these days, they don't have to make anybody sore by turning him down. More important, the issues which used to divide Democrats among themselves—such as civil rights legislation—must now be handled by Republicans.

The Northern and Southern wings of the minority party are displaying an almost unprecedented amiability toward each other. It has been reported in awed tones that Senator Hubert H. Humphrey, the liberal from Minnesota, has been seen in cloakroom confabulations with his arm around the shoulders of Senator Walter F. George, the great man of Georgian conservatism. Northerners and Southerners within the party have been discovering that the other side consists entirely of human beings. Such amity is often displayed by minority parties, which have the asset of a common enemy to hold them together, and nobody believes it is going to last forever. But nobody wants to be the first to break it up.

Some of the Democrats are beginning to dream about a candidate for '56 who could bridge the gap between the North and South and make the present jolly atmosphere permanent. Such a strategy needs a name. The name is William Stuart Symington. In many days of Washington interviewing, I ran into that name at every turn, at the end of almost every corridor; it seems to exude from the walls and marble slabs of House and Senate office buildings.

The freshman senator from Missouri is in many ways ideally suited to be a compromise candidate; and his state—which lies on the political border line—is a handy one for a potential gap-bridger to hail from.

"Stu" Symington is, in a remarkable way, one of the best-known yet least-controversial figures in

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THROUGH?

The beaten Democratic candidate is riding high in popular favor, as Willkie did after his defeat. But are party leaders pulling the rug out from under him? What are his chances in 1956?

GEORGE TAMES

Senator Stuart Symington (silhouetted on cover) is mentioned as a 1956 candidate. Many think he'd bridge North-South gap

Congress. He is a close friend of such Southern conservatives as Senators Richard B. Russell and George of Georgia, and admires and is admired by Texas moderates Sam Rayburn and Lyndon B. Johnson, minority leaders of the House and Senate respectively. He is a member in good standing of the liberals' *kaffeeklatsches,* and frequents their gatherings. He has a sturdy executive background in the iron and steel and electrical manufacturing industries, and he has a towering administrative record as former Secretary of the Air Force and head of the National Security Resources Board and the Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

Symington's Air Force secretaryship is his biggest asset, giving him that combined military and business experience which is as important in statesmanship today as a solid grounding in the law was a generation ago.

He is, of course, not a declared candidate; he disavows his candidacy with passion. But nobody in recent American political life has found a successful way of disowning his hopes for the Presidency, short of shooting himself, and Symington's name comes up far too often in Congressional interviews for a reporter not to feel that he is in the presence of a movement. What would be more natural than for the more conservative side of the South to put Senator Russell forward for the nomination in 1956, and then settle for Symington with handshakings all around?

That's the murmur a visitor hears in Washington, as steady and insistent as the beating of surf on a beach. Stevenson, with his 1952 entourage of Northern liberals, is, in this view, a reminder of bad old days when Democrats used to hate one another.

Nobody criticizes Stevenson directly. I have not met a single Democratic statesman who did not offer expressions of praise for the defeated candidate. But, under the umbrella of this praise, comments are offered, always more in sorrow than in anger, which add up to a picture of the debit side of Stevenson as a candidate in 1956.

Some Damaging Points of Criticism

It is said of him (and this is the kind of fact political leaders never forget) that he failed to carry his own state. It is said that he is "too far from the county fair"—that he ignored the rural districts, except to fly over them on his way to meet liberal and labor leaders in the cities. His divorce is mentioned; some Catholics who campaigned for him received critical letters from fellow religionists on this score. A Southern observer told me that a few Southerners who publicly opposed Stevenson because of his "left-wing advisers" were really against him because of the divorce issue, but didn't like to say so.

The biggest objection, the one most timidly expressed and hardest to put into words, is that Stevenson has lost the most precious asset of a Presidential candidate, his political virginity. The ideal candidate, in the view of professional President-makers, is the governor of a large state—a man with a good reputation as an administrator, who has not made too many people angry by taking positions on national issues. Such a man, incidentally, controls a large state delegation at the nominating convention, which is handy. Franklin D. Roosevelt had that advantage in 1932, and Thomas E. Dewey had it twice.

It was one of Stevenson's advantages last year. Today he is an ex-governor who has been obliged to take numerous stands on national issues. The bloom is off the rose. Adlai Stevenson's position, personally stronger than a year ago, is politically weaker.

Southern conservatives believed last year that Stevenson was not what some of them call a typical Northern liberal; they felt, happily, that in him they were getting a compromise man, not the representative of any one group. Today they're not so sure. They are especially burned up about the so-called Second National Committee of "amateurs," almost all liberal, which Stevenson established in Springfield, and which largely ran his campaign; they don't like the fact that such members of the Americans for Democratic Action as Wilson Wyatt and Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., took up residence

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in Springfield. The complaint is heard that they couldn't reach Stevenson through normal channels within the party, but had to go through Springfield.

In the view of some conservative Southerners, Stevenson reversed his field after the nomination and moved leftward; the rumble is heard that he acted differently in the fall than he sounded in early summer talks with Southern leaders.

In assessing the picture, the old conception of the South as the home of hidebound political reaction ought to be laid away in lavender for keeps.

There are as many shades of political opinion in the South as in the North. If anything, the North sometimes seems politically static in comparison with the soul searching that is going on below the "line," where men of differing political beliefs are earnestly trying to find a basis for getting along together. There are Southern Democrats like Senator Harry F. Byrd of Virginia who refused to indorse Stevenson. Others like Russell of Georgia issued pro-Stevenson statements, yet made no speeches for the candidate. But former Speaker Sam Rayburn and Lyndon Johnson worked hard for Stevenson—in Texas, a state that went the other way.

The amity which binds these diverse figures to the liberals and big-city congressmen of the North came into being last December. Congressional Democrats, drifting into Washington with little to do before the new session, began to see one another socially in an unprecedented way; they'd been too busy before as committee chairmen, and too cross with one another. Now Democrats all became Democrats again.

G.O.P. Accusations Backfire

Certain Republican comments about the minority party intensified Democratic unity. Some G.O.P. lawmakers declared that from now on, the State Department would work for America rather than for foreigners; the imputation that the Democrats had been un-American caused Southern conservatives to stiffen with rage. When Eisenhower pulled the Seventh Fleet away from Formosa, the charge that the Democratic administration had used that fleet to protect the Chinese Communists from Chiang Kai-shek had the same effect; Democrats roared that the fleet had been there to *protect* Chiang from the Communists, and they point out that Chiang hasn't attacked the mainland yet.

The December interval of good fellowship resulted in a kind of general acknowledgment that a Southerner ought to be Senate minority leader, and Lyndon Johnson was picked. Johnson, backed by Russell and George, took a most unusual step. He talked Southern senators into letting Northerners with little seniority take over cherished committee assignments which might otherwise have gone to Southerners with years of service. Symington got a place on the Armed Services Committee that way. Mike Mansfield of Montana and Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota, both liberal first-termers, were put on the important Foreign Relations Committee. Henry M. Jackson of Washington was placed on Interior.

Today, with the winter of their discontent behind them, the Democrats must decide whether Adlai Stevenson meets the technical needs of the new unity situation. The gravel in the machinery is the still-unresolved fight between the so-called amateurs and the professionals. The fact that Stevenson surrounded himself with the amateurs during the Presidential campaign weighs against him.

The rise of the political amateur, coupled with the decline in power of the old-style political boss, is one of the great political phenomena of the last 20 years. It has manifested itself in both parties. Amateurs put Willkie over as the Republican nominee in 1940, and it was Eisenhower's amateurs who fought and won the dramatic Republican convention battle last year for the seats of Texas. The feelings of the professional political leader toward the amateur, in both parties, run the gamut from loathing to dismay. It is in the Democratic party that the amateur has scored his wildest successes and has come nearest to exercising control.

The power of the amateur far exceeds his numbers. A hundred of them can band together in any city, in a passionate little group, and name a candidate; a local editor in need of a crusade can then pick up the man thus selected and go to town for him. By contrast, a candidate named by the local organization may seem to be a seedy political hack, even when he isn't.

It is the amateur who howls from the galleries during national conventions and catches the imagination of the public—and, often, of the columnists and commentators. He comes to represent virtue, just because he is an amateur, and the organization comes to represent vice, just because it is the organization. To men who have given long years to the political service of their party and country, this seems bitterly unfair.

Useful Work by Amateurs

The amateurs took over in the Democratic party partly because it was so easy to win with Franklin D. Roosevelt that the old state organizations were no longer needed, and fell into disrepair. As they lost their power to deliver the vote and to raise money, the volunteer doorbell-ringing efforts of the amateur became more important. Volunteers for Stevenson, an amateur group, carried the brunt of the campaign for the Democratic candidate last year.

The pro, whom circumstances have usually shaped into a tolerant man aware of the need for compromises, is unhappy in the presence of the amateur, whom he regards as a scold and a hothead, intent on having his own way regardless of the cost. He feels, moreover, as if he is being looked down on as a venal politician and that he is dependent for a solution of his problems on someone who doesn't know the facts of life.

The great question about Stevenson today is how his relations with the Democratic professionals will develop. In the closing weeks of the campaign, he consulted more frequently with various members of Congress, and added to his stable of advisers Senator William Fulbright of Arkansas, to help him with foreign policy, and Representative Harold D. Cooley of North Carolina, for suggestions on agriculture; these moves cheered the Congressional contingent a great deal.

The key struggle now is over the chairmanship of the Democratic National Committee, held by Stephen A. Mitchell, a nonprofessional hand-picked by Stevenson. Mitchell, who is counsel for the Catholic archbishop of Chicago and no leftist, has been working hard to consolidate his position, traveling into states which haven't seen a Democratic national chairman in years, and attempting to rebuild state organizations.

The man most often mentioned to succeed Mitchell is Leslie Biffle, former Secretary of the Senate. Biffle's election as national chairman would be a sign that Stevenson's influence in the party is waning. If Mitchell stays, or is replaced by, say Michael Di Salle of Ohio, that will be an indication either that Stevenson has retained his power or that the other side has decided that this isn't the right time to fight it out.

If the national committee is in the hands of amateurs at the moment, they are amateurs only in the special sense that they are not former elected officeholders. Their methods are thoroughly professional. The committee's headquarters resembles the communications center of a belligerent power engaged in a major war. Under the direction of Deputy Chairman Clayton Fritchey, a former newspaperman, a squad of Washington workers, most of them volunteer, monitors every national publication, every important newspaper and every radio and television program with political content. From the reports these workers turn in, memoranda are prepared which are rushed to every Democratic member of Congress to brief him on developments in any field in which he may be interested. Nothing like it has ever been seen in Washington. As a result, every Democratic member of Congress goes around loaded for bear all the time.

An Expert Job of Refutation

After President Eisenhower had addressed the nation on May 19th on his program of cutting arms costs and gradually reducing taxation, the experts of the Democratic National Committee sweated through the night; by noon next day they had placed a six-page memo on the desk of every Democratic member of Congress, analyzing Ike's speech clause by clause and furnishing counterarguments. This confidential memo, a copy of which I happen to have, shows a degree of erudition about taxes, finance and the Armed Services which no one person could hope to possess. It is a smooth, streamline job.

Congressmen who visit their home districts are encouraged to report on the state of grass-roots sentiment to the committee's Research and Publicity division, which in turn compiles an opinion digest sent to all Democrats on the Hill to keep them informed of the smallest quivers in the current of American public opinion. This summer the committee will launch a national magazine, the 25-cent monthly Democratic Digest. This wide-scale use of the arts of communication is new in national politics

"I'm sorry, sir; we're out of diamonds at the moment, but we've some square-cut emeralds that are every bit as good"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

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and is one more example of how the entrance of the amateur is changing the atmosphere of the great old game. For two decades the White House was the Democratic center; the new national committee has stepped into the vacuum created by its loss.

A waiting game goes on, as Washington bakes this summer, as delicate as the adagio movement of a ballet. No prospective candidate loses anything by supporting Stevenson at this time. But if Stevenson were knocked out in a decisive intraparty fight, the followers of all the potential candidates would begin to struggle among themselves for position. Any one of the candidates would rather see Stevenson where he is now than have one of his rivals win a more important position.

Bitter Fruits of Victory

Whoever did win that battle might very well lose the war, because in winning he'd lose some friends, make some enemies. Democrats remind one another that Senator Robert A. Taft won all the battles against Dewey and Eisenhower in party councils, and lost all the wars. Besides, the 1954 elections might produce a new Democratic governor in a large state, thus providing a candidate who meets the classical requirements.

Meanwhile the Democrats feel happy and optimistic. Having put court plaster over the split in their own party, they are subtly encouraging splits among the Republicans. They supported Ike generally on reciprocal trade treaties, which horrify high-tariff Republicans; similarly, they have stood with the President on government reorganization and foreign aid. They oppose him on such traditional Democratic issues as high interest rates and declining farm prices, and on arms cuts. They feel that a part of the Republican party is anti-White House by nature and just naturally fears executive power, and they expect a number of roaring battles to develop along this line that might make Democratic thunder in the Congressional elections of 1954.

Stevenson is expected to deliver a couple of foreign-policy speeches on his return from his travels, with a national and patriotic rather than partisan approach; after that it is predicted he will broaden the circle of his advisers to include more elements in the party and to establish new confidence in himself.

His friends are inclined to say it was an accident that he surrounded himself with Northern liberals and ADA-ers so extensively during the campaign. They point out that he needed hundreds of speeches, and these were the boys with the words and the ideas.

They like to say that Stevenson is a liberal in the Greek sense, that his liberalism is intellectual and skeptical, rather than emotional. "He's a Woodrow Wilson," they remark, "not a Franklin D. Roosevelt."

But if Stevenson really wants the nomination again, his task is extraordinarily difficult. He has to stay out in front for three years, as a private citizen. He has to woo the South without losing the North. If he talks, he becomes a controversial figure; if he doesn't talk he may lose the stage.

Those who are confident that Stevenson will automatically become the next Democratic candidate, because of his 27,000,000-plus vote last fall, may be in for a shock. In Congressional cloakrooms they analyze matters differently. There it is pointed out that, big vote or not, Stevenson was the first Democratic Presidential candidate to lose in 20 years, and that the party suffered a smoking defeat. Congressional Democrats ran better than the head of their ticket. Ike was elected overwhelmingly, carrying everything except the deep South, yet the Republicans barely won control of the Senate. A lively freshman class of Democrats won first-time seats in the Upper House: Albert Gore of Tennessee, Mansfield of Montana, Symington of Missouri, Jackson of Washington and Jack Kennedy, who defeated Eisenhower's preconvention campaign manager, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., in Massachusetts.

These victories have more glamor in professional eyes than Stevenson's defeat, however unblameworthy. It is even noted that, but for the deaths of Democrats Brien McMahon of Connecticut and Virgil Chapman of Kentucky, the Republicans would not have gained their one-vote margin in the Senate.

The articulate men who have just won places, along with such established figures as Mike Monroney of Oklahoma, John J. Sparkman of Alabama and Lyndon Johnson, will do much of the rough-and-tumble scrimmaging for the party in the Senate during the next few years, carrying the ball and making the front pages. It's a process in which Stevenson will necessarily have little share. He has to lead without leading—finding a way, if he can, of doing it on the moral rather than on the political level.

Stevenson's Northern liberal friends see the position somewhat differently. To them, Stevenson is one of those rare figures to whom publicity attaches itself. "He doesn't have to try to get any," they say; "it follows him." They consider the party fortunate to have a ready-made candidate, with oratorical gifts such as have, in the past, been important in Democratic party history.

Bryan Candidacy Recalled

They remember that silver-tongued William Jennings Bryan took the nomination three times, as a private citizen. They feel that in the South, which retains a classical tradition and likes a man who can speak as a gentleman and a scholar, Stevenson has more power with the people than the political leaders of the region realize; he is personally popular even with some who voted for Eisenhower.

They are talking of holding some big party meetings in the next few months with Stevenson—who is, after all, still the party's titular leader—as the central figure; and they feel certain that he will emerge from those meetings stronger than ever through sheer force of personality.

All these arguments have force. It is not at all impossible that Stevenson will strengthen his grip on the party—or that, failing to do so, he will walk into a 1956 Democratic convention hostile to him on the organizational level, shake the building loose with a speech, and pick up the nomination.

But to the more conservative side of the South, the picture is of Stevenson coming to the convention with a "Cook County and the CIO" label and—backed by large delegations from Northern states which the party failed to carry—imposing his will on Southern constituencies which, after all, remained largely Democratic in '52. The conservative Southerners feel that by its "ADA-ishness" the party has lost not the South, but the North, and that Northern liberal Democratic leaders are out of touch with a current trend toward political moderation. They believe that such Northern liberals as Humphrey of Minnesota and Paul H. Douglas of Illinois may run into reelection trouble in 1954, and they say that the big Northern cities, even New York, are drifting Republicanward. They look upon the extreme liberal wing of their own party as bent on ruling or ruining, or maybe both.

Defeated Candidates' Formula

Meanwhile, Stevenson has taken his ceremonial flight around the world. This route has become a sort of folkway for defeated candidates. Willkie took it, then wrote his celebrated book, One World, winning tremendous acclaim. But while Willkie was flying high in the sky, his party was pulling the ground from under him. In 1944, Willkie was not even invited to participate in the Republican convention; the hour of the amateurs was over. Dewey took his flight to the Far East, belatedly, then wrote his book—but realized in '52 that he had only enough power left to help name his successor.

Now Stevenson will undoubtedly produce his book, and will make speeches to adoring audiences. But, his critics predict, too many of these audiences will be in New York and California, which is also according to the Wendell Willkie pattern, and the rest of the country will forget.

Symington's chief difficulty is precisely that he is a senator. Senators make wonderful candidates up to about three weeks before the nominating convention meets. Then the groups they have offended by having had to take positions are heard from, and the candidacies often peter out. That's what happened to Taft in '52. Symington, as a freshman senator, would probably not have been heard from at all in this his first year, except for the debate over defense cuts. As former Secretary of the Air Force, he was the natural Democratic spokesman against arms reductions, and so he has stepped, perhaps prematurely, into that process of being built up which may also, if he offends too many, become the process of being torn down. He may have trouble with ex-President Truman, a fellow Missourian, who supported Symington's opponent in the primary last year, and who will probably control the state delegation. But Symington ran more than 100,000 votes ahead of Eisenhower, and that is a fact which Democrats are not likely to forget.

The immense machinery through which we Americans select Presidential candidates has begun to move. I heard not a single out-and-out attack on Stevenson in Washington, but in dozens of offices the man behind the desk stared reflectively out the window and said: "The situation is very fluid—the field is wide open." In the context of Adlai Stevenson's personal prestige the comment carried the unmistakable sound of a slap. ▲▲▲

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If her steaks are cold and hard as rock, why is Mrs. Clark proud of her dinners?

Solid meal: feast your eyes by finding pork chop (calcite), pecan pie (opalized onyx), avocado (agate nodule), cheesecake (satin spar on onyx) and other geological delights

MRS. ERNA CLARK, of Redlands, California, sets a beautiful table. It looks bright, luscious and appetizing. But although the food is tempting, no one can eat it. Except for a bit of parsley or a slice of lemon, every item on Mrs. Clark's most-talked-about menus is solid rock.

Mrs. Clark, who is a fifty-three-year-old widow, has been collecting odd and interesting bits of rock for about 15 years. But a little over four and a half years ago she found a piece of petrified log covered with reddish-brown iron stains. It looked like a prime rib roast. She hunted up a few rounded bits of quartz rock to go with it and set her first platter of meat and potatoes. Since then she has filled her rock-bound larder with everything from oysters on the half shell to bacon and eggs.

Her store of foods looks so realistic that Mrs. Clark has been accused of coloring the individual pieces. But all she does is cut, polish and clean them for display. She is a serious "rock hound" who has pursued her hobby in Hawaii, Europe, Panama, Mexico and most of the United States. "I don't have to make my food," she says; "all I have to do is dig for it. A sharp pick is helpful, but a sharp eye is better."

Sharp as her eye is, however, collector Clark has yet to find a rock that looks like soup. ▲▲▲

Mrs. Clark goes shopping for food in rough country. Here she is in a glacial deposit

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROBERT J. SMITH

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Command

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

to listen to *him*. In honor of that he suffered me. I tried not to smile.

Wednesday 14th

This afternoon after drill, Matthew Hazard, my second lieutenant, went to his quarters to see how his wife Laura and their baby boy had spent the previous two hours, and then he came around later to tell me. Matt is one of the best people I've ever had with me, and Laura is without doubt the prettiest girl in the Army. Their child is my namesake—Prescott Hazard. He has lately taken to recognizing me—without going into convulsions of distress, I am idiotically proud to record. Between two and three o'clock Laura, carrying the baby, went out for a little walk along the edge of the arroyo that lies behind Quarters D, our lowest-ranking officers' quarters, which is where they live. It was hot and overcast, and everything was still. I noticed an extra pungency in the herb-like scents of the dusty brush myself, and thought we might get some rain, but we didn't.

Anyhow, Laura all at once heard the oddest noises. I know how she felt. If there is anything stranger than the silence of the desert, it is a sudden sound there. She heard someone shouting, a man's voice, a strangled voice, and at once she thought of Indians and a victim. She held Prescott closer and was about to run for her house when she swore she heard someone yelling out numbers: "One, two, three, four." She began to laugh. It sounded like someone drilling troops down there, out of sight around a bend, in the arroyo.

The idea was absurd, but she went a little farther along and found herself gazing down on Acting Corporal Rainey, entirely alone, giving out commands in a sustained rage of power. His face was contorted, and his arm pointed with scorn at an imaginary mistake by an invisible trooper. "All right, all right," he said before each of his bawled remarks, and then followed with what, as a lady, she assumed to be profanity of a highly original sort. "All right, once again, and let's get it right this time," he would shout, as he turned to sweep his boxlike parade ground with an angry eye. Laura was about to retire, not in order to spare herself, but him. She was not quick enough. He saw her. He shut his mouth, pulled off his hat and, feeling foolish, slumped against the pink wall of the arroyo opposite her. He threw his hat on the ground and looked at it. His thick sandy hair was plastered down by sweat. He mumbled something.

"What was that, Trumpeter?" she called in her clear, pretty, Eastern voice, with its confident authority.

"I said," he answered with miserable resignation, "that I was just practicing."

"How splendid!" she exclaimed. "And what for?"

He looked sharply to see if she was mocking him, but she wasn't. He straightened up. He picked up his hat and brushed it off. He put it on and smartened his chin strap under his lower lip. "I've been promoted, and I'm going to train the recruits who are coming," he told her.

"And you've been getting ready for them! I think it's perfectly splendid."

"You do, ma'am?"

All of a sudden he was a hard, healthy young man who was being taken seriously by a lovely young woman.

"I certainly do," she said. "Aren't you frightfully hot? Aren't you thirsty? When you're done here, come by my quarters, and I'll give you a glass of lemonade."

"I was just about finished already," he called, and he scrambled up the arroyo wall. "And who is this?" he said to the baby with a swagger, to show Laura that he knew how experienced men dealt with infants. Prescott smiled at him. "*Yes*, sir," Rainey said as he walked back with Laura to the little adobe house, "*Yes*, sir, he's a fine, big baby, he *is*, sir!" He was too shy to speak freely to Laura, and he hoped to charm her through her child.

At Quarters D he refused to go in out of the glare, but lounged in the doorway while she drew some evaporation-cooled water from a Mexican clay jar and mixed his lemonade. She brought it to him with a little plate of sand tarts, and she let him stay where he pretended to be comfortable. He ate and drank rapidly, for now he had nothing he could say. He just gave her his soft, blunt look over the rim of his glass, while she mentioned how clever it was of him to go off alone in that way to learn how to give commands—it seemed very original, for though she had grown up in the Army, she'd never happened on it before, in all the posts where she'd been stationed with her father, Colonel Greenleaf. Shouldn't the Army, she wondered, be told about it so that everyone could—

At this point Matt came home to find the young soldier returning Laura's act of kindness with a gaze of confused worship that faded swiftly in the presence of an officer. The acting corporal swallowed his last drop and crumb, coughed, saluted and wandered vaguely across the parade ground toward the enlisted men's barracks at the opposite side of the quadrangle. Laura watched him for an instant, and Matt watched her. Then in a flood of affection for her husband and their sharing of the trivial, she told him word for word of her encounter.

"Well," he said, "you've made a conquest."

"What silliness!" she exclaimed.

But Matt told me she lifted her chin a tiny bit with thoughtless satisfaction. *Wimmin!*

Thursday 15th

The mail wagon pulled in from Driscoll during the night, and with it came the recruit detachment. This held an element of surprise—that ancient military virtue which, when applied to the enemy, is a weapon. But as so often applied by the War Department to its own subordinate commanders, it is either a lesson in discipline and obedience, or a source of discouragement. Today it looks like the latter, for the detachment consisted not of the six men I had asked for on a basis of need, but of one man. I was just opening the mailbag when Rainey brought me the news. He was full of disgust, which he plainly showed. I was too, which I did not show. I told him to bring the recruit to me after breakfast. Then I read the mail and found an official communication that acknowledged my request for six men and stated that they were forthwith being sent to me. The next paragraph amended this information, explaining that five of the six would be detached and assigned to Fort Craig, New Mexico, en route, leaving Private Brian Clanahan to proceed alone to Fort Delivery. Before my temper could get rolling (Jessica says it usually takes about two hours) I thought it wise to endorse the paper and get it back in the mailbag for the return trip to Driscoll. The wagon was pulling out at midmorning, after the escort had had some rest. My endorsement read:

1. Arrival of Private Brian Clanahan, recruit, for duty is reported.

2. Request immediate assignment of five additional recruits for duty at this station on basis of need outlined in letter of 6 July, 1887.

3. Suggest travel of subject recruits be routed by ship to San Francisco, thence overland from West Coast, to this post, to obviate temptation to overpopulate Army installations in New Mexico, already overgarrisoned for a pacified area.

Jessica sighed when I told her what I had written, and asked me when would I ever learn that indignation was better understood in the Army than sarcasm. She was right, but by then the mail wagon had gone, and I was left with Private Clanahan.

Rainey brought him to the office. I told Rainey to wait outside and talked to the new man alone. We shook hands, and I stood him at ease and looked him over. He is tall and thin, a black-and-white-and-blue Irishman, eighteen years old. The black is his hair and his heavy eyelashes and his sharp eyebrows; the blue is his eyes; the white is his skin. He gives an impression of points—the points of his bones, at chin, shoulders, hips. He contained a sort of wary excitement about his strange new surroundings. I asked him where he was from, how he came to the Army and about his trip west.

He is a New Yorker, born and bred. His father disappeared years ago. His mother raised him. She died three months ago. One night in a riverside street in New York he met a soldier who was ready to fight anybody who didn't admire the Army. Clanahan had no views about the Army, but he was looking for something out of which to start a life for himself. The soldier assured him he must not wait even an instant: the Army did everything for you—gave you good board, clothing, medical attention. If you caught the varioloid they knew how to cure you. Men who enlisted right away would be sent to California. What could be better? The soldier walked him to a recruiting station near Battery Park, and the next morning Clanahan was back there waiting for the door to open. He enlisted for five years. Half an hour later he was in uniform, and two days later he was on a boat for Albany. From there he went by the cars to Buffalo, then by boat to Detroit, by the cars again to Chicago, then by canalboat to La Salle, then by river steamer to St. Louis, and then by rail to Driscoll, and wagon to the fort.

"What do you think of the Army by now?" I asked.

"Sir, it's all right," he said, looking past me; "all but one thing I saw."

"And what was that, Clanahan?"

"Something at St. Louis. They did it to a man." His Irish came up. "They'd only do it to me once." He gripped his forage cap hard. I nodded, and he continued, "He was a soldier who had done

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something, and they punished him. They stripped him naked, tied a rope around his ankle, and threw him in the river and hauled him out, and threw him in again; and they did it many times. A lot of men came to watch. He was nearly drowned. There wasn't nobody to help him."

The many against the one—power over a fellow man. The recruit was a little wild at the memory. I said, "Do you know what he had done?"

"No, sir."

"Before you judge the Army, remember that he may have deserved harsh punishment."

"Yes, sir," he said, but he was not convinced.

I stood up and said, "Well, Clanahan, we don't have any rivers near here, and anyway, if you do your duty and try to learn, you'll soon be one of us. Now, just step to the door and ask Acting Corporal Rainey to come in."

I introduced them. They shook hands as if they'd never seen each other before.

"Corporal Rainey will be in charge of your training for the present," I said. "Good luck. I'll be keeping an eye on you myself."

Rainey exaggerated his position of attention and said, "Sir, may Acting Corporal Rainey speak to the major alone?"

I nodded, and after Clanahan stepped outside, Rainey said, "Sir, I don't want it."

"Want what, Rainey?"

"Sir, how can you drill *one man?* It will look funny. I thought there'd be six of them, almost a squad."

"So did I, Rainey. But in the Army we do with what we are given. That new man has got to be made into a soldier. You asked for the command. You've got it. You will keep it."

"Sir, it will make *him* feel funny, to be marching around and drilling all by himself."

"It is your duty to see that he does not feel funny. That is all, Corporal."

He glanced down at his chevrons. They were a bright, new yellow; he would hate to cut them off. What a nuisance it was to discover that authority could have its disagreeable aspects. Feeling trapped, he went out, picked up his one-man detail, and led him off, saying, "Private Clanahan, your first duty will be to clean and brighten brasses, with acid and ashes."

Sunday 18th

For the troop, the past three days have been as good as a play: the great spectacle of Corporal Rainey drilling Private Clanahan. The men gather to watch it every chance they get. They are free with advice from the side lines, and with critical comment, often in the form of whistles of astonishment and disbelief. Rainey they call General, and Clanahan his Army. If Rainey gives his commands in a loud voice, the spectators pretend to be deafened. If he modifies them to an ordinary tone, they strain to hear and shake their heads in bewilderment. If Clanahan makes a mistake as to which is right and which is left face, they break out in dispute as to which it was that the acting corporal called for. When he counts the cadence out loud, they join him in chorus. Starved for novelty, the troopers make the most of this one, and the two lonesome figures out in the middle of the bare parade ground, one ordering and the other obeying, are the subjects of a mixture of scorn and good will. So long as we can keep that balance there'll be no harm to come of it.

Already the acting corporal has shown a certain ingenuity in the embarrassments of his command. As trumpeter, he has until now represented our field music all by himself, for we have no band. On the second day of his dismounted drill, he found a way to keep the recruit busy—and curtail at least a little, the exhibition he had been forced to make of them both. He informed Clanahan that what was needed in support of the trumpet was music on fife and drum. In the small storage room behind the blacksmith shop he found an issue fife. Above my safe in headquarters there has hung a drum for several years. These two articles he bestowed upon Clanahan with orders to become familiar with them, after having given him a few quick lessons on the arts of the fifer and drummer.

Now, in the hottest hours of the afternoon, when all is still but the spinning little winds full of dust off the desert, we can hear the piping of the fife, or the rattle of the drum, and we know, whether we are in quarters, office, corral or smithy, that the new man, somewhere off by himself, is at work. The arrangement is convenient for Rainey, as wherever he may be he can tell simply by listening whether his charge is doing his duty. Matt tells me that Clanahan took the musical assigment as a humiliation, and angered Rainey by saying that he did not want to be a noisemaker. He wanted to be a soldier, with weapons. To the trumpeter this was a reflection on his own military specialty. It effectively condemned Clanahan to music as nothing else could have done.

If there was something disconsolate, there was also much that was laughable in the vagrant sounds of the fife and drum in the dusty afternoon. Laura Hazard found Clanahan yesterday down in the arroyo, and asked him, in his turn, to come for refreshments at her front door. He accepted with somber alacrity. The ensuing silence finally took the notice of Corporal Rainey, who went to investigate it. He met Clanahan walking away from Quarters D and demanded an explanation. When Rainey heard it, he was furious. When he met Lieutenant Hazard later, this exchange followed:

"How is your man doing, Corporal?"

"Fair, sir, fair. Only . . ."

"Well? Speak up!"

"If the lieutenant will excuse it, sir, he shouldn't be spoiled."

"Spoiled? Who's spoiling him?"

"Sir, he's been having lemonade at the lieutenant's quarters."

Matt laughed, but he was not pleased by what sounded almost impertinent. Then he saw a sick look of pleading misery on the corporal's face, and he saw what was really the trouble. Corporal Rainey was inwardly shaking with jealousy because the beautiful lady, remote as the stars from any real concern for him in a personal sense, who used to give him lemonade and sand tarts, was now giving them to another. The truth and depth of his feeling about the matter would not be credited by anyone who has never served month in and month out in the desert without female companionship or any other gentle influence.

COLLIER'S **"That wouldn't have happened if I'd been out there fielding"** LAFE LOCKE

Matthew Hazard swallowed the rebuke that came naturally to his lips and said instead, "Perhaps it will be time to get Clanahan up on a horse one of these days, Corporal."

"He says he hates horses, sir."

"And what did you say to that?"

"I says, 'What the hell did you join the U.S. Cav'ry for, then?' "

"A proper answer, I should say."

"Never fear, sir!" said Rainey with his plump chin stuck out. "He'll ride!"

Monday 19th

I've often wondered how it is that the influence of women can enter affairs that cannot conceivably concern them and, once entered, exert such power that, before you know it, all things seem to be happening not according to your plans, but according to what some woman has made up her mind to. She might be right, but that's not my point. My point deals with *how*, not *what*. These reflections are induced by the latest developments in the matter of Rainey's Army.

Laura Hazard says she can hardly bear, on these hot days, to listen to that ridiculous and pathetic noise from the arroyo—"Bum. Bum. Tiddy-bum-bum bum"—over and over, the recruit's drum practice. So, making society out of her sympathy, as ladies do, she asked him again to come for refreshment. She was astonished at his reply, and quoted it to Matt later with her eyes blazing.

"Lady, I thank you kindly," said Clanahan, making the elaborate manners of a street boy, "but I can't."

"You can't? Why not?"

"The corporal told me I couldn't."

"*What!*"

"That's right, lady. He says if I'm asked again I'm to say thank you very much, and no."

She smiled gently at him, and out of her life in the Army produced a wise rejoinder. "Then you must obey that order until it is reversed. I have an idea it will be. You'd better trot along now. We must not get you in trouble."

She was cross beyond all sensible measure, as she told Matt. But the idea that Acting Corporal Rainey should determine to whom she might show an act of responsible kindness as befitted the wife of an officer—this she could not accept. It is true, if I may venture to say so in this privacy, that Army wives sometimes feel more military than their husbands. Laura, the daughter of Colonel Huntleigh Greenleaf, staff officer and former attaché, would make her point, though with her own means.

This afternoon after dinner she strolled back to headquarters with Matt in order to have a few extra minutes with him. On the piazza was my orderly. She said good-by to Matt, and he came to join me in the office. We could see her and hear her through the open window, whose shutters were turned level. She was carrying a parasol. She was lovely in a blur of light. She saw Rainey, and said with calm charm, "Oh, Corporal."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Aren't you looking out for Private —who is it?—the new recruit?"

"Yes, ma'am," he said suspiciously, for everyone seemed to be watching him at his public duty.

"Yes. I'm sure you're doing splendidly with him. Well, then, please send him to my quarters after drill this afternoon. I have promised him some of my sand tarts."

She smiled and nodded, as if there could not possibly be any resistance to her light command, and left him to stare after her bitterly. Matt looked at me and sighed. Neither of us said anything.

Later I made a point of being near Quarters D when I heard the sounds of one-man drill going on. There, right in front of the little adobe house, Rainey was drilling the daylights out of Clanahan. The spot was too near Officers' Row for the usual gallery of enlisted men to be present with their marveling remarks. Rainey gave him commands in full voice. You would have thought he was conducting battalion drill. Clanahan, bright red and streaming with sweat, marched, countermarched, pivoted, faced and marked time. Rainey put him through the manual of arms. If he faltered, Rainey, removing his forage cap, clapped himself in despair on the head and rubbed his skull—I had a sudden impression of how we officers look to the men—and bawled out uncomplimentary remarks. Every now and then he turned to look at the doorway of Quarters D, as if hoping to see Mrs. Hazard there, lost in admiration of his zeal. But the door was closed. When it was time to end

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the drill, he marched the recruit over near the door, and in a loud voice, commanded, "Detail fall out and report to Mrs. Lieutenant Hazard!"

Clanahan looked at him to see if he meant it and, at an angry nod, turned, went to the door and knocked. Rainey lingered close. Perhaps seeing him there, Laura would invite him too. But when the door opened, there she was, with a little tray for Clanahan, and only a lovely smile for Rainey, and the words, "Thank you, Corporal. I am glad you remembered."

Then, like a hostess who is serene in her choice of guest, no matter who remains outside her circle, she ignored him and turned to Clanahan to ask, "Would you like to see the baby?"

The two of them vanished inside the house leaving the door open. Rainey stood fast. He could not believe such rudeness, and for a moment he looked pugnacious. And then he realized that his feelings were hurt, and he seemed to crumple up. Slowly walking away, he saw me and saluted and, afraid I might talk to him, he smartened his pace and made off alone in his misery. For a couple of minutes I wished Laura Greenleaf Hazard were my daughter, so that I might have the authority to say what I wanted to say to her.

Tuesday 20th

Aftermath. Lieutenant Hazard told me today that his wife has received a present. Acting Corporal Rainey stayed up most of the night making it. He asked Matt to give it to Laura this morning. It is a small oval picture frame of tooled leather, and it has a border of braided loops made of horsehair. Matt duly delivered it, with a speech repeating a sober compliment. She put her hands behind her, and said, "Matt, what a hideous object."

"Maybe so. He made it for you."

"Take it back, Matt," Laura said with a shudder.

"I certainly won't do that."

"It looks like a new sort of tarantula."

He couldn't understand why she wouldn't accept it. How could she tell him that she felt guilty for her behavior of yesterday? Matt, teasing her, said, "I *said* you'd made a conquest."

She turned white. She clasped her hands. She was furious at him, and said unloving things. He was amazed. It was their first quarrel in a year and a half of marriage. No longer would they be bride and groom. He threw the horsehair tarantula on the table and tried to put his arms around her, saying, "How can you be serious about it? I'm not. All I mean is that sometimes a young fellow wants to find someone —a pretty woman—to idealize."

His generosity—though he could not have known it—made her think darkly of her own highhandedness. Her real sweetness battled with her pride; but though her eyes filled with tears, she winked them away and said coldly, "I should think you'd protect me against such attentions from enlisted men."

He was about to make a remark about lemonade and sand tarts, but held his tongue, and went across the room to play with the baby.

All I can wonder about is what effect Laura Hazard's attitude may have upon the two young soldiers. If it has *any*, the chances are it will end up by spreading. If it does, I shall have to intervene, though just how I cannot now predict.

Saturday 24th

Consequences aplenty have appeared during the past several days. I am debating several courses, one of which I must follow. It has always seemed to Jessica that after weighing the obvious solutions to a problem I generally end by discarding them in favor of another one that I have thought of from the beginning, but have been unable to select until, by living with it in my mind, I am thoroughly used to it. "The military mind," she calls this, perhaps with some justice. "Hiram," she has said to me often, "don't be afraid to be Hiramish. You are always at your best when you are most yourself." I suspect she has a tendency to think better of myself than I do. We shall see.

Anyhow, three days ago Rainey decided it was time to get Clanahan up on a horse. The decision came after a day's anxious waiting for Mrs. Hazard to thank him for his present, with full reinstatement in her lofty favor. It did not come. Rainey could only take his jealousy and unhappiness out on the recruit. Where before he had merely resented his somewhat absurd duty, he has now shown a personal hatred of Clanahan that has aroused new comment. Spreading the news that he was about to teach Clanahan the rudiments of horsemanship, and inviting all to witness the awful results when a man who "hates horses" should meet his mount, he made certain of a heavy attendance at the corral. The corral is empty during the day, when all mounts are taken out under guard by a grazing party.

Rainey led in a single horse, a ragged buckskin that stands sixteen hands high. There was no saddle or bridle—only a hackamore. Waiting in the center of the corral was Clanahan, with his mouth fixed in a straight line. Corporal Rainey led the horse up to him.

"Private Clanahan," he announced, with a comic glance at the audience on the corral fence, "this is a horse." Clanahan merely gave him a blue-black gaze. Rainey grimly continued, "I will now demonstrate how to mount an unsaddled, unbridled horse."

With that, Rainey grasped the horse's mane with his left hand, faced widely out from the horse's side and then, from a quick crouch, threw himself in a sailing arc up over the horse's barrel and onto his back. There's a trick to it, and it can come only from long practice. The crowd cheered and whistled in an effort to give the occasion the feeling of a show. Rainey then folded his right leg, brought it neatly over the horse's neck, and carelessly slid to the ground, his rump against the horse.

"Private Clanahan," he said, "you will now repeat the demonstration."

All held their breath except Rainey, who stood back a couple of feet and lounged confidently with his weight on one leg—but not long. Clanahan, longer and leaner than Rainey, executed the mounting without a wasted movement, and sat looking coldly down at Rainey, while the gallery hooted and catcalled, not at the recruit but at his trainer.

"All right," shouted Rainey in a choked voice, "all right, dismount!" and Clanahan did so, cocked knee and all, just as Rainey had done. "I thought you said you hated horses," said Rainey.

"I did. I do. But I didn't say I couldn't ride 'em."

"Where'd you ever ride a horse?"

"On my uncle's farm in New York State," Clanahan said.

"Well," Rainey said, "now you're going to learn the U.S. Cav'ry's way!"

The novelty was gone for the crowd. They drifted away.

But the next day, and the next, the

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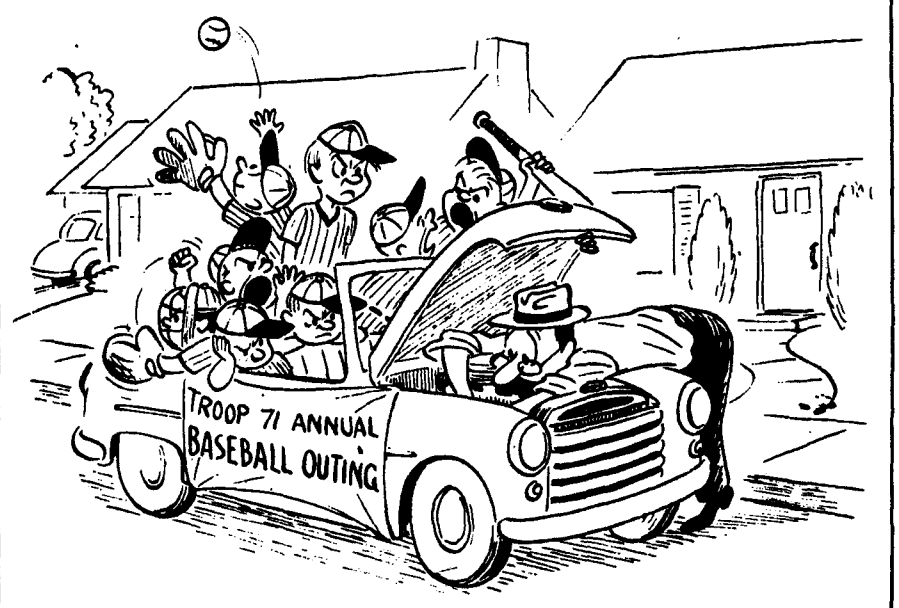

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crowds came back to see the endurance contest that was going on. Rainey was out to break Clanahan, and Clanahan was just as determined to exhaust Rainey. The recruit rode the corral in a circle, at all gaits, bareback, all day long. He must have become raw from the hairy, itchy, sweaty hardness of the horse, that he was obliged to grip without stirrups.

Endlessly, it seemed, Clanahan was forced to make his horse lie down—a drill that would, under attack, make the horse a smaller target and, in extreme necessity, would provide cover for the trooper.

Clanahan was issued his saddle and all equipment, including carbine, pistol and saber, and having been shown how to place these on the horse, was told to place them over and over, with the order, "Faster, Private Clanahan, faster next time." Once when a few were watching with sympathy developing for the recruit, Rainey was heard to add in professional justification of his grinding hatred, "Your life may depend on it someday."

And when drill had to end after all, he contrived extra tasks for Clanahan, such as painting the wooden window frames of the adobe barracks, or "cleaning and brightening brasses," or sweeping down the mess-hall floor with wet shavings from the carpenter shop.

It was not long before Fort Delivery was divided into two attitudes toward the situation. Strong feeling is contagious, and sometimes dangerous, in such an isolated little group as ours. I saw signs of this everywhere. I saw in Matt Hazard's gloom the views he had to face at home. He knew what I meant exactly when yesterday morning I burst out at him, saying, "Females are at perfect liberty to be females as far as I'm concerned, *until* by being so they upset the routine of my command, and then, by thunder. . ."

Matt gave me a clear look that calmed me down. Then, he seemed to say, what would I do? What single, small, effective act would I commit to correct matters, without at the same time bringing down about our ears the respected balance by which we would all have to continue living together in this desert? I didn't have any answer for him.

Today Laura Hazard went to Jessica with her feelings. She talked as though nobody but herself had any sense of justice. If a son of *hers* would ever have to go through what Private Clanahan was going through—her eyes blazed, and seeing life through her baby, and forgetting that Jess and I have a grown son, she became the champion of all the downtrodden in the world. Jessica was patient, at first. She said, "We have to leave these things to those who must be responsible for all, not just one. Are you ready to be responsible for your part in this mess, Laura?"

"My part? What on earth are you talking about, Mrs. Prescott!"

"Oh, rubbish! Have you no idea that you helped to set those two high-tempered troopers against each other?"

Laura rose grandly from her chair beside our cold base-burner and prepared to depart. She said, "I thought *perhaps* our commanding officer's wife might have some *unofficial* understanding of simple acts of kindness."

"Ah, well, perhaps I have, Laura, my dear. And when you are a commanding officer's wife—as I am sure you will be some day—perhaps you will have too."

Laura tossed her head and went away. Jessica said she was never handsomer.

Early this evening the general feeling reached the point of explosion—not between the principals in the case, but between two of their opposing partisans. There was a fight between two of the other troopers out behind the blacksmith shop after supper. The commotion was great. Matthew Hazard went to investigate, stopped the fight, sent everybody scattering and reported the affair to me. I thanked him and asked him to send Private Clanahan to me at the office. While I waited for the trooper, I went over my thoughts of the past several days.

Rainey wants to be a soldier, to lead troops. He is going too far and must be controlled, but I don't want to discourage his ambition.

Clanahan has to learn the Army, but in the process he must not be allowed to turn sour on it.

I could take the trumpeter's command away from him.

I could order the two young men to keep away from each other.

I could order them to fight, and so spend their hatred on the one side, and their sense of injustice on the other.

But these would all be short-term solutions, for in none of them would the two fellows settle the affair for themselves. And only if somehow they do this will the future be right for them here on a post where all have to live so close. Something has to happen that will sharply change their attitudes toward each other. *Any* change must be for the better, and must contain the seed of a solution.

Now, what Jess would call a Hiramish notion has been edging into my mind for a couple of days. Whether I could put it through reasonably would depend on two factors. The first of these has to do with the whereabouts of the nearest Apaches. To the best of my belief, based on the scouting reports of our own patrols, and on information relayed to this headquarters from other stations, there are no Indians within a hundred miles of us. The tribes have been camped near the Mexican border for most of the summer, though there is no guarantee that they will remain there. The second factor is Clanahan's state of mind, character and body, which I was about to estimate.

He came to the office in a few minutes, and stood at attention, staring past me. I looked him over for a moment. He looks like a figure carved in black walnut. The days of sunlight have tanned him dark. If he was thin when he arrived, he is now thinner, but harder—all sinew. He came as a waterfront idler, slack with purposeless freedom, and he is now like a wild young animal in a cage, dumb with misery and alert for escape. Oddly, as always happens with recruits, the same uniform that gaped and bagged on him at first now fits him.

"Clanahan," I said, "have you anything you'd like to say to me about your life here?"

"No, sir." His lips looked white.

"Clanahan, I gather you have not yet had any target practice in your training. Can you shoot?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where'd you learn?"

"All Americans can shoot, sir."

"Yes. That is so."

A light fired in his eyes. He was ready to shoot someone. I could guess whom. I asked, "How long is your term of enlistment, Clanahan?"

An expression like a racing shadow went over his face—it told what despair thrust itself through his heart for an instant, as he faced his future. "Five years, sir," he said. He wet his dried lips. His glance darted to the corners of the room behind me, as though desperately trying to find freedom. He was about as close as he could be to breaking into pieces. It seemed to me that in another hour or so, a day or two, he might desert. And yet, amazingly enough, though the motive behind the treatment he had suffered was a bad one, in enduring it, he had become a hard soldier now, instead of a suspicious recruit. He could ride. He could shoot. Anything but what he had been going through would be a mercy. He was ready for my plan. It had a risk in it, but almost any decision in the Army includes a risk. I took it.

"Clanahan," I said, "I'm going to give you an important responsibility. It may be a dangerous one," I warned him. "But I think you're ready for real duty."

For the first time he looked at me. Responsibility? Duty? He? The lowest of the low? His eyes came alive with a gleam of human hope. "Yes, sir?"

"At exactly thirty minutes after taps—you have a watch?—you get yourself quietly out of barracks and meet me at the west sally port. Say nothing to anyone else about this. Don't be seen. If you think some of the men in your barracks room are still awake, then don't leave till they're all asleep. I'll wait for you. But make it as quickly as you can. I will have a horse and all equipment ready for you. We have some distance to ride tonight."

"Yes, sir!"

He was alerted and taken in by all this, which I purposely kept as mysterious as possible. A sense of adventure was a large part of my plan. I nodded and asked if my instructions were quite clear, and he said they were. I then dismissed him. He saluted with energy and strode out with new spirit.

Now I must go to find Matt and complete arrangements, in which I will need his help. He will take over as officer of the guard, and relieve the sentries at the west sally port, sending them on an errand up the arroyo eastward just before half past ten to investigate a suspicious (and imaginary) movement that might be Indians. They will be ordered to search for an hour before returning to report to him. By then, Private Clanahan and I should be well on our way over the desert in the full moonlight of this night.

Sunday 25th

We made it, and I was safely back before dawn, alone.

At ten forty last night I led Clanahan out the sally port toward the grazing pasture where the troop horses feed by day on meager and bitter grasses. We crossed it the long way and rode out to the open desert beyond, toward Arrel Spring. We have used it from time to time as a bivouac, and Apaches did so too, at one time.

I explained all this to Clanahan, and added, "I want this spring and all the country that can be seen from here to be kept under observation for a period not to exceed three days. I have to know what the condition of the water is. Don't drink it until you inspect it. Use your canteens—I put two on your saddle. Dig to see if bones or carrion lie in the spring. Watch to see what animals, if any, come to visit it. So far as we know, the Indians are all camped down near Mexico, but if any should appear nearby we have to know it. I'll show you where to hide if you have reason to think Indians are around. We must know all these things because we may want to set up an advance camp here when our new horses arrive and our garrison extends its patrol. I've picked you to do this duty."

"Yes, sir," he said. There was awe in his voice which he tried to veil. It was cool in the night, and under the moon the distant country was turquoise against the deep black sky. We rode toward the southern slope of a far mountain. Arrel Spring lay in a line between that slope and the fort behind us. There was mystery over the desert, and an air of calm and vastness. I felt it, and I assumed that Clanahan did too, until he asked me a question that showed the direction of his thought. "Sir, does Corporal Rainey know I am doing this?"

"No."

He could not suppress a sharp little laugh of satisfaction.

I told him a few more things he should know. He was to make no fires, day or night. He was to sleep in the early night, and make himself wake up well before dawn. I quoted the axiom of the Indian fighter: "When you see Apache sign, be careful; and where you see *no* sign, be *more* careful." If by any chance he ran out of water and had to subsist without it, he could quiet his thirst a little by putting a pebble or a twig in his mouth to suck. Before he slept on the ground he would be wise to scrape out a little trench in a half circle around the place for his head, and to continue it in a straight line away from each side of his body, so that if it rained during the night, the running water would be channeled away from him. He listened without comment; but I felt his alert excitement, and I felt an uneasiness when I thought of a youth alone for the first time in the wilderness.

We got to Arrel Spring sometime after midnight. We approached cautiously, but it was abandoned. The spring seeped out of sand and rock at the base of a low desert terrace, the face of which was thirty yards wide and about twenty feet high at the highest. A single cottonwood tree grew by the spring. In the crown of the terrace was a narrow, rocky gash like a miniature canyon, five feet deep below its rim. It could be approached and entered from the top. A man could hide in it and see the spring below. To conceal his horse from the spring side of the terrace, he would have to tether it out of sight on the rearward slope, where it faded into the flat desert.

Clanahan and I went over the ground in the bright moonlight. As he was about to leap down into the little cleft, I stopped him. "Do it by daylight, when you can see what may be in it," I said. "It is a perfect place for snakes."

"Say!" he whispered, shocked at his own carelessness.

I inspected his rations, arms, ammunition, canteens and leather, all of which I had myself put together for

ASIDE

I never could master the knack,
I never could manage the stunt,
Of not being taken aback
When somebody gives me affront.

—NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

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him. All was in order. I bit down on my doubts now that I was about to leave him. I said, "You stay here for three days and then come back, unless I send someone after you."

"Yes, sir."

"Think you'll manage?"

"Yes, sir. And thanks, Major."

While I was worrying about him, he was smiling at me in the white moonlight. I gave him a little brass compass from my pocket, told him how to line up off the needle to bring himself home, said, "Very well, then, Clanahan," and rode off.

I reached the sally port between three and four o'clock. The sentry was ready for me. Matt had told the guard that he had passed me out, and to keep a strict watch for my return. After being challenged and passed back in, I asked, "Anything to report, guard?"

"No, sir."

"No activity earlier tonight at the arroyo?"

"No, sir. The first guard detail went to see, but found nothing."

"Very well. Carry on," I said, and spoke with accents of doubt, as if this night were charged with mystery. In fact, before many hours, there would be a mystery—so far as the men were concerned—that would end the feud of the past weeks.

I went to the corral, unsaddled, turned my horse in and walked to headquarters. All was quiet but my thoughts. It remained to be seen what Acting Corporal Rainey would feel about the disappearance of his command. If I was right, to be deprived of him suddenly and without explanation should make the first sharp change in Rainey's attitude. After that, we should see whether, given an opportunity to do so, the two young troopers could compose their troubles for themselves.

Not long after reveille I heard Rainey's heavy steps on the piazza of headquarters. He entered the hall and turned into the office opposite my living quarters in the same building. He paced about the office, waiting for me impatiently. Once he crossed the hall and listened for me at the parlor door, then returned to the office. In easy time I walked in there.

His excitement was plain. "Sir, he's gone!" he said.

"Who's gone, Corporal? At ease."

"Sir, my man is gone."

I was interested in that "my." I said, "Clanahan?"

"Yes, sir! I've looked high and low, and he's not in the fort."

"Oh, well, he can't be far."

"Oh, yes, he can, sir. A horse with full equipment is missing too."

It was an announcement for me to carry off with a high hand. "That is impossible, Rainey," I said. "Stop talking nonsense. The guards were posted all night."

"I know, sir, but it's true. Nobody saw him go."

"I thought I made you responsible for him, Corporal?"

"Yes, sir, you did. Wait till I get my hands on . . ." He was wild. His professional virtue was outraged. And he was not comforted by my cold stare.

I looked sternly at his chevrons, and then at his face, and said, "What have you done to recover him, trooper?"

"Sir, I have been out the gate, and I found hoofprints, but they led to the grazing pasture, and there are thousands of hoofprints there, and you can't follow anything among them—"

—As well I knew and intended. I asked severely, "And what do you propose to do next?"

Rainey had hoped that I would tell him. Instead, I waited, and he finally said, "I could look for him if I knew where, sir."

"I think you'd better. Ride widening circles around the fort, but always keep it in sight. And while you're thinking of what might happen to *you* out there, you might think of what might be happening to *him*."

He caught his breath at that. For the first time he thought of Clanahan as a man, a man like himself, who could be lost, wounded or killed. This was enough for the moment. I dismissed him with orders to report back to me late in the day.

All day on this Sunday we have been like a small community visited by the impossible and the ultimate—mystery or death. Speculation has ranged from the suspicious to the happily fantastic. No one has questioned that it is proper for Rainey to be out looking for Clanahan. A dozen times the whirling dust devils of the winds have been mistaken for a horseman's dust. But the plain on every side has been empty all day long, except when Rainey rode back half an hour before retreat. On Sunday we hold dress parade, and he had to give the trumpet calls. He came to me from the corral.

"Sir, we'd better do something about it," he said, and looked sickly under his freckles.

"Let me ask you something, Rainey. Have you considered *why* Clanahan might be gone?"

Plainly he had considered, but he was obliged to say, "No, sir. What do you mean, sir?"

"Maybe someone here has been pretty hard on him."

Silence. Then, in false innocence, he said, "Yes, sir?"

"Have you considered *who* may have been?"

He gestured awkwardly, and replied in a rush, "Sir, I only meant it for his own good, and the good of the troop—"

"Bosh, Rainey. Maybe Clanahan has deserted. Do you know what the Army does to deserters?"

"Yes, sir. I've heard."

"What?"

"They make them forfeit all pay allowances they ought to get," he said, and paused to gather details that soldiers often talked about. I nodded, and he continued huskily, "They have their heads shaved, and they have to get naked from the waist up, and they get fifty lashes with a rawhide whip, and everybody else stands there in formation to watch." He stopped. He was sweating a little. He did not want to remember, or tell, more.

I made him. "What else, Rainey?"

"They make them pull down their breeches and they brand them on their left hip with a letter D an inch and a half big."

"Yes? Then?"

"Then they cut off all their insignia and buttons and give them dishonorable discharge. They march them off the post in front of fixed bayonets, and the band plays."

His mouth dried. He saw all this happening to Clanahan. If it happened, he knew who might be partly to blame. In spite of himself, and inevitably, he had come to know Clanahan well. At what point might a constant enemy turn into a friend? I was sure I now saw Rainey begin to feel the other half of command—not only to direct, but to protect.

"Sir, will they do that to him?" He was shaken by the thought, surely for the first time in his life, that by his own acts he might wreak consequences in the life of another. "They just *can't!*"

"I don't see why not," I replied, "if he has deserted and is caught. It is the punishment provided by the Army."

"Sir, maybe he will just come back, and everything will clear up," he said energetically.

"Maybe he will, and maybe he won't. We shall have to wait and see," I said, and then dismissed him to the hardest kind of punishment there is—waiting for an outcome which you terribly desire but are powerless to influence. I want Rainey to have a full day of that.

In a few minutes we formed for parade. I shall never forget the sound of the to the colors and retreat as the trumpeter played them today. As music they could not have been worse. But they told me something I wanted to hear about Acting Corporal Rainey.

Tuesday 27th

All day yesterday Rainey was a lost soul. The usual work went on, and he took his part in it, but in such a disconsolate spirit that even those troopers who were most bitter at him before seemed now to go out of their way to cheer him up. None succeeded. I saw him often during the day. I found many errands for him to run. Betweentimes he waited on orderly duty in my office or on the piazza. Every time he looked at me he silently beseeched me to *do something,* find Clanahan, end the awful uncertainty that hung over the fort. After all, wasn't I the officer in command? Couldn't I manage fate by giving orders? I gave him back his look each time and left his misery—and his responsibility—with him. He grew short and almost surly in speaking to me. Very good, I thought.

He was not the only one who held views. Laura, I gathered, hoped that I was satisfied, now that what anybody could have foretold, if a high-strung youth like Clanahan were persecuted beyond endurance, had come to pass. But Laura is of course a lady, and ladies do what they can for those of their friends who make foolish mistakes. Several times she found occasion to run into our quarters, with little bits of bright news about the baby, and snippets of gossip from the Army at home in the East gleaned from the mail of two weeks ago, and in general, with indications that if she can judge she can also forgive.

"Laura," says Jessica, "is a lamb, and I adore her, but I do wish she didn't feel obliged to put us at our ease. I suppose it's a tiny bit of her mother, Drusilla Greenleaf, coming out in her. I expect she'll outgrow it. A little more time with Matthew will fix things."

As always, Jess has been my strength. She has asked no questions, reserved no opinions and taken no notice of my temper, which has been short.

For everybody's sake I was glad when I judged the moment had come to get on with my plans. This morning I called Rainey in and said, "Corporal, I have a little job for you."

He listened to me in bruised silence.

"Do you know where Arrel Spring is?" I asked.

"Yes, sir. I've been there several times."

"All right, saddle up with full equipment and ride on over there."

"Alone, sir?"

"Yes. There've been no Indians around here for quite some time. But keep a sharp eye out anyhow. When you get there, I want you to measure how far down the water is in the spring, and to see if it seems to be flowing

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enough for, say a squad of men and their horses. Get me this information, and don't loiter. You report straight back, hear?"

"Yes, sir. And maybe I'll come across the trail of that no-account New Yorker."

"Well, if you do, bring him in. But you needn't give him hell, hear?"

"Yes, sir."

"You ought to make the trip in two hours each way. Take a good, fast horse, and if you see any 'sign' turn right around and get home as fast as you can. If there are any Indians about, we'll want to know it."

"Yes, sir."

"All right. That's all."

Half an hour later from my office window I saw him move out through the sally port.

It is my turn to wait. I'm no good at it.

Early Wednesday 28th

Now it is night—one o'clock. I am unable to sleep. Rainey has not come back, and of course that means Clanahan has not either. I cannot command my thoughts. My mind is lighted like a stage, and on it I see all that could have befallen my two young troopers, to whom I wished to give a chance—after first separating them by unexpected means—to come together and, on their own terms, to make up their differences, away from the people and conditions that had bred them. That this must follow I still believe, after watching Rainey for the past two days—if only nothing unforeseen has happened to the two of them. Did Rainey reach the spring? Was Clanahan there when he arrived? Has their hatred started up anew? Has Clanahan refused to come back with him? Have they fought? Both are armed. Plenty of men have shot it out in these parts. Have these two? Or if they started back, are they lost?

My impulse of course is to go to find them. But suppose all I have hoped for has happened—might not at least some of its good be undone by any sign of oversolicitousness on my part? There is just as much chance that their delay is caused by something harmless as by something dangerous. A mistake often made by commanders is to try to do everything themselves, even to the point of carrying out orders given to others to execute. Patience.

But all my thoughts, as they swing back and forth, cannot conceal what they work so hard to conceal from me in alternate anxiety and calm. If all our scouting information has been faulty, and if Indians—

Wednesday, Later.

I BROKE off the previous entry at a little after two o'clock last night, or more properly this morning, when I heard the sentry post at the sally port sing out a challenge, and then the sound of horses entering the quadrangle. I went to my office window to look out. Were these visitors who came so late, or the two soldiers I waited for? If they were visitors, their horses would be put in the corral and they themselves would be taken to beds, in our usual routine, and I would not see them until morning; if the others, they would surely, seeing my light, report to me without delay.

I did not have long to wait. I heard the thumping walk of horses come my way. I felt something big and cool strike around my heart, where for hours there had been something hot and tight. In a hurry I went back to my desk, pulled out a sheaf of War Department orders, and busied myself with them, picking up one of several dead cigars from my ash bowl. When discovered, I would be a perfect picture of an overworked man concerned only with a stubborn problem on paper.

Outside, the riders dismounted, came thundering up the steps and into the hall, and knocked on the office door.

"Come in!" I growled.

They came. They were covered with dirt. Clanahan had a black, three-day beard and on his left hand a bloody bandage. They were gaunt with fatigue and their eyes were wild with excitement, and they scowled over smiles of exultation. They lined up facing me, and both saluted, and as the senior man, Rainey said loudly, "Sir, Acting Corporal Rainey and Private Clanahan reporting back from duty."

"Rest," I said, and glanced impassively at the clock on my wall. "Aren't you somewhat late?"

"Yes, sir!" they said in unison, and standing closely side by side they nudged each other for what they knew. It was all they could do not to laugh out loud at the surprise they had for me.

"Well, what have you to report?"

They nudged again, each to start the other talking. The result was that both started, and I had to hold up my hand. They stopped, and I pointed at Clanahan's dirty bandage. "Are you hurt? What is that?" I asked.

"It's nothing, sir. Just a cut from a chip of rock that flew off when a bullet hit near me."

"What bullet?"

They looked sideways at each other with pleasure, now that they had got to the point.

"One of the bullets fired from out in front of the spring by the Indian, sir," said Rainey.

"You met an Indian?"

"Two of them, sir," Clanahan said.

"We didn't exactly meet *them*, sir," Rainey said, "they had us under attack for hours—"

"—an hour, anyway, sir," amended Clanahan.

"Yes, more like an hour," Rainey agreed, "one out front, and one up in back, on top of that slope above the spring."

I stood up, hardly meaning to. "By all thunder! You mean you had a skirmish?" I asked.

"A battle, sir," said Rainey with dignity.

I nodded at chairs behind them, and said, "Pull up and sit down, and let me get the whole thing. Clanahan, you start. You were there first."

HE SAID nothing much happened all day Sunday. The first thing he did was to clear out the little rock rift above the spring so he could establish himself there. It was wise to have waited for daylight, for there actually was a rattlesnake among the cool rocks of the wedge-shaped cleft. He shot it and threw it up to the bare top of the terrace. Hours later a shadow came suddenly brushing across him out of nowhere; startled, he looked up and saw it was the shadow of a buzzard, circling down to feast on the dead snake. He smiled at being so startled at such a natural thing. No other creature visited the spring that day, or the next. But late on Monday he went down to the water and, using his saber, dredged for carrion or refuse, and found an animal skull, a coyote's, perhaps.

"Probably thrown in there by an Apache Indian," I said. "It is the very sort of thing they do, either for sacrifice or to cast a spell. Go on."

Monday night was peaceful, except that it seemed to him he never saw so many shooting stars. Before dawn on Tuesday, the wind blew and woke him. He stayed awake. It was odd how sleepy it made him to sit there in the rocks and look at the spring, and then the whole desert in front of him, and watch for anything living. It was funny how he thought about things, and how different some things looked to him.

"What sort of thing?" I asked.

He could not say exactly. Things certainly seemed to look different when you were off by yourself. You got so you wanted to see *anybody*, after a long time in a place like that; you wouldn't mind seeing your worst enemy. By noontime the day was hot, and he felt drowsy. The sun was directly overhead. He was half asleep when he saw a shadow go over him again, fast, like the blink of an eyelid, and he thought: Yes, another big bird, and he looked up, saying out loud, "You can't fool me again," but there was no bird.

He leaped to his feet and peered over the edge of the cleft—and ducked down like lightning. A few feet away, crouching to cock and aim a rifle, was a young Indian who, after looking in upon him, had swiftly dodged back for concealment. Beyond him were two horses, standing near Clanahan's own horse that was tethered halfway down the slope. Clanahan saw this much in his one look. His heart began to thunder away. He lifted his forage cap on his saber to show just over the edge of the upper rocks, and at once the Indian's rifle fired. Clanahan rose up to fire back. In his haste he missed the Indian, who ran back beyond the horses, twice falling prone at exactly the instant before Clanahan fired again. Two horses, two horses, Clanahan kept thinking, without then just knowing why.

In another moment his thoughts cleared, for from below him, about fifty yards out on the plain in front of the spring, another rifle cracked like a whip. He turned and saw where the smoke drifted over clumps of mustard-yellow rabbit brush, and he did not know which bush concealed the Indian who belonged with the second horse. Clanahan fired at the clump but without effect. He turned to look at the first Indian and saw that he was working to untether the cavalry mount. "Horse thieves!" Clanahan said, and fired to make the Indian take cover.

And then the rifle beyond the spring fired again, and Clanahan turned, hoping to see its position exactly, but was again too late. He was in almost a direct line between the two Indians. When dealing with the one he could see, he couldn't turn fast enough to detect the other one. He kept turning so often and so rapidly from one to the other it seemed to him his neck was on a swivel. "Holy gee!" he said when, facing the plain for an instant, he saw the dust of a horseman approaching in the distance. "Another one!"

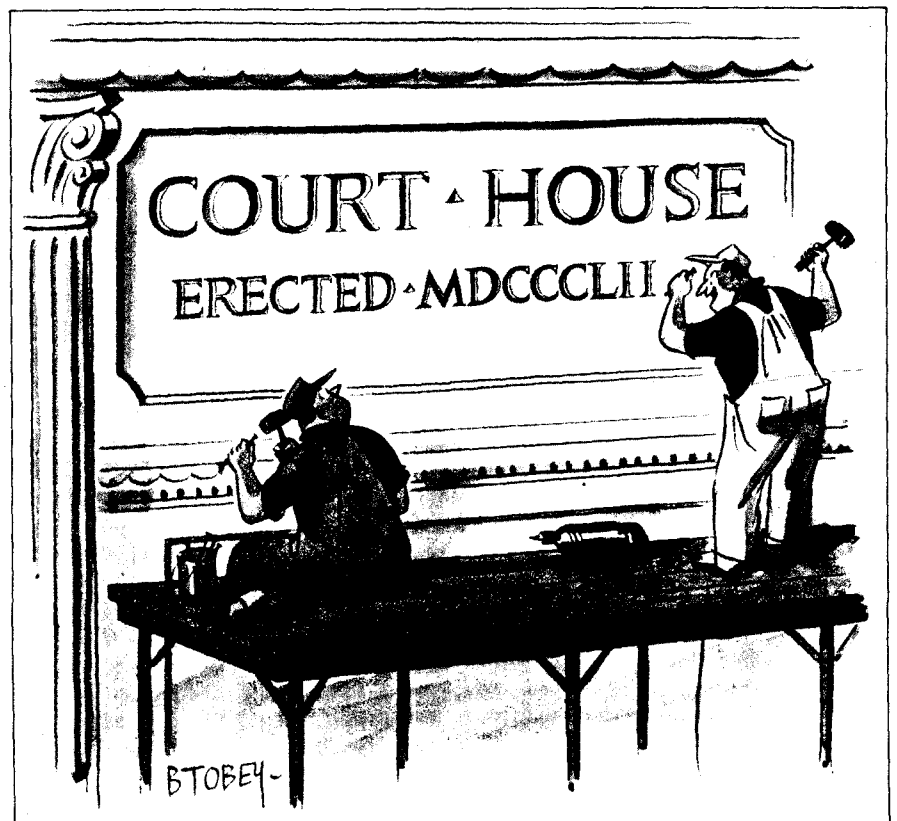
"That was me, sir!" exploded Rainey. He had contained himself with much strain, and I nodded to him to tell what he knew.

RAINEY was riding along at a slow trot in the hot noontime. Everything was still until he began to notice an odd little sound now and then. Something, at irregular intervals, would go "Crack!" somewhere over the desert, and he would look about him to see what it could be. Soldiers had often told him how, in absolute emptiness under the pouring sun, such a sound would go off—dry, sharp, hard to locate. It made him think now of a breaking stick, then of a hard-shelled insect. Was it a rock cracking? But rocks cracked at night, from cold. He gave it up and rode on; and then above the mound of the terrace he saw a feather of smoke that vanished swiftly, and he leaned forward and heard the crack again, and he knew what he was coming toward. It was rifle fire.

He didn't know what to do. He nearly turned, to run away as fast as his horse could carry him.

"You'd better not of!" exclaimed Clanahan, looking first at me, and then at him, with a grin.

Rainey showed him the back of his hand in a comic swipe, and then went on talking.



"... I've made it *eighteen* fifty-three. I'll bet nobody notices"

COLLIER'S — BARNEY TOBEY

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He dismounted and led his horse forward cautiously. What made him do it instead of run was this: he reasoned that if there was shooting it wasn't Indians shooting at one another; it was more likely to be Indians against white men. If that was so, he had a soldier's job to do. He carefully came closer. He could not say at exactly what moment he was able to see sharp detail. It was always strange how, as distance in the desert contracted, you could suddenly see rocks and earth wrinkles and bushes where before you had seen only pale shimmers and depthless foregrounds. The firing continued, now near, now far. Soon he could see that some of the shots came from among bushes on the ground in front of the spring, where whoever fired was hidden by the thin shadow under the brush. And some shots came in reply from the cleft in the terrace.

HE COULD see movement now in the narrow rock opening, and presently, in the strong noon light that shafted into it, he could see color. He saw blue. He saw a uniform. He couldn't tell anything about how he made up his mind on what he did after that; he just knew he did it, as if something knocked him on the back of the head and told him to do it.

He moved toward the clump of yellow brush until he came within what he was sure was dead-shot range. Dismounted, he made his horse lie down, and fired toward the clump from a position to the left of it. An Indian rolled himself half around toward him, and rose above the clump to fire back at him, showing himself for the first time. Just as the Indian got his rifle up, he threw it in the air and fell back, and then Rainey heard a shot from the rocks, and saw the man in uniform wave at him. He waved back, mounted and rode up to the Indian to see if he was dead. He was dead.

"The most beautiful shot you ever saw," said Rainey. "It got him between the ribs and must have hit his heart. That trooper can handle a carbine."

Clanahan cleared his throat and said to me, "Corporal Rainey gave me the target, sir."

I bit down hard on my dead cigar to keep from showing anything at this exchange of compliments.

Rainey resumed his account impatiently. He mounted and rushed the terrace. There he tied his horse to the cottonwood, scrambled up into the cleft and found the recruit there. He stood amazed, and started to speak, but Clanahan pulled him roughly down beside him, and Rainey knew why when a bullet stung against the rock just behind where his head had shown above the cleft. A splinter of rock flew loose and hit Clanahan's left hand, making a deep cut. "You got another Indian out there?" Rainey asked, and the recruit nodded.

They held a consultation, and when Rainey understood the problem, he took charge and made a plan. After waiting a minute or two to catch his breath, he would go down to his horse at the spring. He would ride around the flank of the terrace in a wide arc, to surprise the remaining Indian from the rear and draw his fire. When Clanahan heard a shot or a yell, he was to come up with his sights over the edge of the rocks, and fire. It seemed like a good plan, and Rainey remembered that they shook hands on it just before he left to carry out his part in it.

"He forgot to mention how long it might take to get around behind the Indian, sir," Clanahan said. "I thought he'd never get there."

"I took it on a real wide circle," said Rainey. "I didn't want that Apache to catch me out of the corner of his eye, did I?"

"Finally I heard a shot," Clanahan continued.

"That was me," said Rainey again.

"The corporal was way out behind the Indian," said Clanahan, "and the Indian turned toward him, and then the corporal fired again."

"So did you," Rainey said. "We fired at the same time, exactly the same time. You got him."

"I did not. You did."

"It was yours," insisted Rainey. "I could tell when we looked at the body."

"Sir, he's a liar," Clanahan said to me. "He did it all. I'd have been a dead duck if—"

"Who's a liar!" demanded Rainey with his jaw out.

For a moment they glared in their furious desire to yield credit to each other.

"Gentlemen!" I said. "Hold on!"

They eased up, out of respect for me, and then accepted their triumph together. They looked at each other, and I knew their trouble was over. I got up, went to my wall cabinet, and brought out a bottle of whisky and three glasses. We all had a drink.

As I lifted mine I said, "I'm proud of you both."

They exchanged a glance as if to say, "He better be," and then I asked why they took so long getting home.

"When we fired the last time, so close to the horses, one of the Indian horses broke and ran," said Rainey. "It took us a long time to catch him. We wanted to bring them both in."

"And did you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And then," Clanahan said in his turn, for it was their joint story and they wanted to tell it together, "we talked a long time about how to bury the two Apaches."

"But we had no way to do it, so we had to leave them to the big birds. We straightened them out right where they dropped, and folded their arms"—Rainey was proud of the proprieties—"and I got Clanahan to say a prayer, very elegant."

"Then we had something to eat and talked some more, and before we knew it it was getting dark. We started out, and got lost after dark."

"I gave you a compass."

"Yes, sir. But I didn't want to make a light to see it by."

"Finally, after midnight," said Rainey, "we began to see your light, here, in the office, sir. It got us home."

"We was very glad," Clanahan said.

"So am I," I replied.

THEY were so tired they didn't want to move, even to find sleep. Before sending them off, I had one more small endurance for Acting Corporal Rainey. I said, "All right, Rainey, now how about your report?"

He was startled. "Sir, I have told you all about it."

"What did I send you to do at the spring?"

"Oh," he said and rubbed his head. "To measure just how far down the water is."

"Yes. Well?"

"Sir, I forgot to do it."

Clanahan gave me a perplexed and pleading look. "Oh, we can tell you that, sir," he said, to help Rainey out of his failure. "It's down from the surface about that much—" and he measured on his left forearm with his right forefinger.

"I didn't send you to find out, I sent Rainey," I said. "I'm glad to have the information, though. Corporal, why did you forget?"

"All the excitement, I guess, sir," he answered soberly.

"I can understand that. Do you understand why I brought it up now, even after the great things you have both told me about?"

He turned his whisky glass slowly and said, "I guess to have me remember to obey orders, sir."

"I think you will, too. Well"—we all stood up—"you'd better get your horses taken care of, and then get some sleep. I'll look over the Indian ponies in the morning. And, Corporal—"

"Sir?"

"You can keep those stripes permanently. Tell Clanahan"—the Irish boy listened with a burning interest in his dark-shadowed eyes—"tell Clanahan that we can't promote him till he's had more time in service. But you tell him he's promoted himself, the first step, from recruit to soldier."

Before they could stumble through any thanks, I shook hands with them and sent them off, and sat down for a few more minutes to settle my thought about those two.

I SUPPOSE when they catch their breaths, they will wonder how they happened to meet at Arrel Spring, and they will ask each other and discover that it was my doing. In light of the results, I don't care if my little plot is exposed, or if the rest of the troop, hearing of it, may try to figure me out all over again. "How did he know?" they might ask one another in their own words—for soldiers can be trusted to talk over every possible aspect of a situation that touches any of their comrades—"how did he know that there would be an Indian fight that would bring the two young soldiers together?"

I did not know, of course. But that was the risk I had to accept. I did so then, and I do so now. What I know clearly, and what the rest will feel, is that by the new league of Corporal Rainey and Private Clanahan, the total security of Fort Delivery, and of this United States Territory, is improved, if only by a fraction. This I find gratifying, in a professional way.

This morning I sent for Lieutenant Hazard, to go over plans with me for scouting Indians beyond Arrel Spring. It is probable that the two who lie dead there were not very far removed from a larger party. Before we got to work, Matt wanted to talk about the whole adventure of the past three days, for it was now known all over the post. I told him what I knew, and he smiled over my part in the story.

Then, in perplexity, he said he had something to ask me which he thought might sound a little foolish, but which he did not want to handle all by himself. I told him to speak up.

Looking a little shamefaced at what he had to say, and yet feeling that there might be much in it that could go wrong, he said, "Laura wants me to tell Rainey and Clanahan to come to the quarters and tell her the whole story, and have some lemonade and sand tarts, in their first free moment. Do you think I'd better, sir?"

"Did she ask for them both together?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then that's all right," I replied, and opened my map of the Territory. "Now let's get down to work." ▲▲▲

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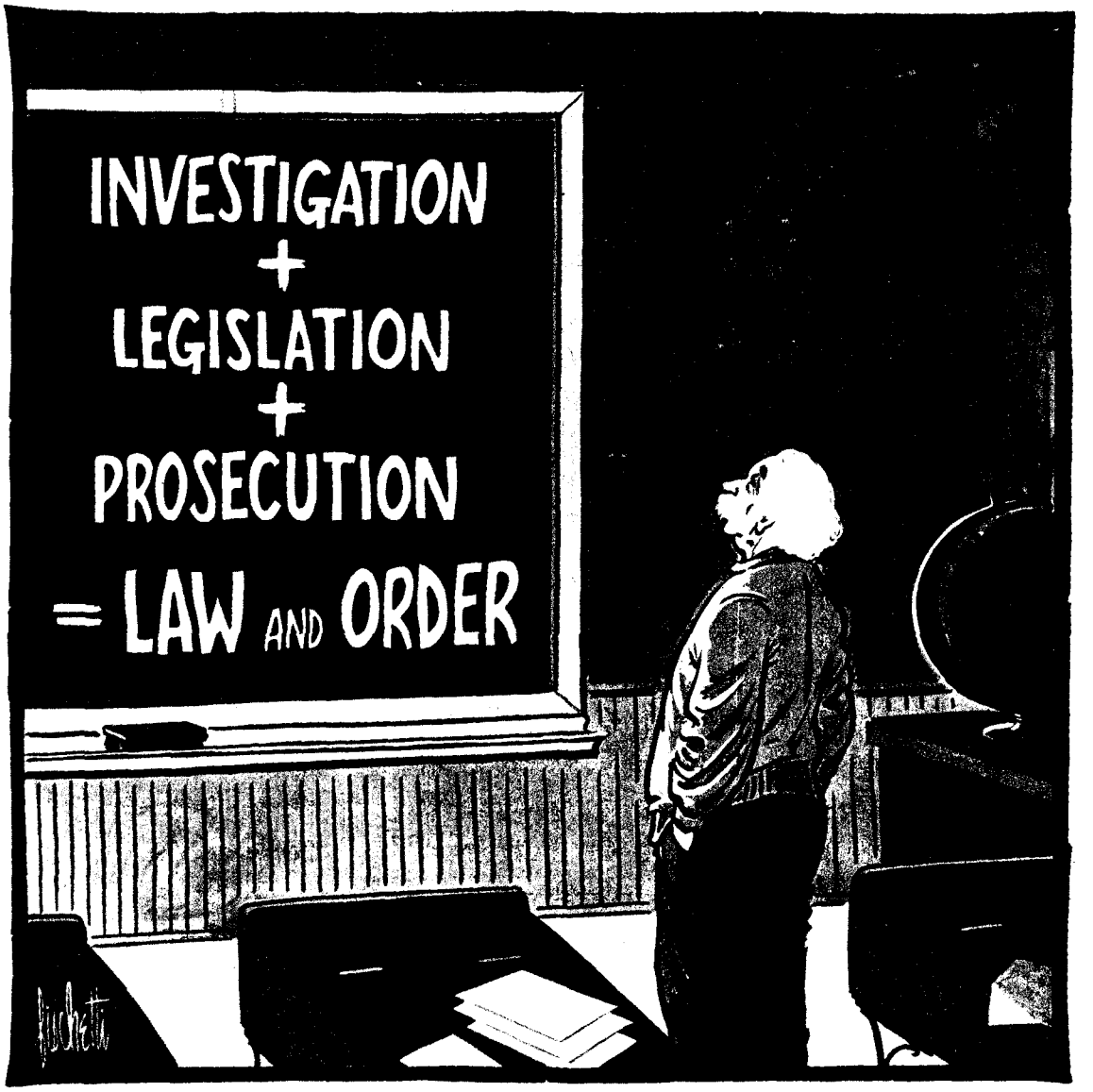

JOHN FISCHETTI

Not Theory, but Fact

IT IS WITH SOME DIFFIDENCE that we venture to take issue with Dr. Albert Einstein on his opinion of Congressional investigations, which he expressed in a letter to a New York City high-school teacher. But we must differ with him when he advises that "every intellectual who is called before one of the committees ought to refuse to testify, i.e., he must be prepared for jail and economic ruin, in short, for the sacrifice of his personal welfare in the interest of the cultural welfare of his country."

We share Dr. Einstein's concern about some of the methods employed by Congressional investigators. We deplore, as he does, the tactics of aspersion, innuendo and bullying which have damaged the character of some witnesses who had no adequate chance of rebuttal. And we realize, too, that he views those tactics against the background of somewhat similar methods which the Nazis used in his native Germany. (Incidentally, we recall with pride that Collier's published, in 1938, Dr. Einstein's first article for a magazine of general circulation, a denunciation of anti-Semitism titled Why Do They Hate the Jews?)

But it seems to us that Dr. Einstein, for all his profound wisdom, has yet to learn a few political facts about the country which is proud to have him as a citizen. First, there is the matter of his addressing his message to "intellectuals." That is a rather old-fashioned, European, even Marxian term which is inaccurate when applied to the cultural and social life of the United States. Here we have no "intellectual class" as such. Our society is much more classless than the highly advertised "classless society" of the Soviet Union. The so-called "intellectuals" certainly have no special exemptions from the responsibilities of citizenship.

Therefore, they have no obligation or right to follow Dr. Einstein's counsel and refuse to testify before any Congressional committee. Dr. Einstein did not limit his recommendation to any particular type of inquiry, although he implied limitations when he said that "the reactionary politicians have managed to instill suspicion of all intellectual efforts into the public by dangling before their eyes a danger from without." But even if he had confined his complaint to questions about former Communist affiliations or activities, we would see no virtue in his advocated policy of over-all silence.

Dr. Einstein wrote to the New York teacher that a refusal to testify "must be based on the assertion that it is shameful for a blameless citizen to submit to such an inquisition and that this kind of inquisition violates the spirit of the Constitution." But the past record of all Congressional investigations shows that not every person who has appeared before the committees has been, contrary to Dr. Einstein's implication, a "blameless citizen." And while some Congressional probers have certainly violated the spirit of the Constitution on occasion, the process of investigation itself is an indispensable part of our constitutional government.

A legislative body cannot make laws intelligently without thorough inquiry. It cannot uncover corruption, inefficiency and subversion in government without seeking the facts. The committees of the United States Congress constantly work at the job of fact finding, most of them with a minimum of publicity. And the good that they do far outweighs the evil created by the small minority of witch-hunters.

This is not to deny that blameless people *have* been injured by the publicity attendant upon Congressional inquiries, or that the political indiscretions of others, long abandoned and sincerely repented, have been exaggerated far beyond their true importance. But we do not think that the Gandhi technique of civil disobedience is the proper remedy, nor do we think that the dangers of misguided or vicious use of the power of Congressional inquiry are as fundamental as Dr. Einstein apparently considers them to be.

The climate of the United States is not conducive to the growth of thought control or police-state terrorism or dictatorship. And there are cures available for the political abuses that Dr. Einstein complains about which do not involve the boycott of silence—a practice that would only impede and impair the legislative functions of Congress.

There is, for one thing, the prestige and power of levelheaded leaders in Congress which can be and should be exerted to curb witch-hunting where it occurs. But, more important, there is the power of the voter at the polls who can always retire an offending public servant who has exceeded or misused his authority. Witch-hunters have been voted out of office in the past, and we feel sure that they will be in the future. Meanwhile, although there may be reasons for dismay, we see no cause for despair, nor any need for drastic measures which could only make the situation decidedly worse.

Promising First Year

ON JULY 25, 1898, American forces at war with Spain landed on Puerto Rico in an operation which was to free the island from a Spanish sovereignty which had existed since the days of Columbus. Fifty-five years later, on July 25, 1953, the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico celebrates its first anniversary of self-government under its own constitution.

Puerto Ricans have been American citizens since 1917, and their island has made great strides under the guidance of the United States. And while it still has many improvements to make, there is encouragement in the fact that these strides of progress have not been slackened by the transition to self-government.

Housing, irrigation and electrification projects are going forward. School enrollment is up, and the death rate is down. In the last five years, since its legislature set up a temporary tax-exemption program, 236 new industries have been doing much to enrich and diversify the island's primarily agricultural economy.

Collier's is happy to join in anniversary congratulations to the people of Puerto Rico on their independence and resourcefulness, and to wish them continued progress and prosperity.

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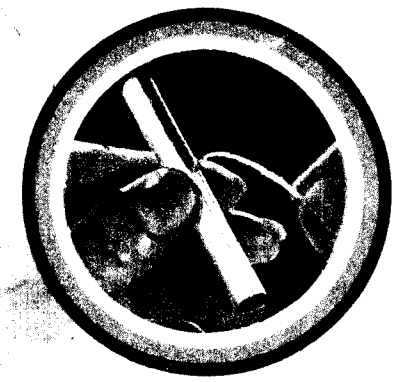

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